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MAORI LORE.

THE TRADITIONS OF THE MAORI PEOPLE,

WITH THE

MORE IMPORTANT OF THEIR LEGENDS.

COMPILED FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF NEW ZEALAND,

BY

JAMES IZETT.

WELLINGTON, N.Z.
BY AUTHORITY: JOHN MACKAY, GOVERNMENT PRINTER.
1904.

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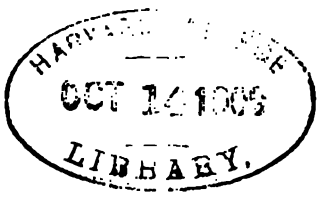

Gift of
Prof. R. W. Dixon

PREFACE.

THE first edition of "Polynesian Mythology and Maori Legends," from the pen of the late Sir George Grey, saw the light in 1855; the second edition was published in 1885. It is a difficult matter now to procure a copy of either of these editions. Through comparatively recent events—the appearance in London of Maori contingents more particularly—interest in the Maori people has greatly developed, and there are many who would gladly avail themselves of an opportunity to become acquainted with the past of the race, so far as a knowledge of that past is obtainable from their traditions. It has not always been recognised that the History of the Maori and the Legends of the Maori are quite different things; the legends and traditions fill this volume; the history will appear later.

By the strict process of word-for-word transmission which characterized the teaching in their *wharekuras* and schools the traditions of the Maori people have come down through the centuries, so that to-day they are found in the work of Sir George Grey set forth in almost as perfect a condition as they were when first they became the chief part of the Maori's mental existence. In "Polynesian Mythology" the legends are to be found not only in their correct form, but the language may almost be said to be a literal translation of the words in which they were originally clothed. In the preface to his first edition Sir George Grey wrote, "I fear in point of care and language it will not satisfy the critical reader, but I can truly say that I have had no leisure to carefully revise it. The translation is also faithful. . . . I have said that the translation is close and faithful; it is so to the full extent of my powers, and from the little time I have had at my disposal. I have done no more than add in some places such few explanatory words as were necessary

to enable a person unacquainted with the productions, customs, or religion of the country to understand what the narrator meant. For the first time, I believe, a European reader will find it in his power to place himself in the position of one who listens to a heathen and savage high-priest explaining to him in his own words and in his own energetic manner the traditions in which he earnestly believes, and unfolding the religious opinions upon which the faith and hopes of his race rest." Undoubtedly, the world is indebted to the late Sir George Grey for consenting to sink his own strong personality and accept the position of a mere amanuensis to the Maoris who translated to him the legends of their people. For such it would appear, from his own statement and a perusal of his work, is undoubtedly the position which he consented to accept. No man ever stood in New Zealand who more greatly possessed the power of influencing the minds and thrilling the hearts of his hearers. What infinite power of expression was his! Biting sarcasm, flashes of humour, tenderest sympathy in turn he could pour forth. A man naturally of a most tender and affectionate disposition, yet he put all his great powers aside so that the world should have the legends of the Maori simply as the Maori told them. Then, his work being done, he says, "That their traditions are puerile is true; that the religious faith of the races who trust in them is absurd is a melancholy fact; but all my experience leads me to believe that the Saxon, Celtic, and Scandinavian systems of mythology, could we have become intimately acquainted with them, would be found in no respects to surpass that one which the European reader may now thoroughly understand." This observation deserves to be noted well in view of what yet remains to be written regarding the mythology of the Maori. Puerile in form, absurd in their essence, Sir George Grey wrote these legends, entirely obliterating himself, scorning temptation at every stage, and only "adding a few explanatory words." Well, the work of translating from the Maori having been done, there now exists no reason why

it should be repeated in exactly its old Maori form. Is it to be supposed that a Maori can tell a story better than a European—in a manner more acceptable to the mind of a European? In the legends of the Maori as hitherto published there is shown very little discrimination of character; to the European mind, at least, there is not a trace of humour, not anywhere is there a touch of pathos, and any literary composition lacking in these elements must prove insufferably dull. If instead of binding himself in the cold, rigid virtue of "faithful translation" the late Sir George Grey had written with a free hand, with his customary tenderness of feeling and according to the dictates of his own poetic fancy, what a very different literary work he would have left behind him. His hand would have lifted the legends out of the region of puerility; and, if the truth were known, the Maori people would have been infinitely better pleased. Naturally, their desire is to see the traditions of their race arrayed in the best garb possible.

It will be discovered at a glance that in this work the language of the translator has been thrown wholly aside, and any supposed obligation to adhere to the Maori form of arrangement has not been recognised. It has been sought to preserve the spirit and the detail of each legend whilst robing them in entirely new garments; garments which, no doubt, will be held becoming or otherwise according to the taste of the reader. Conversations have been extended or introduced such as, under the circumstances of each situation, might naturally be expected to have taken place; here and there little bits of description have been ventured; the Maori people are endowed with very strong passions, they are prone to be carried away by their feelings, and it is proper that in any work which affects to represent them these traits of character should be revealed; no coward was ever known amongst the Maori people, so it may be allowed to affirm that their heroes were brave; there are lovely women amongst the Maoris, and no writer has ever yet had for his heroine a maiden that was not beautiful. Surely these things are

perfectly allowable, and to write them not improper? They are in the nature of the ribbons and flowers which, it is hoped, will—to the European reader at least—give a measure of attraction to these very old Polynesian stories.

Although in this effort the translations published by the late Sir George Grey have been taken as a basis, the works of other writers have not been neglected. Some of the legends to be found in the writings* of the late Mr. John White have been taken, whilst from the extremely valuable work† of Mr. Edward Tregear a great deal of assistance has been derived.

To nearly all the more important legends of the Maori there are variations; the variations showing the versions accepted by different tribes as the stories have come down to them. Little notice has here been given to any of these variations. The legend in each case having for its foundation the translation of Sir George Grey, and apparently having the support of the largest body of Maori opinion in the country, is presumed to be the story in its original and most correct form.

An expression of thanks is due to Mr. John Jury, of Greytown, an assiduous and careful collector of Maori traditions, who has been good enough to contribute from his stock four legends never before published. The legends of Tamatea and Rahui are not without interest, whilst in another work‡ shortly to be published to the legends of Kau-whanga and Rua-peka-peka a considerable degree of historical importance may be found to attach.

From the voluminous stock of Maori pictures in the possession of Mr. Arthur Isles, photographer, of Rotorua, the portraits of Maori chiefs and maidens have been selected. The other illustrations furnished have been kindly supplied through the courtesy of Mr. John Mackay, Government Printer.

*"The Ancient History of the Maori."
†"A Maori Dictionary."
‡"The Early History of New Zealand."

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CORRIGENDA.

Page 15.—For "appertising," *read* "appetising."

Page 278.—For "Ngati-waitaki," *read* "Ngati-waitahi."

Page 279.—For "average," *read* "avenge."

Page 336.—For "whom," *read* "who."

Wairakei Geyser

THE WHARE-KURA AND THE GODS OF HAWA-IKI.

THE WHARE-KURA AND THE GODS OF HAWA-IKI.

THE schools of the ancient Maori people were in Hawa-iki, in a place known as Mua, a locality rendered sacred. Here, facing to the rising sun, stood the *whare-kura* or sacred college, where mythology and history were taught to the sons of the high priests. Materials for the erection of the school having been collected by the people, the priests had built it, each day carefully abstaining from the consumption of food until the work was wholly completed; thus the *whare-kura* was entirely unstained by any exhibition of mere animal grossness. All the rites of sanctification had been performed as the work proceeded. Over the centre-post (the *pou-toko-maniwa*)—on which rested the ridge-pole—the high priest had rendered all the sacred ceremonies. When the kakaho reeds to form the lining in all its various patterns were being laced to the walls, incantations had been sung or said. At the foot of the ridge-pole a *tiki* (a resemblance to one of their ancestors' gods) had been carved to consecrate the school edifice and insure the continuance of its sacredness. The place was surrounded with manuka, tree-fern, or flax-bush. The image of a man, about 15 in. in height, and without feet, was set up. It was cut out of totara, and represented Kahu-kura, the *atua-tiro* (attendant spying-god), whose eyes saw everything. When the whole structure had been completed the ceremony of *ta-te-kawa* (the dedication of the building to its sacred purpose) was performed. At this dedication there was a sacred sacrifice in the sight of all the people. With the incantations and ceremonies usually rendered by an army when presenting food to the gods, the sacrifice—either a man, woman, child, slave, or dog—was led up to the front of the building and there killed. The blood constituted the sacred offering which was tendered to Mua; the body was buried in the sacred place. A sacred fire and an *umu* (oven) had been lighted within the building whilst the victim was being killed and the sacrifice rendered. At the close of day yet another fire was kindled in the *marae* (courtyard), and here had been cooked the kumara or eel, which was partaken of by the priests and sacred men. Such was the *whare-kura* building and its process of dedication.

On the first night, when the priests had assembled, they proceeded to make a selection of some twenty or thirty youths of the highest rank. Then, leading these neophytes to the nearest water, which might have been a stream or a lake, they were sent into it. Standing on the bank, the priests took a wiwi or toetoe stalk, or a piece of grass, if nothing else suitable was handy, and, having dipped it, dropped some of the water into the ears of each of the youths. "They that have ears to hear let them hear." Then into the stream or lake would go the priests themselves, and ladle two or three times water over the candidates for priesthood, repeating the while proper incantations for insuring that their ears might be opened and their understanding developed, so that in the fullness of time they might acquire a complete and perfect knowledge of all the mysteries into which it would be sought to initiate them. This having been done, the priests would take the *rimu* (raw seaweed) and faithfully perform over it the ceremonies and the incantations which were performed by those who were fortunate enough to survive the great flood—the great flood being evidently a ceremony intended to represent or typify some event of traditional importance in the experience of the Maori people. Then would priests and neophytes, the former continuing to repeat incantations and throwing seaweed, come out of the water and proceed directly to the Mua and to the image which represented Kahu-kura. All animate or inanimate matter was then *tapu* and sacred; the punishment for all transgressors being in the hands of the gods. Only one *wahine* (female), aged and sacred, was ever admitted into the school. All being present, fire would be produced, a piece of *eoi* (fern-root) would be roasted and given to the woman to put under her thigh. Then it would be taken from her and handed to the neophytes, standing in a row in the middle of the edifice, to be partaken of by them one by one. This was designed to insure that they would be able to give continuous application to their lessons. Then the youths would sit down, and the priests would enter upon their work of education. Mythology and history would be repeated until midnight. By ceremonies and incantations the sacred woman would guard the students from every evil, and none but her, the priests, and their pupils would ever be permitted to eat or sleep in the school. If drowsiness fell upon any it was deemed a portent of evil, and the victim of such a feeling would not live long. Certainly he would be at once expelled, and never again admitted. The shame of such a disgrace would probably weigh upon the spirit of the unfortunate transgressor and lead to his early demise.

Under the regulations of the school the father of a pupil was required to take charge of his child, so that there should be no crying, whispering, nor exhibitions of restlessness. The attention of students devoted to the acquisition of knowledge was not allowed to be distracted by the perversity of one of their number. In the season of *kahu-rua-mahu* (autumn) the period of school began, the teaching being continued for four or five months consecutively, school opening at sunset and closing at midnight. All slept from midnight to dawn. Bathing, games, and other forms of exercise were daily allowed. Students were not permitted to go where food either had been or was being cooked, nor were they allowed to associate with any but the priests and themselves. Any one who, inadvertently or otherwise, came near to a pupil became a carrier to the institution as a punishment for his fault. At a spot some distance from the *whare-kura* food was prepared by females for the use of the school, and by them it would be brought to its proximity; carriers would then fetch it to the students within the building. Teaching would be begun by the chief priest, who always sat near the door. He would recite a portion of history. The other priests followed according to the order of their rank. During the time thus occupied strict silence, broken only by the voice of the teaching priest, would be maintained. The repetition having been finished, then the elder and more accomplished priests, whose place was on the south side of the school, would insist upon the instruction given being rehearsed verbatim by the students, and the examination into the memory attainments of each pupil would be extremely critical. An incantation to open wide the ears of the pupils was the first lesson; the next inculcated the path the spirit of each student should follow to acquire the energy and eagerness necessary to obtain a full knowledge of the sacred lore. Then followed instruction in the ceremonies and incantations of Po, Ao, Tekore, Makei, and the sacred story of Rangi. In order to stamp this knowledge indelibly on the memory of the pupils it was repeated to them every night for one month. This work achieved, the most ancient of the incantations and the songs of their fathers were imparted, in order to thoroughly imbue the souls of the youths with a mighty longing to emulate the great performances of their gods and of their ancestors. In this way stories of chiefs and tribes, loves, wars, genealogies were carefully transmitted, word for word, from generation to generation. After this, instruction was imparted in the origin, attributes, and powers of the gods Po, Ao, and Tane. Then a knowledge of the incantations used in witchcraft and sorcery had to be acquired; then those to give vigour and heroism in war; then those required to effectually bedim the eyes of

any warrior they might meet in fight; then those pronounced over food given to their enemies to procure death; then those to cure the invalid and restore the wounded. With these last the term in *whare-kura* would be brought to a close. All would spend the last night in *whare-kura* together. At dawn some raw and some cooked pitau (fern-root) or grass, previously prepared by the priests with ceremonies and incantations to remove from it the *tapu*, would be thrown to the front of Mua in order that of it the gods might partake. Then, all the people having been duly assembled, recourse would be taken to the water, in which the pupils would stand, the priests on the bank ladling them, and with each laving reciting the incantations proper for the occasion; the tribes, standing within easy distance, repeating incantations proper for themselves. Then would the high priest demand of the pupils, "Which of you has perfectly learnt the ceremonies and incantations?" To which, no doubt, one would immediately reply, "I have." A slave would then be led up, and the pupil invited to exercise his power. He would recite an incantation, and so bewitch the unfortunate slave-victim that he would immediately fall dead. This evidence of knowledge acquired might naturally be expected to evoke from the people manifestations of the most intense satisfaction. As the blood flowed from the nose of the bewitched body it would be taken on a piece of wood or grass and fixed to an ancient *toko* in front of *Mua* as an offering to the gods.

The cermonies connected with this somewhat startling examination for proficiency, ending in the death of a slave, were accepted as in the nature of a sacrifice to the gods of war, witchcraft, and fate. The priests in the exercise of their discretion might order the victim to be buried within the sacred place, or they might cause it to be dressed and cooked — probably if it was well nourished they would decide in favour of the latter course. The exhibition at the water over, priests and pupils would return to the Mua, dancing and singing and making the most hideous grimaces in testimony of their joy. Arrived at the Mua a fire would be kindled in order to perform the ceremony of *huri-takapau;* an *umu* would be lighted so that food might be cooked. Over the food there would be more incantations. A priest would take a portion, with which he would touch each pupil before he solemnly offered it to Mua. The old men present ate the remainder of the food. The ceremonies connected with the closing of the annual term would now be concluded with the formal shutting of the doors of *whare-kura*, and the house would be left untouched by any one until the time came for reopening in the following year. Priests and pupils alike were required to sleep in the open air

on the night of the closing of the school. Each might go to his usual place of abode on the following day, but he was held exempt from any labour connected with the production or cooking of food. Having passed three days at home, then would all the pupils meet again at some appointed place and proceed to the front of Mua, where a mound of earth about 1 ft. long, resembling the shape of a lizard, would be raised. On either side of this the high priest would place a foot and press the mound whilst he recited the incantation of Tane. This typical ceremony of crushing the lizard underfoot will be found an important one for the student to remember.

Cohabitation with their wives was not permitted to either priests or pupils during term at *whare-kura ;* nor might they procure firewood save for their sacred fires. Teachers were not remunerated for their services : they were men of rank. Amusements, games, exercises might be indulged in to any extent, but the cultivation and the preparation of food was forbidden to them. Pupils were required to attend school at *whare-kura* for a period of three, four, or even five years before they would be entitled to figure as priests, teachers, or doctors. Of course, it was only the pupils attending *whare-kura* for the first time that were required to go through the initiatory ceremonies.

Each *pa* had one agricultural school. Attached to some *pas* there were more than one school, the number of schools depending largely upon the number of inhabitants. So, too, the size of the school-buildings depended in a very great measure on the extent of the population to be served. They ranged from an area of 1,100 to 2,800 superficial feet, and the usual form was that of a parallelogram. The agricultural school was open to every grade of society, the priests and pupils of the *whare-kura* alone being shut out. Being a resort for all, females were at liberty to enter and ask questions ; for they also laboured, and technical knowledge was as requisite for them as for male workers. As lessons were given and incantations were rehearsed, it was necessary that this school also should be sacred, and it was so held. The lessons of the school were imparted only at night, so that labour in the cultivations might not be interfered with, but the school was not open every night successively. It was lighted by fires in pits running in a line up the centre of the school. On the occasion of the first night of the term teachers and pupils all rose and in a body proceeded to the Mua, carrying fronds of pitau (palm) as an offering to the gods. The chief priest, performing ceremonies and repeating incantations, presented the fronds, Kahu-kura at this time being naked, the incantations of the agricultural school not being regarded as particularly sacred. It was only during the winter season

that this school was open to the people for instruction, so that when came round the periods in which the kumara, taro, and hue should be planted, for fishing, for snaring and spearing birds, and for the digging of fern-root, work would not be neglected. No food other than fern-root was allowed to be consumed in this school. All priests and students were allowed to live in the school, no one during term being permitted to leave for his home or cultivations. Visitors to the *hapu* were received and entertained at the building, and it was the home of the aged men and women of the *hapu*, whilst the younger members of the community amused themselves with *whai*, *poi*, and other games, which were played in the *whare-matiro*. Youths of the highest rank were taught in the agricultural school, but, as has been indicated, its doors were not open to them alone.

When the time came when it was necessary that preparations should be made for war the people gathered together and in a body proceeded to Mua for the purpose of making offerings to Kahu-kura. When duly arrived the chief priest took from them the offerings and covered up the nakedness of the god, first with two old garments, then with highly valuable fringed mats called *kui-taka* taken from among the presentations, the proper incantations being recited the while. Mua was then unrobed by the high priest and restored to his nakedness. This concluded the ceremony so far as the generality of the people was concerned, and they would forthwith return to their homes, leaving the further proceedings to the priests and the warriors. Then the priest would take Kahu-kura from his place, and, with the mats and the last of the offerings, elevate him in the midst of those who were about to go to war. Then, first in its raw state, subsequently in a cooked or singed condition, a piece of pitau would be offered to the god. Not under any circumstances conceivable would any interruption to this ceremony, which was continued to the dawn of day, be tolerated. Then priests and warriors would return to the school, where the latter would sit down in a line. A fire was then lighted, and a piece of fern-root would be cooked as a *tau-maha* (thank-offering). The priest taking the *tau-maha* would hold it to the nose of each of the warriors in due sequence so that he might inhale its perfume, after which it would be given to an old man to eat, by which means the *tapu* would be taken off from the people. On the morning following these proceedings a fire would be lighted and food would be cooked and offered to Mua as a propitiation to the gods. This food would subsequently be given to the most aged of the priests. All the people being again assembled, ceremonies would be again performed and incantations repeated to insure that finally, and without any

shadow of doubt, the people were free of all manner of *tapu*.

The astronomical school building was also erected outside of the *pa*, and might cover from 360 to 1,800 superficial feet, the smaller being nearly rectangular in shape. It was in the season of *pou-tu* (midwinter) that this school was opened, and it was only frequented by chiefs of the highest rank and by priests for the consideration of matters of vital importance. It was this high assembly that directed on which day crops should be planted and on which day they should be gathered in, the localities where birds and fish might be taken, and regulated all details in reference to travelling, visiting, and the giving of feasts. They too it was who made observations of the heavenly bodies, comparing such observations critically. With great acumen they discussed the omens for the several undertakings and operations for the year; and in order to impress their conclusions indelibly on their minds they rehearsed the lessons taught to them by sages in their youth. Like the agricultural schools, the number of astronomical schools attached to a *pa* would be in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, and, like the agricultural school, from sunrise to sunset no one was permitted to enter nor allowed to sleep in it. From dusk to dawn of day it was occupied by chiefs and priests in discussing the subjects above indicated, and they were not permitted to cross the threshold unless in answer to a call of nature. Those whose duty it was to convey supplies to the school might approach the building to a distance defined from which their voice could be heard and from which place they would call; the youngest of the chiefs would then issue forth and obtain what had been brought. So, too, if a female, a member of a family of junior rank, took food to the school she would have to stay a short distance away until the food was taken from her. In such a case a female of high rank might carry the food to the school door, rap, and pass it to some one of the inmates, repeating an incantation the while. He who took the food would also recite an incantation, to avoid the evil consequences which otherwise would follow from the door having been opened. If one of the people — any ordinary individual — carried food to the school, he would, when he had reached to a convenient distance, signify his attendance by throwing a stone on the house. He would not dare to speak one word to the chief who came in response to his summons; handing over his burden, he would walk silently away. The youngest chief usually had the duty reposed in him of attending to such summonses. Ample provisions and firewood were daily provided. The discussions of the school taking place always at night, chiefs and priests slept during

the day, and during the session, which usually lasted three—but might run into four or five—months, they were not allowed to visit their home, nor in any way to hold intercourse with the people. When the ceremony of *ika whenua* had been performed, then they would be permitted to return to their families. When the school-building was not being occupied by the priests, then would the aged, the decrepit, and the infirm of the people make it their home. Two or three females took part in the work of each session. It was their duty to perform all the sacred rights and ceremonies of the *mauri*. At the close of the session the ceremonies performed and the incantations repeated were similar to those used at the closing of *whare-kura*.

On certain great occasions there is reason to believe the hall of the *whare-kura* was used as a council chamber in which the principal chiefs of tribes met in a kind of parliament for the consideration of important matters bearing upon their welfare. There is no doubt the famous Tu Uru o Manono *whare-kura* temple of the Ati Hapai people in Hawa-iki, burnt by Whakatau-Potiki, was of this description.

At Whanganui the *whare-kura* was a temple of Maru. Again, at Hawaii there was a sort of herald's college known as the Aha Alii (the congregation of the chiefs), at which a chief on presenting himself for admission sent in his titles, which were announced by a herald to those assembled within. A decision was at once come to upon the rights and claims of the applicant, and he was admitted or rejected as the case might be. This conclave issued a charter of the highest importance to any chief, for with it he could never be made a slave; but it did not relieve him from the possibility of being selected as a sacrifice to be offered to the gods. Possessing this charter, he, as a chief, was entitled to wear the *hei-hulu*, or feather-wreath; the *palaoa*, the ivory clasp; the *ahu ula*, or feather cloak—to the Maori mind very great distinctions indeed.

The priesthood in Hawaii constituted ten separate colleges, over which the *kahuna nui*—the master or head—presided. The Anaana, Hoo-piopio, and Hoo-anauna were the first three colleges, and they were devoted to the teaching of sorcery, magic, incantations, &c. The fourth college was the Hoo-komokomo; the fifth Poi Whane, in which the science of divination and the transference of the spirit which had just departed from the dead to a living body were taught. The sixth, for the study of medicine and surgery, was called Lapaau-maoti. The seventh, known as Kuhi-kuhi-puunone, was devoted to the study of the arts of architecture, location, &c. The eighth was called Oneone-i-honua; the ninth Kilo-kilo; lastly, the tenth, Nanauli, where in different classes were

educated the soothsayers and future prophets of the people. The colleges, of course, were subdivided into classes of scholars, according to the progress made and their degree of proficiency, and all were controlled by oaths and vows of the most stringent character. Somewhat after the manner of Hindustani custom in "bracelet-bound brothers," it was not infrequent for young members of the noble fraternity in the colleges to bind themselves to each other by vows of mutual affection and eternal love. The deity usually invoked in the work of the colleges was Uli—a god, it is of some consequence to remember, quite unknown in connection with the mythology of other islands of Polynesia. In Hawaii Uli stood for the Great Supreme—the highest, the eternal God—in Ao-tea-roa, known as Io. The fact that, literally, the word *uli* means the dark or black one may be interpreted as signifying that he was the unseen, the unknowable, the omniscient and incomprehensible God. Generally it will be found of consequence to remember the constitution, the teaching, and the ceremonies of the *whare-kura* and colleges of the Maori people.

The *kore* in Maori mythology represents the primal power—the great first cause—of the universe. Although the void—the ethereal space—absolute nothingness, the *kore* nevertheless contained the elements and forces of all things that were to be—that were still unborn. The process of evolution has been detailed as follows: Te Kore (the Void—the Negation), Te Kore-tua-tahi (the First Void), Te Kore-tua-rua (the Second Void), Kore-nui (the Great Void), Kore-roa (the Great, the Vast-extending Void), Kore-para, Kore-whi-whia, Kore-rawea, Kore-tamaua (Fast-bound Void), Te Mangu (the Black Void)—ten voids in all. Te Mangu, one of the principal powers of the cosmos, was alleged to be the son of Kore-te-tamaua. Not without reason the proper name is alleged to be Maku, which signifies moisture. The union of Te Mangu with Mahorahora-nui-a-rangi (the Vast Expanse of Heaven) was productive of the four toko, or props by which the heavens are supported. Some of the *kore* were believed to be of human form—Po, Ao, &c.—and so were personal deities. Time was also divided into a series of spaces extending from the inauguration of the lowest forms of life to time illimitable, each space being held equivalent to one thousand years. They ran as follows: Te Kore (Void); Te Po (Darkness and the Lower World); Te Rapunga (Seeking); Whaia (Following on); Te Kukune (Conception of Thought); Te Pupuke (Enlarging); Te Hihiri (Breathing, or Godly Power); Te Mahara (Thought); Te Hinengaro (Spirit Life); Te Manako (Desire); Te Wananga (Holy Spirit—Supernatural Power—or, the Abode of Deity); Te Ahua (Form of Beauty when in the Spirit—Glory); Te Atamai (Love in

Force—Coming into Good); Te Whiwhia (Possessing); Kawea (Delightful); Hopu Tu (Possessing Power); Hau Ora (Breath of Life); Atea (Space, Void, Nothingness). Te Ao teretere noa ana (the World floating in Space) lay between Papa (the Earth) and Rangi (the Heavens), who were the first parents. Downwards towards Darkness the divisions ran: (1) The realm of grass and trees, reigned over by Tane-Mahuta; (2) the realm of Rongo-ma-tane and Haumia-tiki-tiki; (3) Te Reinga, governed by Hine-nui-te-po; (4) Au—Toia, the dwelling of Whiro; (5) Uranga-o-te-ra, where lives Rohe, the wife of Maui; (7) Hiku-Toia; (8) Pou-Turi, the home of Miru; (9) Toke; (10) Meto or Ameto (Extinction). As time was divided, so also were the heavens, counting in an ascending rota. They were named as follows: (1) Kiko-Rangi, where Toi-mau reigns. (2.) Waka-marie (Rain and Sunshine). (3.) Nga-roto (Lakes); the spray splashing over is the hail and rain in the world. In this heaven Maru is god. (4.) Hau-ora, or Te Wai-ora-a-Tane, the (Water of Life of Tane); from this water comes the spirit to the child about to be born. (5.) Nga-Tauira, the heaven of beings who attend upon the inferior gods who officiate in Naherangi. (6.) Nga-Atua, the heaven of the inferior gods. Tawhaki rules in this sphere. (7.) Autoia: in this heaven the soul is created. (8.) Aukumea, the time allotted to spirits in which to live. (9.) Wai-rua: spirit-gods reside in this sphere, to attend upon the gods in Naherangi. (10.) Naherangi, or Tuwharea, the Supreme Temple of the Heavens, inhabited by the great gods. Here Rehua is the chief and ruling power.

A second genealogy of the gods, time-spaces, heavens, alleges that the *kore* sprang from the first (Kore-tuatahi) to the tenth (Kore-tuanga-hurie), hundredth (Kore-tuarau), thousandth (Kore-tuamano), countless (Kore-tuatani). In both of these cosmogenies Po (Night, or the World of the Unseen) is made to precede the Void.

By a third genealogy God is alleged to have commenced His chant of the order of creation at Te Po, and sang: Po begat Te Ao (the Light), who again begat Ao-marama (Daylight), who again begat Kore-whiwhia, Kore-te-Rawea, Kore-te-tamana, Kore-te-matua-Maku, Mahoranui-a-tea-Raki.

By a fourth genealogy a beginning is made with Kune (Conception), and after a procession of five generations Po is reached; ten begettings follow, and then Kore (Nothingness) is attained; Kore-te-whiwhia, Kore-te-rawea, &c.

Ao, the personification of Light and the Upper World, in opposition to Po (Darkness, or the Lower World) is spoken of in a variety of ways, such, for instance, as Ao-te-roa (Abiding Day), Ao-marama (Bright Day). With the aid of

his companion gods, Ata (Morning) and Whaitua (Space), Ao is always found in resistance to the gods of night. One god, Ao, was of human form, but all Aos counted in the pedigrees of chiefs.

Po (Darkness, or Night) is rich in the possession of several genealogies, one of which runs: Te Po, Te Ao, Te Ao-tu-roa, Te Ao-marama, Te Kore, Te Kore-tu-whiwhia, Te Kore-te-rawea, Te Kore-te-tamana, Te Kore-tu-matua, Maku, Rangi, &c. Another genealogy runs: Te Po, Te Po-teki, Te Po-terea, Te Po-whawha, Hine-makemoe, Te Ata, Te Ao-tu-roa, Te Ao-marama, Whaitiia, Te Kore, Te Kore-tuatahi, Te Kore-tuarua, Kore-nui, Kore-para, Kore-whiwhia, Kore-rawea, Kore-te-tamana, Te Mangu. According to one legend Po was carried from First Night up to Myriads of Nights, and then the *kore* take up the enchanting story and carry it on for other myriads.

The longest of the genealogies begins with the assertion that God entered upon the work of creation at Darkness and Light (Po and Ao), and that Po had a human form, a luxury enjoyed by one only of the *kore*. Hine-nui-te-Po bore two children (Po-tangotango and Po-uriuri) after her flight to Darkness (the mythical Po), the actual Night, the shades from which the spirits of men came and to which they inevitably return, the great ancestor of all things, the far-away and indefinite land, Hawa-iki, from whence the Maori came.

It has been found a vain task to attempt to separate mythical legend from the supposed facts of genealogical tables, which again do not agree. Po, with a human form, the Land of Spirits, the Unknown, Night and Darkness, together with Hawa-iki, the generally accepted home of the forefathers of the Maori people, have apparently resolved themselves into a hazy mass of confusion, and it seems impossible to get hold of a reliable thread in order to unravel the mystery. To all Polynesians both the words and their interpretation are the same and familiar, although in some islands legend and tradition have been elaborated more than in others.

Te Reinga was the heaven or place of departed spirits—the leaping-place of souls. It is synonymous with Po (the Hades or under world). Reinga was the upper or celestial world, Papa the earth or lower world; and of the latter Te Reinga was the third lowest division, or hell. Te Reinga was, however, not by any means so uncomfortable a place in which to abide as hell is represented to be in Christian theology. The belief held was that when the spirit quitted its perishable human tenement it flew away in a northerly direction until it reached the hill known as Wai-ho-kimai, where, stripping off its garments of the leaves of wha-rangi-ma-kuku and horo-poto, in which it had been arrayed, it

would rest in order to lament and wail for a space. Recovering its equanimity, and proceeding onwards in its flight, the spirit would reach Wai-oti-oti, another hill. Here it was expected to turn its back forever on the trivial concerns of this world. Journeying on to Rere-nga-wairua (Spirit's Leap) the spirit would then discover two long, straight roots, the uppermost parts of which clung, or were fastened, to a huge pohutukawa tree, the other ends lying in the sea. Lingering here to await the presentation of the auspicious moment, the spirit, directly an opening appeared in the seaweed floating in the calm waters near the strand, would leap, plunge, or dive down into Te Reinga. This place at length attained, behold! there broke upon its vision a flowing river with a sandy shore. The spirit crosses the river, and, lo! he is called—his name is shouted in tones which reverberate throughout the sphere. Warmly is he welcomed, and food is plentifully set before him. If he partakes of this inviting refreshment his doom is sealed—in the under world he must stay forever. Usually the invitation proves too overpowering to be successfully resisted.

Instances, however, are known in which the food thus offered has been refused, and in consequence miraculous returns to this busy, throbbing, work-a-day world are on record. Thus, as tradition faithfully testifies, a man named Te Ata-rahi, whose relations had—injudiciously, it is to be feared—strongly counselled him not to touch the sacred food when he got to the river, followed their advice, and so was returned upon their hands again. Then, there is the affecting story of Pare-huta, a beautiful maiden who unwisely fell desperately in love with Huta, a chief of lower birth than her own—a stupidly foolish thing, of course, for her to do. Notwithstanding the disparity in rank, Pare-huta—carried away by her passion—offered herself to Hutu, and he rejected her. It is impossible for any words to depict the flood of shame which then overwhelmed the lovely Pare-huta or the anguish which wrung her despised heart. She strangled herself. In council the tribe decided—quite properly, as all will agree—that the perverse, hard-hearted, unappreciative, and unhuman scoundrel Hutu, as a penalty for being a contributory party to the maiden's death, must die also. Hutu, however, knew of a way in which to save himself and right the foul wrong of which he had been found guilty. He begged a brief respite, which was granted. Then, speeding away to the spirit world, he pleaded so well his cause with Hine-nui-te-Po (the Death Goddess) that she graciously permitted him not only to win again sweet tenderness from Pare-huta, but to take the adorable girl back with him to earth again. The joy and delight of the tribe may be imagined when the strangled

Pare-huta reappeared looking more lovely than ever. Pare-huta and Hutu married, and, as they had a large family, it is to be supposed they together shared in many years of connubial bliss before the abode of the dread Hine-nui-te-Po was again visited by either of them.

Another interesting story there is on the record. An old lady died, as old ladies sometimes do. In due course her spirit appeared on the shore of the sacred stream, and her name was called. When the appetising viands were spread before her, lo, although prodigiously hungry, she would not eat. She was an exceptionally perverse old woman. She was returned to her friends, who were by no means well pleased for, the people having rather enjoyed existence since her departure, they had resigned themselves with proper feelings to her sad loss. But in the world of shadows the old lady had had wondrous experiences. No mortal mind had ever conceived the smallest shred of the scenes of magnificence and grandeur which it had been allowed to her to witness. She thrilled the people with glowing generalisations; she baffled them with her minuteness of detail, so that they crowded round her with a never-abating wonder. In spirit-land she had even been so fortunate as to see a moa.

Then, there is the story of Mata-ora, who so loved his wife that when she died he followed her to spirit-land. There it was that he acquired a knowledge of the art of tattooing, in which he became exceedingly proficient. From the Death-Goddess he too won permission for his wife to return to the realms of light again. In their joy at returning they unhappily overlooked the fact that it was customary and proper to bestow a gratuity upon the guardian of the sacred portal, and for that reason it was at once decreed that never more should any mortal soul be permitted to return from the abodes of death. These are instances out of many which go to show that amongst the Maoris, and no doubt the people from whom they are derived, a belief in a resurrection was common.

Rangi.

The Heaven or Sky (Rangi, or Raki as he is sometimes called) was not really the first of the gods; indeed, he is ninth in descent from God, and his genealogy is as definitely known as anything is in Maori lore. It is necessary to clearly understand that first there was Chaos. From out of Chaos came Darkness (personified as Po). Then evolved Void, Absolute Nothingness (Kore); and, having attained to this condition of development, lo, God commenced to sing his glorious song of creation, beginning with Po. Po begat Te Ao (Light), and Te Ao begat Ao-marama (Daylight), who begat Ao-tu-roa (Long-

standing Light), who, again, begat Kore-te-whiwhia (Did not possess), who in time begat Kore-te-rawea (Was not pleased with), who was the father of Kore-tamaua (Was not held), who, again, presently begat Kore-te-matua (Without Parent), who begat Maku (Damp). The names of the Mothers of these existences are not stated, but it is to be presumed there were mothers. However, a beginning is made in the record of motherhood with Mahora-nui-a-tea (Great Spreading-out of Light), whom Maku continently took to his bosom as his wife. From this pair emanated Rangi, or Raki (the Heaven, or Sky). After this auspicious event, it will be seen, the work of creation goes on apace.

Rangi's first matrimonial venture was with Poko-harua-te-po (*poko*, extinguished; *harua*, or *wharua*, valley), and by her he was blessed with the following offspring: Ha-nui-o-raki (*ha*, breath; *nui*, great; *oraki*, of Raki); Ta-whiri-mateo (*ta-whiri*, to wave, to beckon; *mateo*, to light); Tapu-tapu-atea (*tapu*, feet; *atea*, unhindered); Ma-here-tu-ki-te-raki (Propitiation standing in the Heaven).

These, by Rangi's first wife, are the lords of his children. Then his *kahui-tahu* (*kahui*, assembly; *tahu*, helper) followed. They number twelve, and they constitute the family that dragged mankind down to earth; they are they who first persisted in following evil courses, through which resulted the appearance of confusion, sorrow, anguish in the world. It will be observed that by this family the total of Rangi's children by Poko-harua-te-popoko numbers sixteen.

By another wife, Heke-heke-i-papa, Rangi had seven children, who continued to dwell with him in the sky. In this connection five other lines of Rangi's offspring might be given, but of these it will no doubt be remembered that Tamo-i-waho and his younger brothers were all spirits who continued to dwell in heaven.

By another wife, Hotu-papa, Rangi had twenty-nine children, and they constitute the progenitors of the human race which now inhabits the earth. They are therefore clearly entitled to honourable consideration.

Then follow two more wives, Ma-uku-uku and Tau-hare-kio-kio, but as Rangi had only one child by each of them they do not seem worthy to be held of any importance.

Again Rangi married, the next addition to the domestic hearth being Papa-tu-a-nuku. This lovely being when Rangi came awooing happened to be already married. She was wife to Taki-(Tangi-)roa, but it is easy to comprehend that to a being of Rangi's ardent temperament such a circumstance would offer no serious impediment to the gratification of his desires. A certain interesting event having recently occurred, Taki-(Tangi-)roa was constrained to leave Papa-tu-a-nuku

Nga Mahanga Boiling Spring.

for a time whilst he went off on the performance of a purely family duty. Upon Taki-(Tangi-)roa's return, behold, he found the frail partner of his joys and sorrows happily domiciled with Rangi, with whom, notwithstanding her circumstances, she had been living ever since his departure. During her husband's absence, Papa-tu-a-nuku had succeeded in bearing no fewer than forty-seven children to Rangi, a truly surprising performance. It is through Pa-ikea, one of these children, that the Maoris of Ao-tea-roa claim their decent from Rangi, the heaven-god. If it is said that Taki-(Tangi-)roa was considerably surprised—not to say annoyed—at the fecundity of his false wife when brought into association with such a warm companion as the sun-god, no one will affect to be the least astonished. In a furious rage Taki-(Tangi-)roa immediately challenged Rangi to a duel, and they proceeded to the sea-beach—which was the recognised convincing-ground or counting-house in those days—to settle up their differences with spears. Seconds were dispensed with, but one who was present and was a witness of the combat relates that Rangi made a vigourous thrust at the breast of Taki-(Tangi-)roa, which the latter skilfully parried. Then, quick as lightning-flash, Taki-(Tangi-)roa thrust in his turn and drove his weapon through both the thighs of the sun-god. The fight was at an end. Taki-(Tangi-)roa might then have slain his disabled and prostrate foe, the wrecker of his happiness; but, gazing upon him with an expression of mingled scorn and contempt, he magnanimously turned upon his heel and left Rangi to live and ponder to the end of time over his numerous amorous iniquities. Rangi contrived to scramble home to Papa-tu-a-nuku, who, it is to be supposed, by careful nursing quickly restored him to his wonted strength again. But Rangi was never the same as before he received his wound. The ten children which Papa-tu-a-nuku bore to him subsequently were all deformed or sickly. This fact is revealed in the names bestowed upon them. When they came into existence it was found that there was ever sure to be something grievously the matter with either their heads or their legs; they suffered from divers nervous disorders, or they were intolerably lean and skinny. The addition of the ten deformed children brings the total of Rangi's progeny to one hundred and four, not of course counting those of his children who never left his home in the sky. The names of all have been carefully preserved by tradition, and would be here set forth if a perusal of them was in the least likely to evoke the slightest interest.

Among the children born to Rangi by Hekeheke-i-papa, his second wife, is Tama-nui-a-raki, who begat twelve children, all of whose names can be set forth at large if required. From

them, the legend proceeds to show, the generations of men are descended. It must be recognised as a happy thing that all this has been rendered so definite and abundantly clear that, with the greatest confidence and the liveliest satisfaction, the race of man can look back through the ever-changing centuries and trace their descent, through Tama-nui-a-raki, to Hekeheke-i-papa and the great sun-god Rangi himself.

By another tradition Hine-ahu-papa was the first wife of Rangi, his second wife being Papa-tu-a-nuku, and his third Papa simply. Here it is interesting to learn that the wife of Mangu (the Black; equivalent to Erebus), one of the principal powers of the universe preceding the ordinary gods, had brought four sons to her devoted and delighted husband. Mahorahora-nui-a-rangi was the name of this female, and her four sons—known as the props of Heaven—were Toko-mua, Toko-pa, Toko-roto, and Rangi-potiki. Now, the latter (Rangi-potiki) having taken to wife Hine-ahu-papa, from them descended Tu-nuku, Tu-rangi, Tama-i-Koropao, and Haronga. Then, again, from the latter (Haronga), having taken to wife Tongo-tongo, from them descended Ra (the sun) and Marama (the moon). This is all quite clear, and obviously satisfactory, until yet another tradition is met with, which gives Rangi (as Rangi-nui-e-Tu), as begetting the moon by Atutahi and the sun by Werowero.

Tu-mata-uenga.

Tu-mata-uenga was one of the greatest of the gods of Polynesia. To the Maori the war-god, Tu, was entitled to particular regard. His awful name was held in a kind of sanctity mingled with fear, for he was the arbiter in their tribal troubles and the great disposer of their destinies. Did a slave-woman bear children to a chief, then those children were a special kind of property rightfully due to Tu as a species of tribute owing to the other gods on account of the chief, their father, having broken the law of *tapu*. Although Rangi and Papa might not definitely have been of human form, that of itself constituted no good reason why their children should not be so blessed; accordingly no one will be surprised to learn that Tu and his brothers were endowed with at least the shape of mortal man. At the terrible battle of Awarua Tu fell, and all the rebellious host were incontinently hurled into the realm of utter darkness. After such a highly spirited and adventurous career it is little wonder that such an assertive and masterful god should be held in universal reverence and awe. Tu is also accepted as the representative of man.

Tane Mahuta.

Tane Mahuta, god of all forests and things made of wood, the superior of all woodland deities, and lord of insects and birds, is also of Polynesian fame. It may easily be conceived that the sufferings of Tane were intense at the attack made by Tawhiri-matea, which ended so disastrously for him and the subjects of his power. The actual creation of all things is, in legend, sometimes credited to Tiki, but there can be no manner of doubt that to Tane is due the production of man —a feat that was performed at Kurawaka—his first effort resulting in the making of a woman, who was named Hine-a-huone. It was entirely owing to the evil behaviour of men in obstinately refusing to acknowledge or believe in his creative power that Tane sent the deluge upon the earth. With the aid of Tu, Tupua, Tawhiti, Porapora, Tane it was who fastened upon the breast of his father the shining constellations Poerinuku, Panakotea, which he gathered from some celestial locality known as Okehu. Subsequently, as it became apparent that it was absolutely necessary that men should be enabled to trace their origin to a divine source, to Tane was given many wives and several large families. Among the number of wives with which he has been liberally endowed were Muunga, Tohika, Tu Koria-huru. Rangahau, one of Tane's divine ancestresses, he took to wife, but as she brought forth a stone he was heartless enough to forsake her. Pakoti also he wedded, but as she brought forth nothing but a flax-bush (*Phormium tenax*) he discarded her in anger.

Ngaore was another of the beautiful and divine ancestresses of Tane whom he took to wife. In due course the loving husband anticipated an addition to his happy family circle, but Ngaore was prolific only in the production of toetoe grass, which so disgusted the disappointed Tane that he without remorse abandoned this wife as he had done others.

Tane followed his wife (daughter) Hine-nui-te-Poto down to the nether world, inspired by the hope of inducing her to return, but he failed in this because when Tuperanga-o-te-ao opened the door of outer darkness suddenly Tane became so affrighted that he fled back to the upper world immediately. That Tane was truly a mighty celestial spirit there can be no doubt, because he it was that drove the rebellious spirits Tu and Rongo down from the heaven they had invaded to the utter darkness of Kai-hewa, having previously inflicted upon them crushing defeats at the battles of Awarua and Ti-ururangi. As a god of goodness and light he spread the shining stars upon the breast of his father Rangi; he also spread out the waters of ocean, and prepared the living water in which the moon every month renews herself. The living water of Tane is located in Hau-ora, the fourth heaven counting up-

wards from the earth. It is from this sphere that is sent down the soul designed to animate the human when a child is born. It is in this lake of living water that the moon monthly bathes and so refreshes her changeful life. Wasted almost to a shadow, evanescent and pale, she approaches it; but invigorated and strengthened she returns, to follow with energy her appointed heavenly course. Truly, the moon owes much to Tane.

Two huge giants—Tu-whai-tiri and Tu-apiko—stand facing each other in the lower world of Po, and between these two genii the spirit or soul of the departed must pass. There is no possible escape from this terrible ordeal. If the spirit is light and gay it passes these terrible monsters quite freely, but if clogged, heavy, dull, it will be seized and promptly destroyed. Go thou, then, to thy rest with a smile!

Rongo-ma-tane.

Throughout the isles of the Pacific the fame of Rongo-ma-tane is also great, although the powers attributed to him may be said to vary with the locality. Amongst the Maoris this god is best known as Rongo-ma-tane, but he is not without other names. As the god of the kumara and of all cultivated food he was a very popular deity. As told in story, Rongo and Haumia found refuge in the bosom of their mother from the terrible anger of their brother Tawhiri-matea, but they were afterwards eaten—metaphorically, of course—by Tu-mata-uenga in his wild fury at their suspected desertion of him at the critical moment of the conspiracy. The incensed Tu discovered their hiding-place through their leaves coming above ground, and immediately dragged them from the earth (their mother) and devoured them.

Rehua.

Rehua, the god of kindness, whose home is in the tenth or highest sphere, was one of the most ancient and powerful of the Maori deities. Tupu-o-te-rangi was the name of his dwelling-place in the uppermost heaven. His happy function it was to disperse gloom from the minds and sorrow from the hearts of men—a most comfortable god, truly. Rupe visited him where he dwelt amidst innumerable shining stars when he was searching for his sister Hina. It was to Rehua the people prayed when suffering from any kind of affliction, for he was endowed with the power to heal all manner of sickness, cure the blind, and raise the dead. Rehua, too, was the fire-kindler, so that his claims to reverence were many and various. Rehua and Tu—a singular combination—were gods ever on the right side of men, as Rongo was on the left side. Rehua was the eldest of the sons of Rangi and Papa-tu-a-

nuku, and to him sacrifice was made on delivery from the deluge.

Tangaroa.

Tangaroa (also Takaroa) was god of the ocean. He had two sons, Ika-tere, the father of fish, and Tu-te-wehiwehi (or Tu-te-wana-wana), the father of reptiles. When Tawhiri-matea assaulted Tangaroa and his brothers, the fish took refuge in the sea, the reptiles hurried away into the woods, and the anger of Tangaroa fell upon Tane-mahuta for having given the shelter, which they still keep, of his forests to the latter. Ever since the two gods have been at enmity. Tangaroa married Te-anu-mutao (Chilling Cold), and by her he begat the fish-gods Te-whata-uira-a-Tangawa, Te-whatu-kura, Poutini, and Te-Pounamu. Tangaroa was not much known in the South Island, but sometimes in the misty spray of the sea he was seen when the sun shone.

Ru.

Ru-wai-moko-roa, the god of earthquakes, has had his name most judiciously abbreviated to Ru. The son of Rangi and Papa, he was brother to Tu, Rongo, Tane, &c. As a power in the centre of the earth, it is obvious that he could never have been born. Not yet has he seen the glorious radiance generally beaming from his father's countenance; nevertheless he contrives—with painful effect—sometimes to let it be known that he lives and is indeed a power.

Tahu.

Tahu was also a son of Rangi-po-tiki and Papa-tu-a-nuku, and therefore brother to Tu, Rongo, Tane, &c. Tahu was the merry god who presided over feasts. Under the different manifestations in which his nature presents itself he is known as Tahu-kimi-kai (Food-seeker), Tahu-mahi-kai (Food-cultivator), &c.

Tawhiri-matea.

Tawhiri-matea, the god of tempests, scattered the rebellious sons of his parents, Tu-mata-uenga alone being able to withstand his fury. During the heat of the fierce struggle between these two gods part of the land sank and was submerged beneath the waves, thus allowing the following natural forces to appear—namely, Ua-nui (Great Rain), Ua-roa (Long-continued Rain), Ua-whatu (Hailstorms); these being succeeded by their descendants, Hau-maringi (Mist), Hau-maro-toroto (Heavy Dew), and Tomai-rangi (Light Dew), so that it can now be confidently affirmed that this fearful contest between two angry gods was not without infinite benefit to posterity.

Tiki.

Tiki is the name borne by a deity or demigod well known to all the people throughout the islands of Polynesia. There be those who hold that the original creation of man owns Tiki for its authorship, whilst others—no less confident, it is proper to state—affirm that Tiki occupies no higher position than that of the first man created. It will be remembered that when the Apostle Paul was shipwrecked at the Isle of Melita a viper bit him; thereupon the foolish people by whom he was surrounded immediately concluded he was a murderer. But when they beheld him shake the reptile from off his hand, and that no harm had come to him, they were certain that he was a god. The Romans, too, transform many of their heroes into gods, beginning with Romulus in the first instance. With these and many other similar facts in view, the people of Hawa-iki can scarcely be very much blamed for elevating their early hero into a god. If Hebrew, Greek, Roman, and other stories of marvellous transformations can be read without an overstraining of patience, why cannot similar stories from Hawa-iki be endured?

As has been indicated, according to tradition Tiki was the first man created by Io, the great supreme God. According to another tradition Tiki was one of the children born to Rangi by Papa, his wife, and Tiki married Mari-koriko, the first woman. Tiki was endowed with a form similar to that of the subject-god — said to be Tane — by whom he was created, only it happens that he was fashioned out of clay. Having worked out Tiki in clay according to his fancy, the god (Tane) then set about the making of a woman, who, when completed, was called Io-wahine, a name which stamps her as the offspring of the great supreme originator or author of being. The name of the place in Hawa-iki where it was alleged these works were done was Tapu-tai-roa, or Kura-wha; and it is well one should know of these performances, for who knows but that a remembrance of them may come in useful hereafter.

Still another tradition has it that Tiki was the son of Tapa-huru-manu, and that in line of genealogical descent he was the thirteenth from Toko-mua, who was one of the four props of heaven. According to this version Tiki created the first man, whose name was Tiki-to-Pou-mua. By still another account the name of the first man created by Tiki was One-kura, and he was also known as Kanika.

Now, any one of these various affirmations and beliefs might possibly be accepted as tolerable until presently the fact is announced that there were several Tikis—or, maybe, manifestations of Tiki—and the student may be called upon to believe all the stories and realise all of the Tikis being at work at one

and the same time, each in his own particular way. Clearly that is asking a great deal more than was originally contemplated when first a start was made in this Tiki business. The names of the several Tikis are: Tiki-tohua (the progenitor of birds), Tiki-kapakapa (the progenitor of fish and of the tui bird), Tiki-au-huaha (the progenitor of man), Tiki-whaka-eaea (the progenitor of the kumara). Then, in addition to these progenitors, there appears Tiki-tohua, who was brought forth from an egg by Hine-ahu-one (the earth-formed maid), who represents creation. She became the wife of Tane. From this bird was derived all the birds of the air. Then the second girl, Tiki-kapakapa, afterwards known to men as Hine-a-tauira (the pattern maid) appears. She also became wife to Tane, and by her he became the father of a girl babe known as Hine-tita-mauri. This lovely girl Tane generously bestowed upon Tiki as a wife, and in time they became the happy parents of Tiki-te-pou-mua.

Again, as the original progenitor of mankind, Tiki is called Tiki-ahua. Yet again it is asserted that Kau-ika or One-kura was the first man formed by the hands of Tiki, and that Kau-ata-ata, formed by Ra and his wives Kikeriko and Arohi-mohi, was the first woman.

Again, there are traditions relating to Tiki as a god indubitably, and traditions relating to him as a being created by the labours of other gods; so that, what with legends, and stories, and genealogies, difficulties multiply and confusion increases throughout the progress of investigation.

THE LEGENDS OF HAWA-IKI.

THE LEGENDS OF HAWA-IKI.

THE LEGEND OF RANGI AND PAPA.

T was night — dense, black, oppressive night! Throughout the Void Darkness reigned, as Darkness had reigned from the beginning, in countless ages of centuries far beyond the knowledge of either gods or men. In an obscure corner the children of Rangi and of Papa, cramped, cribbed, cabined, and confined, lay huddled.

"This is very terrible," whispered Rongo-ma-Tane.

"It is too awful," murmured Tangeroa.

"I can't and won't endure it any longer," declared Haumia-tiki-tiki.

"Something will have to be done," announced Tu-mata-uenga.

"What would you suggest?" asked Tangeroa, with a shiver.

"That we take counsel together to bring about a change," interrupted Rongo-ma-tane.

"I am smothering," moaned Haumia-tiki-tiki.

"No doubt our case is bad," said Tane-mahuta, "but we should be patient for their sake. They are our parents, you know."

"Existence is not worth having if it is to continue like this," moaned Haumia-tiki-tiki.

"You should not complain," said Tane-mahuta cheeringly.

"Let us talk it over and consider what we can do," urged Rongo-ma-tane.

"Talking is no use," declared Tu-mata-uenga, "the necessity demands action."

"Then do something quickly," groaned Haumia-tiki-tiki.

"I don't see what can be done," said Rongo-ma-tane, doubtfully shaking his head.

"Done," cried Tu-mata-uenga, "done! Why, as our parents are our oppressors, let us rise in a body and slay them: that is what should be done."

"Let us talk it over again," suggested Rongo-ma-tane.

"For ever would you talk, and never would you do anything," answered Tu-mata-uenga. "Deeds, not words, are needed."

"Yes, that is right," assented Haumia-tiki-tiki. Then, addressing himself to Tu-mata-uenga, he added, "You kill them—anything to get out of this."

"Nay," said Tane-mahuta, "whatever is done we must all be in it; it is not to be left to one alone."

"That is just," remarked Tangeroa sententiously.

"I agree to that," said Rehua, letting his voice be heard for the first time. "Whatever we decide to do, let us stand faithfully to each other."

"Then, is the killing agreed to?" demanded Tu-mata-uenga.

"Oh, yes, I agree," cried Haumia-tiki-tiki. Kill them quickly.

"I also agree," said Rongo-ma-tane, cheerfully. "Relief we must have."

"Let the deed be done," assented Tangeroa.

"Fain would I seek a milder course," said Rehua; "but I know of none. Our necessities are great, our miseries intolerable; there seems no course but this, and I will cast my vote to aid my brothers."

"Then we are all agreed that our parents perish?" cried Tu-mata-uenga, glancing at his brothers with flashing eyes.

"Nay, I have not yet spoken," said Tane-mahuta. "Rongo it was who asked that we should talk the matter over. I claim his vote for further consideration. Haumia suffers greatly—as indeed as we all do—and is peevish, but he will hear me. Rehua only votes for killing because he sees no other course; another course being pointed, out he will change his mind."

"You are only one against many; you now obstruct the expressed will of the majority," said Tu-mata-uenga fiercely.

"Let Tane be heard," pleaded Rehua. "His sympathies at least are with us. What is his other course?"

"Remember," said Tane-mahuta, "that Rangi and Papa are our parents, and if in their constant and close embraces they have forgotten us, that is no reason why we should wholly forget our duty to them. In their great love for each other they take no heed of their children that in the darkness suffer; but that for this they should utterly perish would——"

"Oh, you are beating the bush and only wasting time," interrupted Tu-mata-uenga savagely.

"Nay, let Tane speak," said Rehua.

"Such a deed would stain the glory of the gods," went on Tane-mahuta, "and by the sons of men be remembered against them through all the ages yet to be. Besides which, in mother's case there is a circumstance of an interesting nature which should make the sternest pause. It is not two alone you would destroy."

"Yes; but you have not told us what else we can do," said Rehua.

"Do!" repeated Tane-mahuta, "why, the matter is simple enough to be well within the comprehension of any god. Let father and mother be parted, separated, divorced—there is no need of any killing."

"Oh, what a capital idea!" exclaimed Rehua, looking round brightly, "I never thought of that."

"Whatever you do, do quickly," gasped Haumia-tiki-tiki.

"I was always in favour of talking the matter over," said Rongo-ma-tane; "these hasty decisions make gods feel very uncomfortable."

"I protest against the reopening of the question," shouted Tu-mata-uenga.

"A question cannot be reopened that was never closed," remarked Tangeroa; "Tane had not spoken."

"The matter can easily be managed," said Tane-mahuta. "As Haumia seems to be in the greatest hurry, let him push our parents asunder."

"Yes, yes, another capital idea," cried Rehua gleefully; "Haumia is a proper god to do it."

"I am not very strong, with all the squeezing I have had to endure," said Haumia; "I have pains in my legs; I have a twist in my neck; I have a bad headache."

"Pooh!" said Rongo-ma-tane, "it is as simple as nothing. I could do it as easy as put my thumb to my nose."

"I could do it with my little finger," declared Rehua decidedly.

"With a wave of my hand I could rend them apart," said Tu-mata-uenga, now disposed to be more agreeable.

"It is agreed, then, Haumia shall do it," announced Tane-mahuta.

"But what about Ta-whiri, who has been asleep all this time; should not we wake him up and take him into our counsels?" asked Haumia-tiki-tiki.

"Ta-whiri never agrees to anything in which I am concerned," said Tu-mata-uenga; "I vote we go on without him."

"If he will undertake to part father and mother instead of me, I vote the job be given to him," cried Haumia-tiki-tiki eagerly; "otherwise, let us go on without him."

"Whether he joins us or not it is understood that we go on," said Rongo-ma-tane; "the present unendurable condition must be put an end to."

"Tawhiri is a good god," said Rehua, "but given somewhat to blustering. If he does not come in with us gods how he will storm. He can be very nasty sometimes."

"He always is nasty," said Tu-mata-uenga, sulkily. "We go on without him if he don't join."

"How can a god deal in storms without storming?" asked Tangeroa.

"Well, now we are all agreed," said Tane-mahuta, "that our parents shall be divorced, *ake, ake, ake!* Also we are agreed that to you, Haumia, shall be allotted the honour of accomplishing the deed; that if Haumia does not succeed, you, Rongo, shall perform it; that if Rongo fails, then you, Rehua, shall put forth your strength; that if the power of Rehua prove insufficient, then you, Tangeroa, shall try; that if Tangeroa fails, then Tu must accomplish it."

"Great god!" exclaimed Tu-mata-uenga, in amazement, "and where do you come in?"

"Oh, I am not needed, the thing being so easy and simple," said Tane-mahuta. "Rongo can do it as readily as put his finger to his nose; with his little finger Rehua could accomplish it; whilst you, Tu, could perform it with a wave of your hand. Now, as you happen to be nearest to him, please rouse up Tawhiri."

Tu-mata-uenga turned to arouse the seemingly sleeping Tawhiri-matea with a kick, but he was spared trouble by the jumping up of the god of storms. He announced that he had not been slumbering, as they had supposed; on the contrary, he had been wide awake and had heard every word of their conversation. With lightning flashing in his eyes he demanded in a voice of thunder what they meant by abusing him so. He rained upon them a torrent of invective, and in ironical tones hailed Tane-mahuta as a great logician whose arguments against destruction applied equally against divorce. With a savage blast he turned upon Rongo-ma-tane, whom he characterized as that wretched earth-scraping god that servilely pandered to the insatiable stomach of man. With clouds lowering upon his angry brow he asked of Rehua how he could pretend to be a god of kindness when he showed none to his parents—consenting even to their destruction. With a wrathful gust he shrivelled up Haumia, as the ever-whining god who in the heavens would never be missed, and who was always in a fog. Like a white squall he came down upon Tangeroa, who, he asserted, occupied himself in devising platitudes, on the strength of which he sought to achieve a reputation for wisdom, whilst he was just about as useless as a cipher. But for Tu-mata-uenga Ta-whiri-matea reserved his chiefest fury. Upon the god-man of war he burst like a tornado; indeed, he could scarcely be understood for the spluttering whirlwind of his words. When he had lashed himself into foaming rage forked flames were emitted from his eyes, vituperation fell from him in sheets and showers, and the very Void seemed to tremble with the reverberations of his thunderous tones. Never since the beginning was such

a passion of storm known. Then, turning to the subject of his parents, he appealed to Rehua if he, as god of kindness, could find any wrong in gods, such as his parents, loving each other.

"I owe kindness to my brothers as well as to father and mother," interrupted Rehua.

"But you reserve your chiefest kindness for yourself," retorted Ta-whiri-matea. "What can Tane learn of love from trees, or birds, or insects?" went on the angry god.

"Birds are the sweetest, tenderest things in space," answered Tane-mahuta stoutly.

"Such as the hawk, the moa, and the owl," retorted Ta-whiri-matea. "What does the god of war know of love—the butcher, the slaughterer, the drinker of blood—the god of man?"

"Quite as much as the god of storms and tempests—the drowner and the destroyer," replied Tu-matu-uenga fiercely.

"You know nothing of love, any of you, and cannot begin to comprehend the feeling existing between father and mother—a feeling which holds them both together in warm embrace. As for me, did I stay to defend myself from aspersions base and vile, I should say that I am the cleaner, the true brightener and revivifier—the washer-out of the air-putrefying stains that you gods make. But I will not see my parents wronged. I will stand by them to the last. I enter my fervent protest against your proposed iniquity, and if you proceed as you contemplate lo, my vengeance, like an engulphing cataclysm, shall fall upon you all." Upon this the furious Tawhiri-matea turned his back upon his brother-gods and sought a corner for himself.

Locked in each other's arms Rangi and Papa lay sleeping. Ah, what a blissful sleep was theirs! Little dreamt they of fierce dissentions and angry scenes amongst their children, the gods of their nursing, lying so near to them; little dreamt they of parting—of a parting dire and dreadful—for ever and ever and ever. Calmly they slept, as they had ever slept since first Time began to be.

In the midst of the opaque darkness and the unutterable silence Haumia-tiki-tiki entered upon the task of lifting Rangi from off the bosom of Papa. He lay upon his back and with his hands by his breast sought to push his father up. He pushed and pushed until the strained muscles of his arms stood out like bulging knots upon one of Tane-mahuta's forest trees, but all in vain. Exert his strength as he might he could do nothing to move such weight. Then, turning to Rongo-matane, he said, "I knew how it would be. My legs and arms with so much cramping have lost their usual power; were I

but myself I could lift my father as easily as I could wink. Do you have a try."

With a confident smile Rongo-ma-tane smartly wriggled himself into a solid position on his back and brought his arms to bear upon his father's form as Haumia-tiki-tiki had done. He too pushed, and strained, and struggled until he gasped again, but no success attended his efforts.

"Oh, surely I can do it," he said, and he moved himself into another and, as he thought, more advantageous position and struggled and gasped again.

"I know what it is," he whispered to Rehua, "father has got a weight as heavy as himself on top of him to hold him down. Do you have a try."

Thereupon Rehua undertook the task, but his effort was even less adequate than the efforts of the gods who had tried before him. He did not seem to be possessed of any strength at all.

"Here," he said, turning to Tangeroa, "I am just as well pleased I have not succeeded. Who am I that I should step in between other gods and the honour that awaits them? To you, great Tangeroa, justly belongs the fame that for ever will attend the accomplishment of this great achievement. In the fullness of my heart I present it to you."

"Rehua," replied Tangeroa, "you are ever just as kind. I accept with cheerfulness the fame you throw away and give to me."

Then Tangeroa, selecting a hard rock that would not yield beneath him for his bed, lay down upon his back, as the others had done, and began to push. The sharp edges of the rock pierced his flesh, causing him pain, but he would not flinch. He strained and strained, breathing hard and gasping, but there was no sign of any movement except from the palpitating body of the writhing, twisting god. Long he struggled, but at length he was convinced. Turning to Tumata-uenga, he confided his secret thoughts.

"Do you know, Tu, dear boy," he said, "I have been thinking seriously over this affair, and for the life of me I cannot see that it is any real business of mine. I am, as you know, essentially a man of peace. What have I to do seeking after honour and glory? Tuts! these things don't properly belong to me at all. Now, with you the case is quite different. You are the god of war and of man, therefore honour and glory quite legitimately is your stock-in-trade. With pain I confess I have been seeking to encroach upon what is your domain—and your domain only—but happily these reflections occurred to me before wrong was consummated, and I desisted just in time to yield to you your true and honourable position. Take it, dear boy, take it."

Maori Carving.

"Yes," exclaimed Tu-mata-uenga, I have been thinking that it is a great piece of impertinence upon the part of Tane to take the position he did, more particularly in allowing other gods the opportunity of moving father before me; but I have been consoled by the reflection that they would not be able to perform the task, or, as in your case, honest and fair consideration, even at the last moment, would prompt them into the recognition of my superior claims. Of course the honour and the glory of this performance is mine by right of my ancestry, and in justice to my position as god of war. I shall transmit it to my posterity. Tangeroa, I thank you very much.

"Oh, don't mention it, dear boy," said Tangeroa. "You will find this a very good place for your try," he continued, pointing to the rocky spot where he had lain, and from which he had carefully wiped away all traces of the blood that had oozed from his body.

"Any place will do for me," replied Tu-mata-uenga, stretching himself where Tangeroa had told him, for he was a great, simple, good-natured god, easily led to do what others wished.

Then began such a struggle as never before was witnessed by any god. Tu-mata-uenga immediately brought all his strength to bear upon his task, which soon he found was by no means so light as he anticipated. He wriggled and twisted about, seeking every little advantage possible of attainment that would give to his muscles better play, quite careless how the sharp edges of the rock cut into or bruised his flesh. Soon the blood was flowing from him in several streams, but Tu-mata-uenga was quite oblivious of any personal suffering. His stiff and swollen muscles and the perspiration upon his brow revealed the intensity of his effort; but never in any way did he relax nor flinch. Long he strove, and the thoughts — if he had any — that passed through his mind during this period of severe trial must have been strange. He grew black in the face, his eyes had started from their sockets, his jaw dropped, hope of success abandoned him, so that at length, a livid, apparently senseless mass, Tu-mata-uenga rolled from the rock, where he lay utterly exhausted and undone.

Rehua, when he became aware of Tu-mata-uenga's plight, hastened to attend to the heroic god. He gave him to drink, bathed his brow, wiped his wounds, soothed his mind with expressions of sympathy, which, if they were trite, were kind. Soon the god was himself again. Presently Tangeroa approached him and began to put forward several ingenious excuses for his failure, but Tu-mata-uenga would have none of them.

"Tuts!" exclaimed Tu-mata-uenga, "bother me not with word-play; I am beat I tell you, and I know it. It would have been better if we had destroyed our parents right off, as I suggested at first, rather than go through this pitiful farce of trying to part them. That cannot be done."

"As we have failed to part them so might we have failed to destroy them," sagely remarked Tangeroa; "but we have not failed yet, for Tane remains to have a try."

"Tane!" cried Tu-mata-uenga contemptuously; "he is not likely to succeed where I could do nothing. Tell Tane from me that he will show more than his customary wisdom if he makes no attempt to part his father from his mother." Upon this Tu-mata-uenga and Rehua rolled themselves out of sight.

Then Tangeroa set to work and busied himself in again cleaning the rock where Tu-mata-uenga and himself had lain, so that when Tane-mahuta approached there did not appear a vestige of the recent struggle. Every sign of torn flesh and blood had disappeared.

Tangeroa told Tane that his brothers, having seriously reconsidered the proposal to part their parents, had reverted to the original idea of destroying them, so that for him to enter upon the task was now quite unnecessary. "There will have to be another meeting," said the wise god.

"It was agreed," said Tane-mahuta, "that whatever happened we should go on. Has no effort yet been made?"

"Oh, yes," replied Tangeroa with a shrug, "Haumia tried; but you know Haumia is not well."

"And Rongo—did he try?"

"Yes," answered Tangeroa, "Rongo did try; but then, you know he has not much strength at any time."

"And Rehua—did not he try?"

"Oh, poor Rehua!" exclaimed Tangeroa, "you know his heart is fixed on other things; he is no good for heavy work."

"And where were you, Tangeroa, that you did not try?"

"Oh, I tried, of course—that is, I pretended to try, but I thought it best upon the whole that the honour of the accomplishment of this great deed should go to another—to Tu or to yourself, for instance—rather than be coolly appropriated by me."

"That was very good of you," remarked Tane-mahuta. "Of course, Tu has yet to put forward his strength."

By this time Tangeroa had become so absorbed in thought that he did not appear to hear Tane-mahuta, but Tane-mahuta, giving him a rough slap on the shoulder, brought him back to recollection again.

"Eh? ah, yes, yes," stammered Tangeroa, "what is it?"

"Has Tu yet tried?" sternly demanded Tane-mahuta.

"Why, yes, of course he did—have not I told you?"

"Now you have," said Tane-mahuta. "Then you have all tried, and all have failed."

"Well, if you like to put it in that coarse way," murmured Tangeroa. "Tu was the only one that really did try to lift father, and when he failed he said you might save yourself the trouble of making the attempt, for there was not the ghost of a hope of your succeeding. There, now you have it."

"Indeed I have," said Tane-mahuta. "But, you see, as all have tried, or pretended to try, I, in fairness, must try too."

"Oh, very well, if you are determined," cried Tangeroa, brightening up considerably, "this is the place." And he showed to Tane-mahuta the rock where he and Tu-matauenga had had their backs all cut, and bruised, and blackened.

"This is very good," said Tane-mahuta.

"A really splendid place—quite a gorgeous place," cried Tangeroa.

But turning his back upon the hard rocky bed pointed out by Tangeroa, Tane-mahuta, followed by his brother-god, proceeded to a level space, which was crossed by a long low ridge of stone.

"Here," said he, will I find resistance to the pressure of my feet whilst my body lies in the even pressure of the sand, It is indeed a very good place."

In his heart Tangeroa was very much disappointed, but he could not say anything.

As he lay upon the earth the truly magnificent proportions of Tane-mahuta might have been seen. The powerful muscular limbs, the long and brawny arms, the shapely and clean-cut straight figure told their own tale of great strength and endurance. The noble head, with clear, shining, brown eyes, thrown well back, and chest upheaved, spoke of the possession of indomitable courage and resolution.

Slowly Tane-mahuta began his effort. His feet resting on the top of the low ledge of rock, where it was sufficiently smooth to insure that they would not be subjected to any hurt, he settled his body upon the sand and found an even bed. Lightly with the tips of his mobile fingers he swept the surface of the weight to be lifted. Presently the palms of his hands were pressed upon the body of Rangi above him, and the great trial began.

The muscles of Tane-mahuta began to stiffen and swell; the sinews of every part of his body were strained, and every blue vein seemed to project from the white flesh like strong cords. More and still more intense became the power exerted. At length there appeared a sign of movement on the

part of Rangi. Slight though the disturbance was, Tane-mahuta took instant advantage of it. A little more effort and something had been gained. One supreme endeavour and Tane-mahuta's knees were raised, his feet slipped to the front, and now are pressing upon the face of the rock. Now, indeed, he has an advantage; the powerful limbs aided the strong, sinewy arms. Again there was yielding; again further and greater exercise of supergodlike strength. The knees of Tane-mahuta are now right up, his feet drawn up beneath them, his long arms are perpendicularly extended, when, preceded by a fearful shriek which like an earthquake shook the bosom of Papa, and a deep hollow groan the intonation of which resounded throughout the most infinite limits of the Void, lo, Rangi was gone! Papa was thrown in one direction, Rangi was hurled in another, and Heaven and Earth were parted for evermore!

Tane-mahuta, upon the accomplishment of his great feat, sprang to his feet instantly, and all the gods, save Ta-whirimatea alone, hurried to his side immediately to await developments; for, astonishing as it may appear, it is a fact that in their eagerness to part their father from their mother they had never stayed to consider what shape future developments might assume. It is the simple truth that the sight they were now about to witness, together with the sensations to which they were now about to be subjected, were such as never before nor since have been experienced by gods or men. That the Earth was receding with great rapidity through the Void they were dimly conscious, but they heeded that not so much as with infinite awe and mystery they gazed, entranced, at the form of Rangi. His first deep groan had been followed by a series of whizzing sighs as, like a fiery rocket, he sped away through space. But now the most wonderful thing was that, contrary to all the rules and regulations of which they had knowledge, as the distance between them increased Rangi seemed to grow bigger. The spirit of dilatation seemed to have seized upon Rangi. Larger and still larger he swelled; brighter, more radiant he grew; warmer, kinder, more beneficent he became! At length, when he appeared to have attained his utmost limit—his fixed home—in the Void, he seemed to have ceased in the exercise of his powers and to have decided to remain the immense, brilliantly luminous, warmly fructifying deity he is to-day. As this magnificent spectacle passed before their eyes, the gods one and all pressed their hands upon their breasts as if they fain would keep their overstrained hearts from bursting; then they raised them to their heads in mingled wonder and awe; finally, when the end had been attained, they lifted them high above their heads, giving expression to their feelings of exaltation.

"Verily, a great god is our father," said Tangeroa.

"There is no more beautiful god than Rangi," declared Rongo-ma-tane.

"And kind he is as lovely," exclaimed Rehua.

"If he did not burn so," grumbled Haumia-tiki-tiki.

"The most powerful and the most glorious of all," cried Tu-mata-uenga.

"Except—!"* remarked Tane-mahuta.

Presently, their feelings having subsided—having become reconciled to the new order of things—the gods began to rush about over the bosom of Papa in the full enjoyment of the delicious warmth and dazzling light which their father cast upon them. Hither and thither they sped delightedly until they spied a forest of gigantic trees.

"These trees are mine!" exclaimed Tane-mahuta, "I claim them."

This claim was immediately resented by Tangeroa, and a dispute would probably have arisen over the trees had not Rehua intervened, pointing out that Tane-mahuta had been the first to discover them, and, even if it were not so, to Tane they owed their present happiness, for he it was who had parted their father and mother and driven Rangi to his home in the Void. This being amicably settled the gods began to romp about again, all except Haumia-tiki-tiki, who, complaining of the heat, with Tane-mahuta's permission, retired into the shade of the forest. The merriment of the emancipated gods was at its height when suddenly from amongst the trees came a cry of joyful surprise, which at once caused all the gods to hurry to the place from whence it came. The cry had emanated from Haumia-tiki-tiki, who had found in the forest a host of other beings, gods and men, inhabiting the earth. These were also children of Rangi and Papa, who hitherto had lain concealed from the knowledge of the gods in the bosom of their mother. Haumia-tiki-tiki immediately claimed these people by reason of his being their discoverer.

"Nay," said Tu-mata-uenga, "that cannot be, for I am the god that hath most need of them. They are mine. I will make them strong and feed them with glory."

"If they are allowed to me I will feed them with things much better than glory," declared Rongo-ma-tane.

"I will feed them with wisdom," announced Tangeroa, "the best food of all."

"Ah, but what is any of these, or all, compared with kindness?" asked Rehua.

And so a wrangle amongst the gods was fairly initiated,

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* Tane-mahuta meant to indicate the Creator, but stopped short at the mention of His name.

and for a long time it was continued, until at length it was pointed out by Tane-mahuta that the gods and men discovered did not, nor could, belong to any of them; that, being their brothers, they properly belonged to all of them conjointly, and that every one of them ought to have a share in ministering to their future welfare. This view was at last accepted and agreed to, no other amicable decision being possible.

"Ah, well," said Haumia-tiki-tiki, "arrange it as you like, I will take care that my spirit, the spirit of grumbling discontent, shall animate and possess them for ever."

This was no sooner settled than a strange thing happened. Papa grew quite cold; the glorious radiance of Rangi was withdrawn from them—it became dark. At first the gods concluded that Rangi had become angry with Papa and had turned his back on her; then they decided that Rangi had become vexed because of that fearful threat of Haumia-tiki-tiki's. But soon the truth burst upon them in no uncertain fashion: it was Ta-whiri-matea rising in his wrath who was at work.

Ta-whiri-matea, it will be remembered, had threatened vengeance upon his brother gods if they carried their design into execution of separating by force their father and mother, so now from every portion of the body of Papa he gathered the elements of his power. With dense black clouds he hid the face of his father, and the intervening space between the clouds and his mother he lit with sheets of sudden, lurid flame. This was but the prelude to his savagely revengeful entertainment, but it was sufficient to fill the hearts of his brother gods with fear. From away in the south he summoned fierce, biting, bitter gales that swept the bosom of Papa, and caused the clouds to wheel round and round in a circle over the gods so that the face of Rangi continued to be obscured. Then from cloud to cloud quickly darted streaks of vivid fire, followed by the most appalling sounds, that seemed to find an echo in the most distant regions of the infinite Void. The sad heart of Papa heaved and trembled with emotion at these furious demonstrations. Her breasts palpitated and shrank away. Then came pitiless snow, and hail, and sleet, and rain, and Papa softened so that she refused longer to hold the mightiest trees in the forests of Tane-mahuta. They fell like twigs before the terrible blast. Ta-whiri-matea himself strode as the spirit of the tempest. As he tore through the forest he upturned gigantic rocks and sent them rolling upon his terrified brothers, who, as they fled, were petrified with huge boughs and branches crackling and falling before and behind them. Then from forest-glades Ta-whiri-matea turned to the ocean. With circling blasts he wrought it into whirlpools and waterspouts. With energetic gales he lifted the waves into immense moun-

tain ridges and dashed them with fury upon the suffering shores. Icebergs he brought from the far south and crashed them together to add to the general confusion. Never since that awful period has Papa known such destruction or such tumult.

It was upon Tane-mahuta and Tangeroa that Ta-whiri-matea sought to consummate his completest vengeance—the former because he was the successful instrument of the separation, the latter because his grim, sardonic humour was most hateful. Both, therefore, suffered severely. Tane sought his forests for refuge; Tangeroa fled to the sea. Then, when it happened that Ta-whiri-matea turned his enmity and rage upon Rongo-ma-tane and Haumia-tiki-tiki, Papa remembered that both these children-gods of hers would be needed to support with food her other progeny, so, however bitter her feeling against them might be for the loss of her husband, she recognised that her duty to save them if possible was imperative. Therefore she hid them from the wrath of Ta-whiri-matea.

Baffled in this direction the incensed god turned his attention to Tu-mata-uenga, behind whose broad back Rehua had taken shelter. There was an especial reason for hatred against Tu-mata-uenga in the breast of Tawhiri-matea. He it was who, from first to last, had sought the absolute destruction of his parents, and therefore he it was who most deserved destruction. Tawhiri-matea concentrated all the powers of elemental force centred in himself and his progeny and whirled them upon Tu-mata-uenga. The assault was met with marvellous intrepidity. The lightning-darts and thunderbolts Tu-mata-uenga received upon his massive shield, from which they rebounded into the heaven; the biting gales served but to wave his fluttering plumes; with his long spear he pierced the clouds, so that in torrents of tears they helpless fell. Boldly he faced Tawhiri-matea and defied him to do his worst. Erect, unshaken, noble he stood prepared to encounter every foe that might be brought against him, and with him remained the victory.

Now, it happened that Tangeroa was the father of two sons. One was named Ika-tere, the other Tu-te-wehi-wehi. When their wise father fled to the sea, deserting them, these two—with the children which had been born to them—took counsel together what they should do to escape from the wrath of Ta-whiri-matea.

"Ho! let us fly inland for refuge," cried Tu-te-wehi-wehi.

"Nay, not so; let us follow our father to the sea," exclaimed Ika-tere.

So the followers of the sons of Tangeroa disputed, one party advocating one course and the other party strenuously advising another. Eventually each party took its own way,

the party of Tu-te-wehi-wehi going inland and the party of Ika-tere following their leader to the sea. As they were about to part, however, Ika-tere said to his brother, "Go, fly inland, since such appears to be your wish, but I warn you that in future when you are caught by any mortal your fate will be to have your scales singed off you with a wisp of dry fern before you are cooked."

"Seek you safety then, in the sea," answered Tu-te-wehi-wehi, "and behold, in the years to come your fate will be that, when cooked food is served in little baskets to mortal men, you will be laid on top to give it a relish."

Ika-tere became the father of fish; Tu-te-wehi-wehi became the father of reptiles. And so they went their several ways, and the fate each predicted for the other came to pass.

If Tu-te-wehi-wehi, Ika-tere, their children, and their followers upbraided their father for having abandoned them in the hour of distress, Tangeroa felt no less angry with his children for not having more closely adhered to him when he fled; more particularly was he enraged with Tane-mahuta, who had extended to them such shelter as his forests afforded from the enmity of Ta-whiri-matea. As a consequence of the feud that thus began between these two gods, ever after Tane-mahuta pretended to take no notice when Tu-mata-uenga helped himself to the use of forests for the purpose of making nets from fibrous plants, fish-hooks from crooked pieces of timber, and spears, so that he might be enabled to capture and destroy the subjects of Tangeroa. Tangeroa was an enemy, and Tane-mahuta would have him destroyed. Tangeroa, for his part, retaliated by sending storms to upset and engulph the boats of Tane-mahuta and Tu-mata-uenga, sweep away by floods their dwellings, submerge the lands they occupied, annoy them with the continuous thunder of his ocean surges and the wasting-away of their shores by the lashings of his waves.

Tu-mata-uenga considered that he had good reason for being incensed with his brother-gods for leaving him to meet the fury of the god of storms and tempests singlehanded. It was true he had been able to successfully defend himself and repel the assault, but if his brothers had stood by him, as he felt they ought to have done, much more would have been accomplished. They would then have been enabled to become aggressive, and, following Ta-whiri-matea to his home in the skies, utterly destroy his progeny, so that they should never alarm Papa more. Continuing to reflect upon these things, Tu-mata-uenga grew more and more vengeful, until at last he drew his potential sword and vowed a war of extermination against his faithless brothers and all their subjects. First

against the progeny of Tane-mahuta he directed his arms. Traps and ambuscades he laid, and snared them in great numbers. Others fell in combat beneath his mighty spear. Needless to say Tu-mata-uenga greedily devoured all the inhabitants of the forests of Tane-mahuta that fell into his hands. Of all the numerous progeny of the forest-god, there was not one who could in any way offer a successful resistance to the skill, cunning, and intrepidity of Tu-mata-uenga, but he failed to lure the whole strength of the enemy to meet his forces in open fight. He was able to cut off a few at a time, but that signified little where the host to be slaughtered was so multitudinous. The war continues to this day, and there seems little prospect of its ever being brought to a conclusion.

Next against the subjects of Tangeroa Tu-mata-uenga threw himself with all his strength. In consequence of the scattered condition of the foe, again he had to resort to artifice. Skilfully he contrived drags so as to mass them in heaps, and thus he was enabled to effect captures of considerable numbers. This, being most successful, is the trick he generally prefers to employ, but he is by no means too high-minded to achieve single conquests. Upon the larger subjects he came by stealth, and slew them with his spear. Like the subjects of Tane-mahuta, Tu-mata-uenga found the inhabitants of the sea too immensely numerous to be easily completely subdued, so this war also drags its slow length along.

With a sneer of contempt Tu-mata-uenga was disposed to treat the subjects of Haumia-tiki-tiki; still, however, when any of them fall to his power he thinks he has made a sweet capture. Usually he swallows his victim at once.

In Rongo-ma-tane, singular as it may seem, Tu-mata-uenga has found his most redoubtable foe. Resistance, much ingenuity, hard work, and doubtful issues in many instances have characterized this warfare. Against the subjects of Rongo-ma-tane, Tu-mata-uenga has been constrained to bring his most powerful engines into play. Many of these engines are of wonderful contrivance, and they are of varied and singular form, but nearly always they achieve the purpose for which they were designed. When, in apparently solid masses, the yellow foe stands before them offering resistance, down they go in heaps and strew the plain, where Tu-mata-uenga, gazing upon them with delight, seldom refrains from giving expression to his triumph. This is all very well, but it is in inveigling the foe to range themselves in solid masses where the chief art of this warfare displays itself. It often happens, too, when Tu-mata-uenga has successfully enticed the subjects of his enemy to gather in strength and glory on the field, that

Ta-whiri-matea—remembering old sores—darts fiercely from his heaven, anticipates the victory of Tu-mata-uenga, and lays his opponent low. Well does Ta-whiri-matea know that nothing can vex the heart of the man-god more than such a stolen triumph as this. This warfare also is still being vigorously waged; and sad it is to relate that, from appearances, there is no prospect of its ever coming to an end.

Tu-mata-uenga, it will be seen, stands alone. At enmity with all other of the gods and the innumerable multitude of their subject forces, he fights and ever fights. Erect, holding high his head, with ingenuity and skill he employs his strength, so that his captures are enormous and incessant. Glorious in many respects he undoubtedly is, but he has serious defects or faults, of which at times he appears dimly conscious. Frequently he promises amendment, but generally he is too busy seeking conquest over his foes to give serious and consistent endeavour to such things. When Ta-whiri-matea hurls his thunderbolts against him, with a smile Ta-mata-uenga now turns them aside so that they fall innocuously; but until this present this defensive parry may be said to be the only success achieved against the god of storms and tempests. To Rehua, who sought a refuge behind his strength, Tu-mata-uenga always professes the very warmest friendship, and generally, it must be said, he lends an attentive ear to his pleading voice. Again, sometimes he forgets Rehua, or treats him with a perfectly ferocious contempt.

It is necessary the fact, as originally recorded in Maori story, should be mentioned here that it was entirely owing to the bursting-forth of the stormy fury of Ta-whiri-matea that large portions of Papa's body disappeared. Wise men in these modern days affirm that the sea rose and covered the dry land so that it became submerged, but we know that the angry god in his fury swallowed it up.

Peace having at length been attained throughout the Void, Rangi became reconciled to his fate to forever dwell in heaven. Serene and glorious he reigns. Warm is the love he bears for Papa—his dear spouse. The mutual affection of the olden time, before their cruel divorce, still continues unchanged. Though far removed, Papa still fondly clings to Rangi. Her forest-clad bosom heaves as, like the fleeting vapours of the morn, her sighs escape and ascend to her lord, whilst radiantly he beams back upon his beloved, warming her with brilliant glowing colour. Ranging through the bleak, black Void, there are times when sorrowful memories press upon the throbbing heart of Rangi; then his tears fall fast upon the lingering upturned face of Papa, covering it with shining dewdrops, each of which is as a pearl dropped from the sky. Eagerly she hastens to hide the precious gems within her bosom.

From earliest times the great sky-god has been worshipped and adored by the subjects of Tu-mata-uenga.

THE LEGEND OF MAUI-TIKITIKI-O-TARANGA.

Throughout the islands of Polynesia the hero-god Maui is known. No doubt very many centuries have passed since first the story of the marvellous exploits of Maui were poured into the eagerly listening ears of wondering dark-skinned peoples, and it is only when the word-for-word transmission of legends by the priests of the *whare-kura* is remembered that the exceeding faithfulness of the tale in all the islands to the original can be fully comprehended. If the opinion of some theorists is to be accepted, since first the legend of Maui was told such a length of time has elapsed that some dialects have become almost unintelligible to the speakers of others, whilst the customs and habits of life of some peoples have slipped away into complete oblivion.

Maui-tikitiki-a-Taranga is regarded by the Maori as a deified man. Sometimes he is asserted to have attained to the full godhead, sometimes he is spoken of as merely human; again he is alleged to have been the actual leader of the Maori people in their original entry into the Pacific; but the opinion of weight expressed by others is to the effect that the tales of the performances of Maui are much older than any immigration into the South Seas, therefore the period of his coming into legendary existence must be very ancient indeed.

The peoples of New Zealand and the Hervey Group are the chief repositories of the legends of Maui, who was the son of Makeatutara by Taranga, his birth being miraculous. Prematurely delivered, Taranga threw her offspring into the sea, having previously enveloped him in a mass of hair taken from her top-knot (*tiki-tiki*). It is for this reason that when Maui is spoken of he is given his full name.

When Maui was thrown into the sea the water-spirits, headed by Tama-nui-ke-te-rangi, an ancestor of his, took possession of his little body, and, by rolling it up in seaweed, with the soft flesh of the jelly-fish to protect his dainty, tender limbs, they sheltered him from any evil that might have befallen. In his careful tending of the hapless little waif Tama-nui-ke-te-rangi was assiduously assisted by Mu and by Weka, ancestresses of the babe, and by them he was carefully nourished until the period of boyhood was attained.

It is to be supposed that, like to boys in general, with a view to the acquirement of knowledge, little Maui, during his

residence with his ancestor and ancestresses, was pertinacious in putting questions, more particularly in reference to the members of the family to which he legitimately belonged. He can readily enough be imagined hanging on to the skirts of Weka or of Mu demanding, "Have I a father? Have I a mother? Have I a sister? Have I a brother?" and so bothering them considerably. As events will show, Maui was a preternaturally clever little chap, and, however his ancestresses and others might contrive to evade him or put him off with more or less ridiculous answers, by putting two and two together he was enabled, after a time, to arrive at certain definite conclusions. He really had a father and mother, four brothers and a sister, and they dwelt at a certain place. This knowledge decided him—he would go to his people.

As, from over the line of the horizon, the sun rose one morning, spreading his golden, luminous beams over the bosom of the peacefully sleeping silver sea, Maui stole away from between the embraces of his somewhat ancient bedfellows and started to find the home of his father. The distance was long, the journey was extremely wearisome, the scenery partaking of the monotonous. The day was far advanced when Maui reached the country where his people dwelt, but his indomitable spirit had sustained him through all these trials. Night had fallen when the toil-worn little wanderer reached the large house occupied by the family of Makeatutara, and in the sombre dusk he crept near the door and lay down to rest. Now, is it possible for any one to, in any degree, even approximately realise the overwhelmingly tumultuous feelings which must have throbbed and surged through the heart and brain of the lonely boy who lay there in close proximity to his father and his mother, his sister, his brothers, "his uncles, his aunts, and his cousins," whom possibly he might "reckon up by dozens," and they not even be aware of his existence? Obviously, no one but a god could have sustained such a trial; being a god, Maui succeeded in getting through it all right.

Presently the door was opened, and a man came forth, carelessly leaving it ajar. Maui slipped in unobserved, and quietly secreted himself in a corner. Ho, they were having "a gay old time" in the house of Makeatutara! The place was well lighted, and crowded with people. Stories were being told; there were tricks, and games, and dances; all of which was in the light of a new world to Maui. He gazed upon the scene, growing more and more deeply interested. But what fascinated him most was the figure of a young girl, whose name, he quickly gathered, was Hina. She was beautiful as day—when day is beautiful—and moved about with a freedom and grace irresistibly charming. Maui loved her at

once. He beheld the mistress of the house, Taranga, whom he knew to be his mother; but Makeatutara, his father, nowhere could he discover. This was strange, but at the time Maui was too agitated with various feelings, in which delight and joy predominated, to pay much attention to the fact.

Suddenly a dance was arranged to take place in which all the male children, and they only, of the mistress of the house should take part, when, carried away by an uncontrollable impulse—for the gods of the progenitors of the Maoris were subject to uncontrollable impulses—Maui emerged from his hiding and stood up with others on the floor. At this apparition there was some confusion. There were apparently more sons in the family than there had any business to be.

Then Taranga came forward, and, raising her arm, pointed with a finger to each as she spoke, saying, "That's Maui-taku, one; that's Maui-roto, two; that's Maui-pae, three; that's Maui-waho, four. Hello, where did you come from, Number five; and pray, who may you be?"

"I, too, am your son," answered Maui stoutly.

"Nonsense, you are no son of mine!" exclaimed Taranga, and she proceeded to count her sons all over again to satisfy herself and everybody else that she had made no mistake. The result was the same; there were five, when by her reckoning there should only be four.

"This is the first time I have seen you; you are not my child," exclaimed Taranga, turning an angry glance on the boy.

"Oh, yes, I am," replied Maui confidently.

"Get out with you, saucy boy," cried Taranga; "do you think I don't know my own children?"

And whilst the crowd, eagerly listening to the disputation, gathered round in the centre of the house, Maui, standing boldly up, persisted in his statement. The wrangle lasted for a long time. At length, getting thoroughly angry, Taranga peremptively ordered Maui to leave the house, and never to dare to show even the smallest tip of his very small nose there again.

"Ah, well," said Maui, as he turned to go, "I did think I was your child, but as you say I am not I must therefore be the child of somebody else, who perhaps is in better circumstances. I thought myself your child, because from some words that fell from my ancestresses Mu and Weka I learned that I was born by the side of the sea; that my mother, having cut off a tuft of her hair, wrapped me in it and cast me into the foaming surf; that, caught in long tangles of seaweed, I was borne on the heaving billows and thrown back upon the shore again; that then, taking pity upon my helplessness, the soft and tender jelly-fish of the sandy beaches

rolled themselves round me to afford me protection; that I was assailed by myriads of horrid flies that buzzed about seeking to cover me with their eggs so maggots might devour me; that then flocks of noisome, hungry birds hovered over me with design to peck me to pieces; that in this dire extremity my great ancestor Tama-nui-ke-te-Rangi came with speed to rescue me. He it was that drove away the birds and the flies, and when with a brush of his strong, swift arm he swept away the encircling jelly-fish, lo, he found a new-born babe. It was I—Maui. Then Tama-nui-ke-te-Rangi caught me up and took me to his home. There was I hung from the roof near to the fire that its gentle heat might restore me, and so through the kindness of that old man was I saved alive. Then I grew to be as you now behold me, and from my ancestresses and others I gathered something of my parentage. Then resolved I to seek my own people. Lo, I have come. As for my brothers, I know them well. Since first I quickened into life have I heard their names. Behold, here is Maui-taha; you are Maui-roto, you are Maui-pae, and you are Maui-waho. As for me, I am little Maui the baby standing before you; but since you declare I am not your child I will depart and seek a home elsewhere."

Never was seen such a sight as those beheld who watched Taranga during the progress of this recital. Her head was bent eagerly forward, her hands were strained and clasped, her eyes were filled with tears, her lips were parted, her bosom throbbed and heaved, she trembled with strange wondering feelings of excitement and of joy, so that when Maui had concluded she sprang forward with a great cry and flung her arms around him, sobbing as if her heart would break. It was impossible for even the most callous who witnessed such a scene to remain unmoved. Every one was affected by this strange discovery — this most unexpected revelation of a series of extraordinary events. For a long time Taranga continued to clasp Maui in her arms, apparently unable to find any way except through her tears, which fell copiously, of giving expression to her emotions. At length, when some degree of calmness had been restored, she exclaimed, "You dear boy, you are indeed my last-born child. Can I ever forgive myself in seeking to drive you from my home?"

"Do not let that worry you, mother; you did not know," said Maui, who was crying too.

"You are my own dear child, the son of my old age, come from the unknown to comfort me in my declining years," continued Taranga, "therefore do I now declare that henceforth your name shall be Maui-tikitiki-a-Taranga" (the meaning

of which name was "Maui formed in the top-knot of Taranga)."

"Thank you, mother; it is good long name," said Maui.

Then it was Maui discovered that the lovely graceful girl, Hina, he had so much admired was his sister, and the knowledge of this fact filled his cup of happiness to the brim. Hina was delighted with her little new-found brother, and bestowed upon him so many caresses that the other of her brothers did not like her displays of affection at all. Neither were they well pleased with the impulsive declaration of their mother that Maui had come to be a comfort to her in her old age, for it seemed to make little of them. Still less were they gratified when, after the guests were gone—and they soon departed, for after such a scene there could be no more dancing—they heard their mother say, "Come, my child, and sleep in the arms of the mother who bore you, so that you may have some of that affection which you have never yet experienced."

From innocent, harmless incidents, springing from warmth of heart and natural gentleness of disposition, the causes of unhappiness in families all too frequently arise. Maui's brothers became jealous of the attention that was paid to the stranger, which, under the circumstances, was surely proper enough.

"Humph!" exclaimed Maui-taha, "our mother never asks either of us to go and sleep with her; yet are we the children she saw actually born, and about whose birth there never was any doubt."

"Aye," said Maui-roto, "when we were tender helpless infants she spread for us the softest mats, laid us gently down, and fondled us in her bosom. Now she is going to do that for this strange brat, and we are forgotten."

"Ho!" cried Maui-pae, "now we are grown up we are as nothing to her. Any little pig-faced fool that comes along has her love. There are no more caresses for us."

"As for this little abortion," muttered Maui-waho, "it was a very pretty yarn he spun about sea-tangles, and birds, and flies, and ancentresses, but who can tell whether it be true or not? For my part, I don't believe a word of it. Who would ever credit such folly? It is a put-up job. And the impudent little wretch has the audacity to claim relationship with us, and even now is sleeping with our mother. It is intolerable, and not to be borne."

Then, having said all the unkind things they decently could about their mother, they set their tongues wagging about Hina for the attentions she had bestowed upon the "little abortion," as they were pleased to stigmatize Maui, and so they kept going all through the night. But towards

morning a calmer mood and a more reasonable condition of mind came to the elder of the brothers.

"Never mind how things may go," said Maui-taha, "it is useless lamenting when the fish has gone off with the hook. The boy has been admitted a member of the family and is our brother now; let us treat him as such. Let the proverb be remembered: 'In the days of peace settle your disagreements in a peaceful way; in the days of war redress your wrongs by deeds of violence, by the strong arm.' O my brothers, it is better for us to study to do acts of kindness to others than to meditate deeds of evil; for it is by kindness that good name and influence is won in the world, not by violence. Let us then labour to find food for others; let us endow them with some property, so that they have something to live for, and that peace and good-will may spread throughout the world, not deeds of iniquity and shame."

Their taking his cue from his elder brother, Maui-roto said: "Let us take care that we follow not in the footsteps of the children of Rangi-nui and Papa-tu-a-nuku, who gave their minds to the slaying of their parents. Only Ta-whiri-ma-tea of all would not consent, for he loved his parents, but the rest agreed to slay the authors of their being. Afterwards, when Ta-whiri saw that his father had been parted from his wife, he considered well which way his duty lay, and he fought against his brothers for his parents' sake. Then, from this sprang the war which Tu-mata-uenga waged against both the parents and his brethren, and so at last it came to this: that conflict is still carried on, and man stands in enmity to man, kindred in enmity to kindred. Thus doth one evil beget another evil; and of all evils those which arise from differences in families, where naught but love should obtain, are the most bitter and most condemnable. Therefore, I say with Maui-tana, let us be careful not to foster anything that may lead to division; let us cherish good-will and kindly feeling one with another, lest evil thinking lead us into wickedness and—like the children of Rangi-nui and Papa-tu-a-nuku we be found at last striking at each other's hearts."

The expression of these admirable sentiments could be productive of nothing but good. Maui-pae and Maui-waho accorded to them a ready assent, so that the whole family were united to accept "the little abortion" as one of themselves.

When in the morning Maui awoke, behold, his mother was gone! She had arisen during the night and departed. This singular proceeding perplexed the boy very much, so that he spoke to his brothers about it, asking, very naturally, what had become of his mother. They shook their heads vaguely

"There is plenty of time yet for thee."

they did not know; it was her custom every night; they were used to it. This was more perplexing still. However, Maui for the day amused himself with Hina, sharing with her in the duties of the house and in sport and pastimes. In the evening Taranga returned and took her place as mistress of the house, just as if nothing unusual or peculiar had occurred. At night visitors came, and again there was dancing and singing, in which little Maui took part, acquitting himself to the delight of all. Evidently his early education had not been neglected. When the visitors had gone and the family were preparing to seek their mats and slumber, Taranga again invited the boy to sleep with her, which, of course, he very gladly did. In the morning when he looked about for his mother she was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh," said Maui to Maui-waho, "perhaps mother has gone to prepare some food for us."

"No, no," answered his brother, "it is not so; she brings not any food back with her. She goes off—far, very far away."

After several days had passed, in which the proceedings of the members of the family were of the same uniform character, Maui surprised his brothers by suddenly demanding, "Where does father live?"

"We don't know," answered Maui-tahi, looking down in astonishment at the boy.

"Don't know?" repeated Maui.

"No, of course not," said Maui-roto. "How can we tell? He may dwell in the heaven above the earth or in the shades beneath the earth, or at some great distance from us: we cannot tell."

"He is not here, and we know not where he is," said Maui-pae.

"It is very strange," murmured Maui, "but I think I will find out where my father is."

Upon which all his brothers laughed.

"Look here," said Maui-taha, in a kindly spirit, laying his big hand on the boy's head, "we are grown men, you are still little more than a child; we have been with our mother all our lives, you came here as it were but yesterday: do you think it is reasonable that you should be able to find out what we have failed to discover?"

"It is all nonsense for a boy to talk like that," declared Maui-pae impatiently.

"You know, my boy," said Maui-roto, "you have been with us but a very brief period, and have yet much to learn. Mother arises every night and goes we know not whither. Lo! she departs when we are wrapped in slumber, and we know not where or how she passes her days. As for our father,

we know nothing and care little where he dwells or is. You must strive to carry yourself more modestly, my little chap."

"Now, listen," answered Maui, "I love my father and my mother, and my desire is to be with them always. I shall do what I can to help them."

His brothers shrugged their shoulders indifferently.

"Stay a moment," continued Maui, "and I will show you something. Do you see that branch of a tree up there—that big one sticking straight out so? Well, in a second I will be gone from beside you and will be sitting up there looking at you as a bird. Keep your eyes fixed upon the place, and lo! you shall behold me."

And in the twinkling of an eye Maui disappeared before their gaze, and when they looked at the branch of the tree there sure enough was the bird eying them quite jocosely. Then the bird flew down to their feet, and lo! Maui was restored to them again. After this initial performance Maui showed to his brothers quite a number of astounding magical tricks, which filled them with admiration and amazement. When they went home they entertained quite a different opinion of little Maui, and realised that they could not teach him much; they might, indeed, learn something from him.

One night, when all the family, lying together at one end of the big house, were fast asleep, Maui softly arose. With the aid of the faint radiance cast by the dying embers of the fire he possessed himself of his mother's apron, her belt, and her clothes. He hid these articles away in a place where they were not likely to be immediately found. He had previously taken an opportunity to carefully note every crevice and cranny in the building through which light penetrated, and now he crept about as noiseless as a mouse and stopped them up. It may be guessed that all the time Maui was thus engaged his little heart went pit-a-pat with fear lest any one should wake and his proceedings be discovered, but he finished all he had set himself to do with entire success. His work of shutting out all light perfectly accomplished, he stole gently back to his mother's side again to await the development of events. The long night dragged fearfully to the little wakeful watcher. At length he knew it must be morn, but no scintillating rays of light with slanting beams penetrated the dwelling to announce the sun had risen. Once his mother raised her head and glanced about, but finding utter darkness prevailing she turned on her mat and went to sleep again. As the morning advanced his brothers and his sister did the same, satisfied it was not yet day.

Suddenly, Taranga sprang to her feet with a bound. From the length of time she had rested she judged it must indeed be day, and that something had gone wrong either

with the earth or the sun. With nervous haste she groped about in the darkness for her clothes, but being unable to find them she threw the mat she had lain upon around her and rushed from the house. Immediately she was gone Maui jumped up and ran to the door. Kneeling upon hands and knees to escape observation, lest she might look round, Maui watched his mother eagerly hastening in the bright sunlight of the morning, and he prepared to follow her wherever she might go. But she did not proceed any great distance. From where he knelt Maui saw her stop, stoop, and pull up a large tuft of grass; then slowly she disappeared into the earth, putting the tuft of grass back into its original position as she vanished. Maui ran to that clump of grass, gave it a strong pull, but it came away easily enough in his hands. Looking down he discovered an aperture sufficiently large to admit the body of his mother, and which seemed to run away into black darkness underneath the ground. For the time he was satisfied with what he had accomplished, so he returned to his home.

"Arouse ye, arouse ye, O my brothers!" exclaimed Maui, as he re-entered the house. "Behold, it is day, and the sun is high in the heavens!"

His brothers arose muttering and grumbling, as men do when they oversleep themselves.

"What is the matter with the boy?" exclaimed Maui-taki.

"He has seen a lizard," suggested Maui-pae, "and he got frightened when it ran away."

"Our mother is gone, our mother is gone!" cried Maui.

"Well, let her go if she wishes; what does it signify to you?" said Maui-taha. "Why should we bother?"

"She is our mother and we should love her," answered Maui.

"Oh, so we do," said Maui-roto. "We love her right enough, and we show our love by letting her do as she pleases."

"But if she is in such trouble or difficulty that it disturbs her rest we should try to help her," replied Maui.

"Look here, my boy," said Maui-taha kindly, "did our mother feed us until we grew to manhood? I reckon not. It was Rangi, our father in the sky, who tended us. He it was who sent Hau-whenua, the gentle cooling breezes, to make tolerable the earth and strengthen the young plants; he it was who gave to us Hau-ma-ringi-ringi to moisten with mists the parched soil to nourish the plants; he it was who bestowed Hau-ma-roto-roto, the fine weather, to make plants grow; from his hands came Touarangi, the rain to make them flourish, and in the evenings he sent us

Tomairangi that through the night they should be refreshed and sustained with gentle dews. These are the ministering servants of Rangi, and he sent them all that we might have food and live. Through Rangi, Papa-tu-a-nuku causes her manifold seeds to burst into life, and they grow so that she is our true mother from whom all living things have birth. To Papa-tu-a-nuku and to Rangi, therefore, we owe existence."

"That is all very fine," said Maui, "and no doubt it may be quite true, but I know that Taranga is our mother who brought us into the world nevertheless. Were I to say such things as you have said there might be some excuse for me, for I have never known a mother's love nor been sustained by her tender nursing. Into the foaming bubbles of the sea I was cast; from the bosom of the ocean had I life; in the spray of ocean's surge was I washed. Your fate was more fortunate and more gentle. It would please me if you would give some thought to the time you drew your life from your mother's breast, for you must be conscious that it was not until you had developed strength from being so sustained that you could partake of the foods which you say Papa-tu-a-nuku and Rangi sent to you. O, my brothers, I have never drawn milk from the bosom of Taranga, nor have I shared of the food she has given to you—yet do I love her, for she is my mother, and it is because I love her that my desire is to make her happy. I wish to find my father, for I doubt not that my father's fate is at the bottom of all her trouble."

Upon the conclusion of this speech Maui's brothers gazed at him in amazement. They had been completely answered, and, so far from being angry—some foolish people do get angry when they are beaten—they were very well pleased with him.

"You are a good boy," said Maui-taha, "and a wise one. We know you are clever, and can do all manner of things that are strange to us. We have seen you change yourself into birds and dogs and look very beautiful in every form you have assumed. So now go and try and find your father and your mother, and we will help you in every way that we can."

This speech gratified Maui so that for the amusement of his brothers he again changed himself into a bird—assuming the shape of a pretty pigeon—and flew to the branch of a tree.

"Ah, now you do look lovely!" with one breath they all exclaimed.

What they did not know was that it was the belt and the apron of which Maui had deprived his mother that had enabled him to look so well. The white splash on his breast was her belt, and the fastening of the belt constituted the

beautiful black feathers which seemed to encircle his throat. His mother's little apron with the burnished tail of a dog assisted greatly in this illusion.

The pigeon sat quite still, looking at them, and cooing to himself in a most contented fashion, greatly to the admiration of the beholders. From this arises the proverb, "A stupid pigeon sits upon one bough, and does not hop about from branch to branch." Presently the pigeon flew down to earth and Maui stood restored to them.

"Now," said Maui, "hearken to me, O my brothers. The power of transforming ones-self is called magic, an art only attainable by certain persons after long and exhausting endeavour; yet here am I, the youngest of you, able to do the things you have seen. It may be the time is not far distant when I shall become suddenly old and weak—for the exercise of magic is very exhausting—and so quite lose my power. This, indeed, may happen on the long journey upon which I must presently set forth, for I must depart from among you. Do you, however, remain here, and if I come not back again you may hear of me. Believe me, it is only my great love for my parents that induces me to go."

"Pooth," said Maui-roto, "it is nonsense for you to talk like that. You are young and strong and inspired with hope. If you were going into battle you might become paralysed with fear, and so grow suddenly old and weak. If you do not fear you will not lose your power."

Said Maui-taha, "You are going to seek our parents, whom we all long to embrace. Be of stout heart and fear not. If you find our parents we shall all ever after dwell together in amity and love."

"Yes," said Maui-waho, "father's house shall be here in this spot; yours, Maui-taha, here in this spot; yours, Maui-pae, here in this spot; yours, Maui-roto, in this spot; and mine shall be here where now I stand; and in the days to come we shall pass our time in continually paying visits to each other. O, such happiness will be ours!"

"And never, never will we throw stones at each other any more," said Maui-pae.

"It certainly is a good cause that leads me to undertake this dangerous journey," said Maui. "If I find the place to which I go a good place, then shall I be pleased; if, on the contrary, I find it a bad place, then shall I be grieved and disgusted."

"Nothing more natural," remarked Maui-taha; "but with your great knowledge and your astonishing skill in magic you should be able to overcome all difficulties easily. Go from us. Depart you, then, upon your journey, and may every success attend you."

Whilst this conversation was going forward the brothers had passed again through the wood, and when it was finished they had arrived again at their home. At night there were again many visitors to the house, and dancing and singing as usual, but Maui did not dance much. He knew he must reserve his strength for trials which he might have to go through. In the early morning Maui felt his mother arise, and in a few minutes she had left the house. Shortly after Maui also arose and hurried to the tuft of rushes he had previously noted. He pulled them up and descended into the hole, sustaining himself by the pressure of his limbs against the sides. He pulled the tuft back again into its place. It was now quite dark. Then Maui transformed himself into the pigeon of the previous day. He suffered himself to drop —drop. The hole in places was so contracted that Maui wondered how his mother could have got through, but doubtless through frequent use she was familiar with every part of it. Not infrequently the poor pigeon knocked his flapping pinions against the sides, and then he would be wheeled right over and descend a considerable distance before he recovered himself. This was by no means a pleasant experience. At last the bottom was reached, where the pigeon discovered a narrow tunnel running away under the earth. Along this tunnel the pigeon flew with speed, finding it wider in some places than in others. Then, consistently it grew wider, wider, wider, until at length a great open well-lighted space was attained. Here, under a grove of manapau* trees, were a number of people assembled. The pigeon flew noiselessly to the trees, and perched upon an overhanging branch nearly above where the people were seated. Just beneath him he beheld Taranga, sitting beside a man whom he guessed at once was his father. That they were indeed his father and mother was soon placed beyond all doubt by the people who were some distance away calling to them and mentioning their names. The wild delight of Maui when first he gazed upon his father may be imagined. The pigeon hopped to a lower branch, and then to a branch yet lower, so that he could behold them better. They seemed to be well known and much respected by every one in the place, for they were always required to join in the conversation, and references were constantly being made to them. The bird perched above them waited some time in quiet enjoyment of the scene, and then—judging that the time for action had at length arrived—he picked off the tree one of its berries

* "Manapau" is the name given by tradition. It appears to have been a tree peculiar to the country in which the tradition of Maui originated.

and suffered it to drop. The berry struck his father on the forehead.

"Hallo!" cried a man seated a few yards away, "who threw that berry?"

"Nobody did," answered Maui's father; "it was only a berry that chanced to fall."

The pigeon went to work on a larger scale, for it was necessary that attention should be concentrated upon himself, so he went up to a higher bough, where he pecked off quite a number of berries, which he let fall all together upon his father and his mother, so that the hard fruit rained upon them like hail, striking them with some force. Up jumped Maui's father and mother, and all the people also springing to their feet came running to peer up into the tree in order to ascertain what could have been the origin of such a wonderful phenomenon. There they discovered the pigeon sitting among the leaves and branches and cooing away to himself quite happily. Then the chiefs and all assembled hastily picked up stones and began to pelt the pigeon, but he was then high up in the tree, and besides, he had no mind to be struck except at the proper time, in the proper way, and by the proper person, so by magic he diverted the stones so that they went wide.

At last, when his father had thrown a stone, Maui contrived that just as its force was spent it should seem to strike him on the left leg, and he fell fluttering to the ground. All immediately rushed forward to seize the pigeon, but behold there was no pigeon. The pigeon had transformed himself into a young man. Every one was astounded, perfectly lost in amazement at this sudden and astonishing change.

"Oh," cried one, "it is no wonder we could not hit him."

"No," exclaimed another; "had he been really a bird we should have brought him down long ago."

"We might have known," said a third, "that if he had been a real bird he would not have sat up there letting us pelt stones at him. He would have flown away at once."

Then Maui caused his eyes to burn and glow fiercely so that they looked as if suddenly, by some inexplicable process, they had been painted with red ochre and rendered incandescent with living fire. The people drew back from him in affright.

"Is it a man?" cried one.

"No, it is one of the gods," declared another.

"Look!" shouted another, "he seems to swell, and grow larger and larger."

"He is one of the gods," confidently affirmed another. "The like has never been seen by mortal eyes since the time when Rangi and Papa-tu-a-nuku were torn apart."

Then it was that Taranga, coming forward, surveyed the young man keenly.

"Ah!" she said, "methinks I have seen one like unto this, but he was younger, handsomer, still more beautiful."

A wave of incredulity swept over the crowd.

"That was when I went to see my children," continued Taranga. "Now, just listen to me, O all ye people. Once, when wandering alone by the sea, prematurely I gave birth to a child. Cutting off my long tresses, I wrapped the hapless babe in them and threw him into ocean's surge. Lo, there was he found and rescued by his ancestor Tama-nui-ki-te-Rangi"; and Taranga went on with a woman's volubility to recite the whole story of Maui's strange boyhood, down to the time when first he came to her house and discovered himself to her, her other sons, and her friends.

The people gathered about listened with feverish interest as the wondrous tale proceeded, and at its close gave vent to their feelings in murmurs of astonishment.

But who can describe the agitation which shook the frame of Makeatutara, who now for the first time learned of the existence of the son so strangely born to him and so miraculously preserved. Human nature seemed incapable of bearing such a strain. His bosom heaved; he clasped his hands and gazed upon the ground; he wept copiously. Then, turning abruptly to Maui, Taranga asked,—

"Whence came you—from the westward?"

"No," answered Maui, "I came not from the westward."

"From the north-east came you?" questioned Taranga.

"No, I came not from the north-east," replied Maui.

"From the south-east, then, came you?" pursued Taranga.

"No, not from the south-east came I," responded Maui.

"Tell me, then," exclaimed Taranga, "was it the wind which now blows upon me which brought you hither to me?"

"Aye," said Maui, "it was the wind which now blows upon you."

"Ah," cried Taranga, "then art thou indeed my child. Tell me, art not thou Maui-tiki-tiki?"

"Aye," he answered. "Behold me, I am Maui-tiki-tiki!"

Then, turning to the people, in a loud voice Taranga exclaimed, "In very truth this is indeed my child. By winds and waves and storms, 'mid fiercest gales in ocean's foam was he fashioned and preserved to become a human being, and now he stands—mine own! Welcome, my child! O welcome him, O ye people, and in the hereafter shall you climb to the very threshold of your great ancestor Hine-nui-te-po, and death from thenceforth shall have no power over the destinies of man!"

This was a portentous prophecy which filled the hearts of all with mingled feelings of fear, of joy, of ecstacy. They trembled at the thought that the youth who stood before them—Maui-tiki-tiki—should bring to pass a time when death itself should be no more.

Then arose the old man Makeatutara, and, taking Maui by the hand, he said, "Come, my son—for my son assuredly thou art—let us go and perform the ceremonies which of right to the gods belong, the duties and ceremonies which have been observed by the fathers of our people since aforetime."

Maui was then led to the banks of a beautiful stream which flowed through the grove, all the people following, and here with prayers to the gods and with rites and ceremonies he was baptized after the manner practised by his ancestors since ancient days. So was Maui made sacred and purified from all uncleanness, after which all went into the house of Makeatutara.

Up to this point all had gone well with Maui. He had been miraculously preserved when a castaway on the billows; in the home of his ancestors he had found careful nurture; he had been endowed with vast powers; he had been united with the members of his family, all of whom he dearly loved, and he had done great things. Now his first misfortune fell upon him, and not through any fault of his own. His father, overwhelmed with emotion as he undoubtedly was, during the performance of the baptismal ceremonies accidentally skipped part of the prayers usual on such occasions. Now, nothing could be more fatal in its consequences than this mischance. It was not until the ceremonies had been concluded and all had left the bank of the stream that Makeatutara discovered the omission of which he had been guilty, and then he felt crushed to the earth with the knowledge of its extreme seriousness. Now, never could Maui hope to conquer death, as his mother had so fondly prophesied. So far from such a victory, indeed, it was obvious that Maui himself must die. Had Makeatutara done his duty with becoming care the whole human race might have been spared from the deadly darts of the grim tyrant and his fear-inspiring terrors. Now all was lost. The proper saying of the prayers was such a simple matter, yet he had failed in its performance. The dread shadows of remorse and fear wound up for Makeatutara what had been a day of pleasurable excitement, of happiness and felicity. However, he kept the secret of his failure carefully locked in his own bosom.

After these events the family were reunited. Houses were actually erected in the places in which Maui-roto, in a half-joking spirit, had designated, and the brothers, Hina, and the father and mother spent their time happily in visiting each

other. Never was there such a contented and joyous family.

In such scenes of happiness Maui passed from boyhood to manhood. Then Taranga, in the course of conversations, began to let slip dry hints that it would soon be time for her youngest son to be thinking of having a house of his own and a wife! All the while, however, she was blissfully unconscious of the fact that her dearly beloved son had fallen very desperately in love with the charming daughter of a neighbouring chief named Maru-te-whare-aitu. Rohe was this maiden called, and she was as beautiful as Maui was unflatteringly said to be the reverse, for it was only when he transformed himself that Maui could be truthfully said to have any good looks. But no one need to be hard upon Maui on this account. There are many, even at the present day, who owe their seeming good looks to a process of transformation. Neither Rohe nor her father would have anything to say to Maui when he came a-wooing, but that did not matter much to him, for, conscious of his powers, he was accustomed to make light of difficulties. He built the dwelling he designed for his home, and when all was ready he simply carried Rohe off and installed her in his house as his wife, where no doubt she soon got reconciled to her position and learned to love her unlovely and wanton husband. Maru-te-whare-aitu, as might be expected, was very wroth at such high-handed proceedings and the loss of his too fascinating daughter, and he prepared to take summary vengeance. By means of a dream, however, a warning came to him to be careful how he interfered with Maui, who was not one to be trifled with. Disregarding this portent, Maru-te-whare-aitu went on with his preparations, and his expedition was just upon the point of setting out when Maui caused such a fearful storm to be sent upon him that all his crops were utterly ruined. This gave Maui's irate father-in-law something else to think about, and when he learned that Rohe was then very happy he decided to apply the arms of his followers to more profitable purpose than skirmishing over the fields.

Soon after his marriage the knowledge came to Maui that the time was approaching when it would be imperative upon him to assume his proper supernatural character. It might be the means of breaking up his home, it might entail upon him a parting with his beloved Rohe, but he felt that gods must fulfil their destiny as gods and play the part assigned to them, whatever the suffering, and resolve the question whether they were to figure in future ages as heroic or ridiculous. He set to work to prepare himself for the fulfilment of his mission. His first duty clearly was to arm himself with an adequately powerful weapon.

Whilst meditating on the great events which lay hidden in the future it was Maui's custom to pace slowly to and fro in front of his house, and presently he could not fail to note that, as surely as the sun reached a certain space in the heavens, sundry persons appeared carrying with them a bundle. Another day it flashed upon him that this bundle probably contained food—food perhaps designed for some one who was sick. When one day they came along as usual he interrupted them with the question, "For whom do you take that present of food?"

"It is for your ancestress—it is for Muri-ranga-whenua," answered one of the men.

"Where dwelleth she?" asked Maui.

"Yonder," replied the man, pointing straight before him.

"That will do," said Maui. "Lay down your bundle, I will take it to my ancestress myself."

The men at once obeyed, and presently Maui lifted the bundle and took it to his aged relative. Through dimness of sight, and maybe through a general decadence of her perceptive faculties, the old lady did not recognise Maui. Every day thenceforward the diurnal present of food was intercepted by Maui and taken to Muri-ranga-whenua with his own hands, Maui laying the present quietly on one side for her use, she never knowing the bringer was not the same person that brought the presents to her originally.

At last it came to pass that Maui purposely delayed the taking of her customary supplies to his ancestress, so that she grew to be very, very hungry. Time went on and there was still no sign of the advent of her dinner. Muri-ranga-whenua grew impatient, and impatience developed into anger.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "if that sluggish fellow were here I feel as if I could eat him as well as the food he brings."

Then Muri-ranga-whenua, turning her face to the south-west, sniffed and sniffed, listening eagerly the while; but neither scent nor sound could she distinguish in that direction. Then she turned to the south-east and did the same, with no satisfactory result. Then to the north-east, from whence came neither sound of step nor scent of human being. Stil sniff-sniffing she turned to the north-west. Ho! the scent of a man. Some one was coming, and coming quickly. At length he was near to her, so near that she could distinctly recognise the scent.

"Now know I that some one is close to me," she said; "is it not so?"

"Aye," answered Maui. "Muri-ranga-whenua, behold! I am here."

"Tell me," said the old lady, "art not thou Maui-tiki-tiki?"

"Even so," replied Maui. "You have well divined. I am Maui-tiki-tiki."

"It is well for you I have well divined; had it been any other I should have eaten him. Tell me, why have you thus tricked and deceived me?"

"Because," said Maui, "I wished to divert your attention for a moment from the food itself to him who brought it."

"To what end?" asked Muri-ranga-whenua. "The food is sufficient for me—what matter who brings it?"

"I seek a favour of thee."

"Ah!" exclaimed Muri-ranga-whenua, "I felt the whisper in the breeze. What is it that a blind old woman can do for Maui?"

"You can give to me the precious jaw-bone of my great ancestor which thou hast. I need it, for the great enchantments must be wrought."

"O Maui," said the old lady, "behold! it has been reserved for thee. Take it, for it is thine."

And Maui, entering into the house of Muri-ranga-whenua, took the jaw-bone of his great ancestor, as he had been bidden.

Now, at this time it began to be considered that the day-space allotted to man was altogether too brief. The sun had an unhappy trick of bobbing up suddenly from beyond the line of the horizon in the east, and behold! it was burning day; then, with equal precipitancy, he would drop below the line of the horizon in the west, and lo! it was night. A sun ambitious to win respect through good behaviour would certainly prove more considerate in his methods. The changes from bright sunlight to darkness and from burning heat to chill rheumatic dews especially were deemed to be most objectionable, and the more the thing was pondered the more clear it became that the sun ought to be taught a lesson, and that lesson of a far-reaching and most drastic character. The murmurs of the people in this regard at length reached the ears of Maui, and he resolved that something should be attempted to give to them a measure of relief. Calling his brothers around him he recited to them the grievances of the people, the sufferings they were called upon to endure, the sympathy which every man of a just understanding and right feeling must entertain in regard to such an important matter, and gave expression to his firm determination to bring about a reform.

"I don't quite comprehend," said Maui-taha doubtfully; "I partly guess what you are driving at, but can't say I see exactly how it's to be done."

"Why, it is very simple," responded Maui; "I propose to make a noose and, throwing it over the sun, catch him with it, and so compel him to 'go slow.' Thus you will see all mankind will derive advantage by having longer hours in which to labour and procure for themselves the means of subsistence."

"He wants to get the sun on a string," sneered Maui-waho.

"Having caught the daughter,* now nothing will content him but the sun," laughed Maui-pae.

"Maui-tiki-tiki," said Maui-taha, "reflect on the size of the sun and its almost insuperable distance from us."

"And consider," added Maui-roto, "the fierce heat the sun throws forth and the dazzling brilliance of his rays."

"I have considered and you have forgotten," replied Maui. "You have ceased to remember the many wonderful things you have seen me do. Lo, have not you witnessed me change myself into the likeness of every bird that flies, and change myself back again into manhood? Have not I told you that I did this by enchantments and by magic? Why judge you me by your own inability? Having seen the things which you have seen, say—am I likely to propose to execute anything which I cannot perform?"

This speech effectually silenced his brothers, and they consented to aid him in his task, though his two younger brothers —Maui-pae and Maui-waho—grumbled exceedingly.

The first thing to be done was the manufacture of the long and strong ropes with which the sun was to be captured, and upon this task Maui set his brothers to work at once. For very many days they wrought, twisting and plaiting and spinning the fibre of the flax, and thus it was that first a knowledge of how to make square-shaped ropes (*tuamaka*) and flat ropes (*paharahara*) and round ropes was acquired by the Maori.

When the work of rope-making was completed, food to sustain them during their expedition and a host of other things had to be provided. It will readily be recognised that the task which Maui had set himself to perform was no ordinary one, and involved a vast amount of preliminary labour. At length, when everything had been provided—ropes, appliances, food, weapons—which foresight of a preternaturally keen and incisive nature could judge to be necessary, Maui led his brothers forth. All night they travelled, and when it grew near to dawn they hid themselves securely in the desert where they would not be observed by the penetrating eyes of the sun. As soon as the refulgent luminary of day had disappeared they emerged from their hiding and continued their journey. Pursuing their way and overcoming in their progress many extraordinary difficulties which it is unnecessary here to set forth at large, they at last reached far—very far indeed—to the eastward, so that they got quite near to the place out of which the sun rises.

*This reference to "the daughter" was an allusion to Rohe.

Here more preparatory work had to be undertaken. Upon each side of the place an immensely long and high wall of clay had to be constructed, the work being carried on wholly in the dark. Then at each end of the wall huts were built of the boughs of trees in which to hide themselves, for they rightly deemed that if once the sun saw them he would burn them up instantly and put a fatal end to all their projects. On top of one side of the wall, hidden in the leafy hut, the brothers awaited the signal of attack; on the other end of the wall Maui himself lay crouched.

Casting broad burning beams of radiance across the bosom of the softly slumbering sea, and burnishing with sheets of gold the tremulous leaves of the forest lying silent and still in the background, the sun arose, entirely unsuspicious that any evil could be meditated designed to wreck his peace.

"Keep yourselves hid or you will ruin all," bawled Maui across to his brothers; and it was well he did, for, attracted by the sublime glory of the scene, they were forgetting the serious nature of the task before them, and were very nearly exposing themselves to the most direful consequences.

"You must wait till I give the signal, as I have repeatedly instructed you," continued Maui, at the pitch of his voice, "and then haul away with all your strength. Do not cease to haul until I tell you, nor be moved by the cries and entreaties of the sun—however piteously he may exclaim—or we are lost."

At length the fateful moment arrived. Arrayed in all the splendour of his magnificence, the life-endowing orb of day majestically appeared. Swish! and away through space went the long rope with a noose at the end, swung by the powerful hand of Maui. For a moment it seemed like a long, black, curved thread drawn across the face of day. But the aim of the master-hand was true. The noose flung round the sun with a whirl, and, the appointed intimation being promptly given, the rope was suddenly drawn taut. Ah, then it was lamentable to behold the frantic struggles of the lassooed globe to free itself from the toils in which it had become enmeshed. Then, armed with that formidable weapon the jaw-bone of his great ancestor, forth rushed the indomitable hero and attacked the captured victim, whose roars and shrieks resounded through the spheres at every blow. Lo! the indentations inflicted on the face of the sun by that enchanted jaw-bone can be seen to this day. Vain were the cries and the pleadings of the struggling orb, for the brothers of Maui, faithful to their instructions, held grimly on. Once, in the course of his fearful struggles, the sun was heard to exclaim, "O man! why am I smitten by you? Knowest thou what thou doest? Would'st thou slay Tama-nui-te-Ra?" At last, when Maui was nearly exhausted by his efforts, and the un-

fortunate sun had been almost beaten to a pulp, with a movement of his hand Maui signed to his brothers, the rope was drawn in, and the wounded and weakened planet crawled slowly on his way.

Ever since that momentous morn the sun has hesitatingly tarried below the level of the horizon, as if fearful lest Maui or some other god-like hero should again be in wait for him; and when he goes to his rest he lingers regretfully, as if he fain would have the children of Papa-tu-a-nuku remember the cruel treatment to which he was once subjected. Thus it was that the second name of the sun—Tama-nui-te-Ra—came to be known among men.

Possibly the brothers of Maui failed to set any great value upon the gain which mankind derived through the sun going slow; it is very likely that they had looked to receive for their efforts some vast individual and personal reward. Probably they were vexed that the whole of the credit for the performance went to Maui, and their share was not properly appreciated. Again, a feeling may have grown upon them that a god who could achieve such wonderful deeds was not a very comfortable companion. They believed in gods, of course; they were necessary, and all very well in their way, but it was not pleasant to have them constantly interfering and interrupting. However the cause, it is certain that after their return from this expedition the good feeling which had previously obtained in the family weakened, if it did not die wholly away. When they went out fishing or snaring Mauis' brothers generally contrived that the youngest of their number should be left to while away the time at home.

Naturally this treatment grated harshly upon the sensibilities of Maui. He had nought to occupy his time, and time hung heavily on his hands. Idly moping about the place did not serve to commend him either to his wives or to his children, who began sulkily to regard his constant presence as a bit of a nuisance.

"You ugly, lazy creature, why don't you go and catch us some birds?" said one of his wives to him one day.

"And there is fern-root you might fetch us," remarked another.

"You might at least bring us a fish—if you think you are able to hook one," chimed in Rohe.

"O mothers," replied Maui, "take no heed. You and your children need not fear. Consider the things I have done—the feats I have performed. As for the trifling work of obtaining food for you, think you not that without effort I could stock you with abundance if I chose? Were I to bring to you a fish it would be one so large that you could not consume it

—it must needs go putrid on your hands. But my thoughts are given to other things."

Nevertheless, though he seemed to scorn the suggestion, the idea of catching a fish took root in Maui's mind. It had provided him with a subject of thought which he pondered long. Having determined the course he would pursue, he took the enchanted jaw-bone which Muri-ranga-whenua had given him and transformed it into a hook. Then he made a long, strong cord, capable of sustaining an immense strain, and fastened it to his hook. This done, he calmly awaited his opportunity.

His first effort was doomed to disappointment. One morning, when his brothers, having previously made all requisite preparation, were about to start on a long day's fishing, Maui attempted to get on board the canoe, when they were about to push from the shore.

"Come, get out of that!" cried Maui-pae; "we don't want you here."

"No, you clear out," shouted Maui-waho, "or you and your magic will sink us."

"You had best go," said Maui-taha.

Maui, therefore left the canoe. His brothers paddled away, and they had a good day's profitable sport.

Maui, however, was not thus to be denied. When next he learned that his brothers purposed going out for a day's fishing, he went down to the canoe before dawn and hid himself between the flooring-boards and the bottom. In due time his brothers came, bringing their lines and provisions, which they tossed aboard in careless fashion; then, putting forth their united strength, they hauled the canoe to the water until she floated, and then, jumping in, put to sea with all speed. When they had gotten well away from land Maui pushed away the boards that covered him and emerged from his hiding-place. The surprise of the brothers may be judged. Maui-pae and Maui-waho both loudly protested.

"This fellow will sink us with his magic and tricks," cried the former.

"Let us put back at once," shouted the latter.

"Let's heave him overboard; he has no business here," insisted Maui-pae.

"You should not have come when you knew you were desired," said Maui-roto.

"Let us go back to land and put him ashore again," said Maui-pae.

"Let him swim for it," insisted Maui-waho.

But when they looked, lo, there was no land to be seen, for Maui, by the exercise of an enchantment, had so stretched out

Kumete

the sea that the land was no longer visible. This performance has never been done since.

"Look you," said Maui, "now I am here you had better let me go with you. I can at least be useful in baling the canoe. I can tumble the water over the side in a quarter of the time it would take two of you to accomplish."

"That is right," said Maui-taha; "you complain of Maui-tiki-tiki's magic, but he could not now reach the shore except by the exercise of the powers to which you object, and were we to go back now we should lose the whole day. Besides, as he says, he can be very useful."

Upon which speech from the eldest of the brothers, Maui was allowed to remain. The canoe was paddled on until the usual fishing-ground was reached, and preparations were made to drop their lines. That day, if there were any fish about they could not have been very hungry, for they refused to bite at any bait that was thrown to them.

"It is no use tarrying here," said Maui, "for I know we shall not catch any fish worth considering. If you would have any success you must go a long way further out. You see I know!"

Feeling very disgusted—as fishers sometimes do—at not getting fish, the brothers adopted this suggestion, and sulkily took to their paddles again. They paddled on and on until they had gone a long way over the sea, until at length, feeling tired, they proposed to desist and try again what the waters would yield them.

"Let us fish here," said Maui-roto.

"Yes," said Maui, "you will get fish here, and no doubt some of them will be very fine fish indeed; but if you go to the place which I will show you, not only will you get much better fish, but your hooks will no sooner be in the water than you will be so busy hauling them aboard you will scarce have time to think."

The prospect of having such a great reward for their labour decided them. The paddles were resumed, and they sailed away a further great distance. By this time they had gotten a very long way from the land, and were right out on the open sea.

"Now we have gone far enough," said Maui-roto," "here let us fish."

"Just a little way further," pleaded Maui.

"We have suffered ourselves to be guided by Maui-tiki-tiki hitherto," said Maui-taha, "let him have his way now and we will see what he will do for us. It is no use stopping halfway."

This counsel was adopted, Maui-taha having great influence with his brothers. So they paddled away again, and after

having gone another great distance they reached that part of the ocean which Maui all along had desired to attain. Impatiently the hooks and lines were thrown overboard.

Behold, in a moment, as it were, every man had a fish; and so busy were they kept hauling in the fish that in a very short time the canoe was nearly full. Never had men such sport, and how they laughed and enjoyed it no tongue can tell.

Then Maui-taha said, "O, my brothers, we have done well; this is indeed a famous fishing-ground. Let us return home now, for the canoe is full."

"Nay," said Maui, "stay yet a little. You have done all the fishing and had all the sport. I have not yet thrown a line."

"The brothers looked at him in surprise. Although he had brought them to that fishing-ground and furnished them with all their success, they had never considered him in the least.

"You have no hook," said Maui-pae, as if to settle the matter.

"Oh, yes, behold, I have a hook," answered Maui; and as he pulled his hook out from under his garments the sunlight flashed upon the beautiful mother-of-pearl shell.

"Oh! where did you get it?" exclaimed Maui-waho, who observed, as indeed they all did, that Maui's hook was carved with quaint designs and ornamented with tufts of hair from the tail of a dog in the most lovely fashion.

"Never mind where I got my hook," replied Maui, "give me a little piece of fish to bait it with."

But not one of the brothers would give him a bit of the fish they had caught, although they owed all to him.

"Make haste and do what you want to do, for far is the way we have to sail ere we reach our homes," said Maui-taha.

Thereupon Maui, clenching his fist, struck his nose violently so that the blood flowed freely. With his blood he smeared his hook and cast it into the sea. Down went hook and line, the brothers indifferently watching, for they were eager to be gone.

Now, at that spot, as Maui knew, beneath the waves was the house of Hine-nui-te-Po. Maui's hook in descending passed the carved figure that was on the end of the roof, slipped along the ornamental rafters, and, coming still down, caught firmly in the sill of the doorway. This was the enchanted hook of Maui-tiki-tiki-o-Taranga.

Feeling something caught in his hook Maui began to haul in his line. The strain was immense, the exertion put forth was stupendous. Maui's brothers, lost in amazement, had all to sit on one side of the canoe in order to counterbalance the weight. Had it not been for Maui's magical powers the "Nuku-tai-meineha"—that was the name of the canoe—

would certainly have been swamped. First the surface of the sea over a great expanse was covered with bubbles; the water swirled and squirmed as if a vast disturbance was taking place beneath. Maui's brothers concluded he had caught a whale or some still greater monster. They were filled with alarm; they cried and lamented; they wept aloud. O that they had never been guided by Maui—that they had never come to such a fatal place!

"See, now, did not I tell you how it would be?" wailed Maui-waho.

"We shall never see home any more," blubbered Maui-pae.

"Our bodies will be food for sharks," groaned Maui-roto.

Meantime, amidst the dismayed shoutings of his brothers, chaunting his incantations and invocations, Maui continued to pull steadily in his cord. Raising his voice high above the tumult he repeated the incantation "Hiki," which, as everybody knows, has the effect of making heavy weights light, so that the canoe was easily restored to its balance, and in some degree his brothers recovered a subdued equanimity. Then he launched forth into that powerful incantation beginning—

> Wherefore, then, oh Tanganui,
> Dost thou hold fast so obstinately below there?

When Maui had finished this chaunt, lo, attached to his line there floated to the surface that huge creature for ever after known as the great fish of Maui, and behold, the good canoe "Nuku-tai-memeha" lay stranded on the shore near by Papa-tu-a-Nuku.

To the eyes of the amazed and wonder-stricken occupants of the canoe the fish appeared like a great, flat, irregularly shaped cake as it seemed to float unsteadily upon the surface of the waters; but the brothers were too much astounded at this unexpected appearance, and too much rejoiced that their lives were spared, to pay much attention to trifling details. They crowded round Maui and began to overwhelm him with congratulations, assuring him—and quite truthfully—he had accomplished a feat so prodigious that to their knowledge the like of it had never been known to mortal man.

Then said Maui: "This fish which I so fortunately have been enabled to bring to the surface was in ages past the source of much disturbance. It was constantly roaring as if distracted with pain, and vomiting as if suffering from one long continuous sickness. Then was it wounded grievously, and so it sank to the bottom. There, in its agony, it writhed and twisted and trembled so as to be still a source of annoyance to the world. Knowing of these things, I brought you here so that I might raise this fish again to a new life; and it is to be hoped that—profiting by the dire experience of the

past—it will behave better in the future. I trust it will not have to sink again."

Maui knew, of course, that his work in connection with the fish was not yet done. It was necessary that the fish should be purified and made clean, otherwise great calamities might befall through its putridity. Therefore he continued, "Behold, now I leave you, but be ye patient and courageous. Touch not the fish until I return amongst you. An offering must be rendered to the gods for this great haul, and the services of a priest must be obtained for the performance of all rites and ceremonies necessary for the purification of ourselves and this great creature which I have captured. Upon my return this fish can be cut up and divided, each of you receiving a portion as his share. No one will go without his reward, so that you may be enabled to return to your homes joyfully. What we take with us will be sweet and good, and what we leave behind shall not fall into decay."

Thereupon Maui returned to the village, as he had said. Scarcely had he departed than his brothers forgot the injunctions he had laid upon them. They gorged themselves with the fish they had caught, and then they slept heavily. When they awoke to consciousness they turned their attention to the huge creature which lay beneath their feet and which was properly Maui's fish. They cut it and slashed it about in all directions, so that parts swelled up into great ridges, whilst other parts remained sunken like great valleys. Then the fish bled so that the blood flowed into rivers. Only small portions here and there of the surface escaped these wanton attacks.

In the meantime Maui was hurrying on, but despite his speed he was too late. Had he reached the sacred place in time, the deities, male and female, would surely have been well pleased with the offerings and have partaken of the sacrifices he made to them; but the gods, incensed at the behaviour of the brothers, had already taken action. The fish of Maui had raised his head and shaken it from side to side, lashing the sea into foam; he had tossed his tail about in all directions, slashing and dashing the ocean into furious waves; the fins upon his back, his sides, his lower jaw, had risen in anger. This had occurred before Maui attained to the sacred place, and the mischief his foolish brothers had done it was impossible to rectify.

Forever after the fish was known as Te-Ika-a-Maui. The ridges and the valleys remain, as all may see, to perpetuate the tale of man's disobedience and folly. The southern portion of the beautiful inlet known as Hawke's Bay has been identified as the enchanted fish-hook used by the hero in the course of his thrilling but beneficent adventure.

It can readily be believed that the behaviour of the brothers of Maui on this occasion did not tend to produce a better feeling between them. They had not acted as they should have done, and they knew it; but the sense of having been guilty of unworthy conduct does not always lead to the cherishing of generous sentiments towards him who has suffered.

Maui, again left much to himself, once more began to speculate upon how he could best serve mankind. Then it occurred to him that if he could contrive to extinguish the fires of his ancestress, Mahu-ika, which were an unceasing annoyance to every one, it would not only be a great feat but in results an inestimable blessing. The more he pondered the subject the more restless and unsatisfied he became. At last one night he arose from the place where he usually slept, and going to the cooking-house of each family one after the other he put out the fires. It was early in the morning before his task was finished, but when he was satisfied that at last there was not any fire he stood up and called with a loud voice, "Behold me! I hunger, I famish! Quick, haste ye, haste ye! Cook me some food lest I perish!"

At these alarming words all the people who were lying in their houses asleep jumped up and ran to see the starving man. Some brought fern-root, some fish, some preserved birds; but the starving man proved mighty particular—he would not eat anything unless first it had been cooked. Then went they to their fireplaces, but no spark of fire or heat could they find. One, more generous-hearted or more determined than the rest, ran swiftly from house to house seeking for fire, but not a fire could he find. He came back disgusted and exhausted.

Then Maui's mother said to the servants that had gathered round her, "Go, some of you, repair to my great ancestress Mahu-ika. Tell her fire has been lost upon the earth, and beg of her to give some flame from out of her abundant stores."

But the slaves, alarmed at the strange thing that had occurred, would not go upon any such message. Taranga begged and entreated them to go, but not one would venture.

Then Maui said, "O mother, since no one of these slaves will undertake the task, behold, I myself will go to Mahu-ika and restore fire to the number of the possessions of men. Tell me, I pray you, by which path must I go?"

"If indeed you will go," answered Taranga, "you must follow that broad path which lies right before you. Turn you neither to the right nor to the left, but pursue your way straight on, and at length you will reach the dwelling of your

great ancestress. But beware, O Maui, beware! Call out your name loudly before you approach her near, so that she may know you as a descendant, and play no tricks with her, for evil befalls those who play with fire. Your deeds, O Maui, are greater than the deeds of men; but you are fond of deceiving and injuring others, and who knows, you may have it in your heart now to deceive Mahu-ika, your great ancestress. O Maui, beware!"

From the latter portion of this speech it will be seen that Taranga had been attaching too much importance to some of the evil things which Maui-pae and Maui-waho had been saying about their brother.

Maui, answering, said, "For me, mother, I have no desire but to bring fire upon the earth once more for the service of man. I do not seek to injure any one. As soon as I have accomplished the end I hope to achieve I will return."

Thereupon Maui departed along the path to seek the abode of Mahu-ika, the goddess of fire. The road was long, devious as a tongue of flame, and strewed with danger. Maui was amazed at the strange things which in the course of his journey he beheld. At last the abode of Mahu-ika burst upon his gaze.

Then Maui called, "O lady, arise! Tell me, I pray, where keep you your fires? Lo, far have I travelled to beg from you a spark."

Then, hearing the voice of a mortal, the old lady rose up and approached to near where Maui stood expectantly.

"Au-e!" she exclaimed, "who can this daring mortal be?"

"Lady, it is I," replied Maui.

"You," she cried; "who are you, and whence came you?"

"I belong to this country," boldly responded Maui.

"Nay, that you do not," asserted the old lady. "Your appearance is not that of the people of this country. You are a stranger. Tell me, came you from the north-east?"

"No," answered Maui.

"Came you then from the south-east?" demanded Mahuika.

"No," said Maui, "not from the south-east came I."

"Came you from the south?" persisted the old lady.

"Nay, not so," replied Maui, "not from the south came I."

"Are you then from the westward?"

"I come not from the westward, lady."

"Then, tell me, came you from the direction of the wind which blows upon me now?" The old lady had grown more and more eager in her questioning until now she awaited Maui's answer with breathless interest.

"I do," he said simply.

"Oh, then," cried Mahu-ika, "you are my grandchild."

Not improbably the good dame had heard something of the great achievements of Maui, and by a process of quick intuition familiar to her sex, grasping the fact that only a singularly strong and daring individual would venture to seek her presence, the conclusion was easily reached that the great magician stood before her.

"My grandchild, what want you here?"

"I come to behold you, and to beg from you a gift,' answered the hero.

"And what gift can a poor old woman like me bestow upon her grandchild?" inquired Mahu-ika.

"The gift of fire," replied Maui. "Fire has been lost upon the earth, and now the people have no element with which to cook their food."

"Welcome, welcome, and again welcome, O my grandchild!" exclaimed Mahu-ika. "You shall have fire. Lo, here it is"; and as the warm-hearted and fiery-tempered old lady used these words she pulled off a nail, and from the point of her finger which had been thus denuded flame flowed forth.

Even Maui thought this performance a very wonderful thing, as without doubt it was. He took the fire, however, and, bidding his grandmother adieu, started upon his return. He had gone but a little way when he paused, a sudden thought apparently having taken possession of him. He extinguished the flame, and, going back to his grandmother, exclaimed, "O Mahu-ika, the light which thou did'st give to me has gone out. Wilt thou give to me another?"

Without a word the old lady pulled away another nail, and again fire burst forth from the denuded finger. Again Maui bade his relative adieu, and, going a short distance away, put the fire out and returned to ask for more. "O mother, I pray you give me another light, for that which thou gavest me but now has gone out also."

Again was a nail pulled off, fire produced, and given to the suppliant. This little game went on apparently without remonstrance on the part of Mahu-ika until all the nails of her fingers were gone, and then, to oblige her persistent and obviously careless or wicked grandson, she began on the nails of her toes. They proved just as effective for fire-production purposes as the nails of her fingers. No fewer than nineteen times had Maui gone away with fire, always coming back for more, and only the nail on one great toe was left—the left great toe—when Maui reappeared again, with the utmost politeness explaining his misfortunes and begging for fire. Then at last the truth of the position appeared to dawn upon Mahu-ika.

"Surely," she said to herself, "this rascal is playing tricks with me; he has come hither to make fun of his grandmother, but I will show him what evils befall those who trifle with fire."

Saying this, she pulled away her last remaining nail and dashed it violently upon the ground. Immediately the grass became ignited and burst into a sheet of roaring flame.

"Now, Maui, my dear grandchild," she exclaimed, "now you have all the fire that I can give you. No more have I left."

Then Maui ran. Faster and faster he sped, but quickly, madly as he rushed, the pursuing flames followed after. Then, when too late, Maui realised the folly of which he had been guilty, and no doubt he mentally vowed—as many have done since his time—never to play with fire any more. Although his back was being scorched and his hair singed, Maui in this extremity was not entirely destitute of resources. He changed himself into an eagle, and, spreading broad, strong wings, endeavoured to soar away into the skies. Fast, however, as was his flight, the flames arose and fiercely followed, whilst the air was clouded with dense and suffocating smoke. Mahu-ika evidently was fanning the fire with a powerful blast. Seeing a tempting pool of water, down from the heavens swept the eagle with fluttering wing; but, alas! here there was not any relief, for the fire had made the water hot near to boiling. Again arose the eagle, seeking to attain an altitude above the flames where safety would be secured, but by this time the fire had reached a large forest, through the branches of which the wind ominously roared. Then arose the flames higher and higher, the dead timber blazed and crackled and threw out a fearful heat, every twig and branch to the topmost heights blazed and flared. Earth and sea combined, as far as eye could reach, seemed one mass of universal flame, and surely Maui must inevitably perish.

But even in the darkest hour of man's misfortunes and troubles, when he is but too prone to abandon himself to despair, all may not be lost. The opposing element of fire is water, and Maui in his infinite distress called for it.

"O Tawhiri-ma-tea! O Whatitiri-matakataka!"—these were ancestors of Maui—"open now the flood-gates of thy heavens and let me have water—an abundance of water—sheets of water—to quench this flame which still unrelentingly pursues me. Give me water or I perish!"

Lo, the gods heard the beseeching appeal of Maui. Squalls and gales were sent to beat back the flames, then down came the rain in massive lasting torrents. The fire was quickly quenched. Maui soared away in safety, and so quickly was the change effected that it was only with the greatest diffi-

culty that Mahu-ika escaped perishing in the flood. Indeed, the screams and shrieks to which she gave vent in her terror far surpassed the sounds of fear which had emanated from Maui when closely pursued by fire.

In this way Mahu-ika was deprived of all her fire-resources, but—like the clever woman she was—realising the condition impending upon her, she had presence of mind at the last moment to throw a few remaining sparks into the kaiko-mako and a few other similar trees. These sparks, as all the world knows, lie latent in the wood, but they can be produced for fire whenever required by the children of men.

As has been already indicated, Maui never at any time was particularly beautiful to look at, and it can readily be believed that when he returned scorched with flame, drenched with rain, and pretty well scared with the dangers through which he had passed to his village, he was subjected to considerable chaff, more especially from his brothers Maui-pae and Maui-waho.

"Before you went I warned you," said his mother, "nevertheless you would play tricks with your ancestress. Why will you be guilty of such folly?"

"What you have suffered is no more than you deserve," said his father. "You should strive to behave better."

"O, what do I care!" responded Maui. "Do you think the course designed for me to follow is to be changed by any trifling misadventure? Certainly not. Believe me, I intend to go on in the future, for ever and ever, as I have done in the past."

"Then, O my son, you will just please yourself about living or dying," answered his father. "If you will attend to the counsel I give you you will save your life; but if you perversely follow your own devices evil will come of it. This is my last word."

At this time the home of Maui is said to have been on some rocks situated in the ocean on the west, or "in the sunset," a place easily identifiable on any good map.

Maui had a young sister, the fame of whose exceedingly beauty had at one time filled all the land.

> Her eyes' dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
> But gaze on that of the gazelle -
> It will assist your fancy well.

The charming Hinauri, however, married Irawaru, and as a consequence soon ceased to be a source of perturbation to the beaux of the country. One day it fell out that Maui and Irawaru went out to sea together to fish, but on this occasion the luck went dead against Maui. He could not get a bite, whilst Irawaru was hauling in fish by the score.

Now, probably—as every true fisher of fish knows—there is no position in all the manifold circumstances of life more heartbreaking—more keenly exasperating—more trying to the patience and temper—than this which Maui was doomed to experience. He employed all his arts, he exerted all his skill, but a fish he could not take. It is not alleged that he got into a temper, but the facts speak for themselves. Irawaru, realising that he had got another fish on his hook, in all haste started to pull in his line. Whether Maui had contrived it or otherwise there is no evidence to prove, but the lines of the fishers became entangled, and Maui—asserting that he also had caught a fish—started with great glee to haul in his line. As Maui was in the bow, whilst Irawaru was in the stern, the lines were pulled in different directions, which did not improve the tangled conditions.

"Let go my line!" angrily called Maui, "the fish is on my hook, and let me take it. I tell you, let go!"

"Nay, not so," answered Irawaru, "the fish is on my line."

"Come, let go your line!" cried Maui, "I have the fish on my hook."

Thereupon Irawaru good-naturedly slacked his line, and, the fish having been got into the canoe, it was discovered that it was caught by his hook, which was barbed and different from that of Maui's. Having been proved in the wrong did not help to soothe the irascibility of Maui, who at once proposed that they should give up fishing and return home.

"Very well, Maui," said Irawaru, "let us get back to land again if you wish it."

So back to the land they paddled and soon reached the shore. When just about to haul the canoe high up on the beach—

"Do you get under the outrigger and hoist it up with your back," said Maui.

The unsuspecting Irawaru immediately obeyed. No sooner, however, had he got under the outrigger than Maui jumped upon it and then drew the whole weight of the canoe down upon the form of his prostrate brother-in-law. The result of this violence was that the unfortunate Irawaru could not long survive. But it appears that no touch of mercy throbbed in the bosom of the ruthless Maui, who pitilessly heard the groans and watched the struggles of the dying man. When Irawaru was just about to expire, Maui, by the exercise of magical powers, drew out the backbone of Irawaru, lengthening it so as to form a tail, and then he transformed him into a dog.

Returning to the village, carrying himself as jauntily as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened, Hinauri, seeing him alone, ran forward.

"Where is Irawaru, where is your brother-in-law?" she cried.

"I left him at the canoe," said Maui.

"Why came you not home together?" pursued Hinauri.

"He sent me forward in order to tell you that he wishes you to go down to the canoe and help him to carry home the fish. You had better go, therefore, but if you do not see him, call loudly, and if he comes not, why, then call to him this way: 'Mo-i, mo-i, mo-i.' Then assuredly he will answer you."

As fast as she could go Hinauri ran to the beach, but nowhere did the form of her beloved husband meet her gaze. Backwards and forwards and roundabout she hurried calling his name, but answer had she none. Alas, never more would she behold that dear form. Then she remembered what Maui had said to her, and she called "Mo-i, mo-i, mo-i, mo-i, mo-i," and at once from out the bushes there ran to her a dog. It was Irawaru in this transformed condition. Recognising the voice of Hinauri, he emerged from out the scrub where he had been rushing about distractedly, and lying down at her feet howled piteously "Ao! ao! ao! ao-ao-o!" Hinauri stopped, patted him on the head, and stroked him, at which he seemed to manifest the greatest joy. The dog followed her back to the village, wagging his tail, gambolling, frisking about as if only too delighted to be in her company. Then Hinauri guessed that Maui had been playing one of his tricks, and that it was her husband that was following her in the embodiment of a dog.* As can be readily imagined, Hinauri became so overwhelmed with grief that she quite lost her reason. She reached the village, but could not tarry there long. Weeping, wailing, giving utterance to sounds expressive of the most poignant anguish, she wandered back to the sea, bearing with her an enchanted girdle, with evident design to cast herself into the ocean, a prey to the dragons and monsters of the deep. Upon some low rocks which projected far into the water she sat herself, incoherently repeating incantations, wildly calling upon her husband, and lamenting dolefully her sad and cruel fate. There she stayed until the rising tide caught her in its embraces and swept her away.

Leaving his residence in the west—the village where Irawaru and Hinauri had lived, having become irksome to him—Maui now returned to his parents and took up his abode with

* It is said that this dog was the progenitor of all the dogs in Polynesia; and if it was necessary to find an origin for the only quadruped the brown-skins had, except the rat, this legend affords as good a source as any that could be devised. The Maoris still call their dogs to them with the cry, "Mo-i, mo-i, mo-i."

them. Some considerable period had passed since Maui returned to the village of Makea-tu-tara when, as they were seated together, his father said to him, "I have heard from your mother, and from others too, O my son, that you are very brave, valiant, fearless; that in all the feats you have undertaken, whether great or small, whether in your own country or elsewhere, you have invariably succeeded; but now you are here in your father's country I fear you will at last be overcome."

"What mean you?" demanded Maui. "What thing is there I can be vanquished by? Show it me—I do not fear it."

"Your mother did prophesy that you should vanquish Death—that is, your great ancestress Hine-nui-te-po—who, you must acknowledge, is one of the most omnipotent powers of earth. See you yon tall tree? It must fall and melt away in rottenness. Behold yonder mountain! The winds gather up its loose sands and waft them away. The rains fall heavily and cut its sides into chasms and ravines. Masses of rock tumble from its slopes and slip into the valleys. Rivers are turned against it, and lo, it is carried to the sea. It must die and disappear. If you have eyes to see you may behold the handiwork of Hine-nui-te-po everywhere. You may see her flashing in the clouds; you may hear her rumbling in the bowels of the earth; all things succumb to her, and so must thou."

"Such thoughts are idle," said Maui. "If such an end must be, let us boldly face the problem—let us unravel the mystery and determine whether men shall continue to die, or for ever have life. I have conquered all things, and Hine-nui-te-po I shall destroy, as my mother hath said."

"O my son," replied Maui's father, "there hath been an omen evil for you and for us. You must know that when you were baptised, unwittingly I omitted to recite a portion of the fitting prayers. Had it not been for this dire mischance it might have been yours to go on through successive ages until time itself came to an end; but now I know—and you yourself should know—that this can never be. Hine-nui-te-po will claim you, as she claims all things."

"My great ancestress Hine-nui-te-po—what is she like—to what resembles she?" asked Maui.

"Yonder two fiery clouds that shine so brightly yellow might be taken for her eyes were they set with pupils of burnished jasper; like to masses of long sea-weed and ocean-tangle is her hair; like that of a barracouta is her mouth, arrayed with teeth as hard and sharp as rows of white volcanic glass; her figure partakes to that of a man, her arms being all-embracing; her feet—"

"Think you her strength is as great as that of Tama-nui-te-Ra?" interrupted Maui. "He consumed the earth and the seas with the fierceness of his fiery power. Was not the world formerly scorched and blistered by his burning rays and by the speed with which he came and disappeared? If, then, he had continued as in the days of his full strength and glory to travel as quickly as then he did, not a remnant of mankind nor any living thing would have been left to grace the earth—all would assuredly have perished. Yet laid I hold of Tama-nui-te-Ra, and now goes he slowly so that men may live and thrive in comfort. Behold, again and again I smote him! I split him open in many places, and the festering wounds I gave him may still be seen. Now goes he slow and throws upon the earth but little heat—weakened is he by the blows of my enchanted weapon. Then, too, found not I the sea much larger than the earth? but lo, by the power of the last-born of your children—even I, Maui-tiki-tiki-o-Taranga—from the mighty body of the sea part of the earth was drawn up and became dry land again. Who am I that I should fear Hine-nui-te-po?"

The conversation was continued in this vein for a long time, until at last Makea-tu-tara, seeing no hope of being able to dissuade his son from the enterprise upon which he had set his heart, brought his observations to a close with these words: "O my last-born and strength of mine age, what you have said may be very true, but still there is the omen of which I have told you. To my mind, whatever you may have accomplished in the past, it is fatal against this enterprise. But if, notwithstanding my counsels and my warnings, you will go—then be brave and address yourself to your task with boldness, which in this case is the truest policy. Go, O my son, and visit your great ancestress who, where the edge of the horizon meets the sky, now flashes so fiercely and ominously."

Shortly after this conversation with his father Maui set forth into the forest to find fitting companions willing to accompany him on his journey. He called to his aid the little robin and the big robin, the thrush and the yellow-hammer—in short, every kind of little bird he could think of. Even the little water-wagtail was not forgotten. These were the companions he chose, and at his call they came readily enough. In the evening, when all were assembled, a start was made for the dwelling of Hine-nui-te-po. They had not to go very far, as may be supposed, to find the goddess of death. Lo, they discovered her lying asleep. Very rarely does she sleep.

For a moment or so the hero surveyed the repulsive and terrible form of her he purposed to destroy. In order to slay

Death it seemed clear that no ordinary plan of attack was at all likely to be attended with success. Necessarily, the goddess of death was familiar with death, and with all the ways in which death could be accomplished; therefore, as against herself, some way altogether strange and unfamiliar must be discovered and put into operation. Ho! he had it; he would pass through her body! The task was revolting, it required an enormous ability, it was attended with a fearful risk, but the end to be attained overbore all other considerations, reducing them to the most trifling proportions. Maui was resolved.

Turning to his companions Maui said, "My little friends, the destruction of Death is of vital importance to all living things, therefore must it be of the deepest interest to you. It is now about to be attempted. When you behold me creep into the body of this wanton, abominable old chieftainess, do not laugh I pray you. Nay, nay, you must not laugh, I entreat you; such behaviour will be fatal alike to me and to your hopes in the hereafter. But when you see me safely emerging from her mouth, then indeed you may laugh if you please."

The birds were all terribly frightened at the awe-inspiring object upon which they gazed; but a little yellow-hammer mustered courage to pipe out, "O, sir, you will surely be killed."

"I certainly will if any of you laugh," replied Maui, but if I succeed in getting out of her mouth I shall live and Hine-nui-te-po shall die."

"Rely upon us," sang the birds; and the little yellow-hammer said, "Go on, brave sir, and may success attend you!"

Then Maui prepared to address himself to the most serious part of his undertaking. When he had divested himself of his clothes, it is said that his skin shone smooth and bright, and was mottled as beautifully as that of a mackerel. This was owing to his tattoo-marks, which had been cut by the skilful chisel of Uetongo, a well-known artist of the period. He twisted the strings of his weapon tightly round his wrist, and carefully proceeded to effect an entrance into the body of the old chieftainess.

The silence was profound; as the moments went by success seemed assured. The representatives of the bird creation seated on the surrounding trees remained as still as mice. It was a sore trial for them, but, screwing their tiny heads beneath their wings and twisting their little bills into queer forms and shapes, they sedulously strove to prevent an outbreak of that joyous hilarity to which, as all the world knows, they are prone. The crisis—the momentous moment sealing for ever the destruction of the destroyer—was reached; there

were visible signs that Maui had attained close to the mouth of the fell she-dragon and would shortly emerge triumphantly, when that fearfully indiscreet and most insignificant little creature the water-wagtail (tiwakawaka), unable longer to restrain her disposition to risibility, broke into a merry peal of laughter. Up jumped old Hine-nui-te-po staggeringly to her feet—for sickness had come upon her—instantly she pressed her hands tightly to her aching sides, and so Maui—the would-be assassin of the dark lady of death—fell a victim to his own temerity and the ridiculous cachination of a wretched little bird. This was the fateful end of Maui.

By one legend it is asserted that Maui, tired of his ugliness and covetous of the beauty of his wife Rohe, proposed at one time to change faces with her. To such a thing no beautiful woman, of course, could ever be expected to give assent, and Maui might have known it. He, however, insisted upon his desires in this respect being gratified, and meanly tried to achieve his point by an incantation. Rohe, preferring her beauty to her husband, thereupon took refuge in the underworld, and became a goddess of Po (Hades). Ever since, it is alleged, her home is in that division of the night-world known as Te Uranga-o-te-ra; but Rohe also rules in the earth-spheres known as Hikutoia and Poture. She has also, it is averred, acquired a painful habit of inflicting severe beatings upon the spirits of deceased mortals as they pass through her realms. Indeed, no one now cares to go near her.

Maui had many sons born to him, and a few of the emigrants from Hawa-iki to Aotea-roa claimed descent from him; but that is no great matter now to any one.

Thus ends the story of the heroic deeds of the son of Makea-tu-tara and Taranga; and 'twere pity should any reader remain dissatisfied.

THE LEGEND OF TAWHAKI.

THE far-famed Tawhaki was the son of Hema and Uru-tonga. He loved, wooed, won Hene-piri-piri, a celebrated beauty of her time, and his marriage with Hene-piri-piri gave to him four brothers-in-law. One day his brothers-in-law solicited the pleasure of his company on a fishing expedition, and, entirely unsuspicious of any contemplated evil, with a light heart Tawhaki went with them to the extremity of a flat reef that ran far out to sea. When they had fished for some time two of the brothers-in-law asserted that the sport was too slow; they were sick of it, and they announced their intention of going home.

"Come along, Tawhaki," cried one of them, "you too must be tired of it. Let us get out of this."

"All right, boys," cheerily answered Tawhaki, "I'm your man for anything."

So the three started homewards, chatting gaily about fish—a very favourite topic. When they drew near to the village in which their home lay, suddenly—and as if in accordance with a preconcerted plan—Tawhaki's brothers-in-law attacked him. Before he could guess anything of their purpose the victim of these murderous villains was stunned by a blow on the head, which brought him to the ground. The assault was then continued until it appeared that life had departed from Tawhaki. Believing him to be dead, the brothers-in-law drew the body into the bush, and with a quantity of loose earth and stones, together with some leafy branches of trees, buried it.

"Where is your brother-in-law—where is Tawhaki?" demanded Hene when she saw them enter the village.

"Oh, we left him fishing with the others," answered one of them.

"We got tired and so came home," remarked the other.

These replies seemed reasonable enough, and quite satisfied Hene. When, however, in the evening her other two brothers returned without Tawhaki she became anxious, and hastened to put the same question to them: "Where is your brother-in-law—where is Tawhaki?"

"Why, has he not come back? He left us to come home with the others long ago," came the surprising answer immediately.

Then the young wife suspected foul play. Her two brothers who had first returned had lied to her, and she knew they secretly cherished a bitter antipathy to her husband. Immediately she rushed along the track which led to the rocks; she found the place where evidently there had been a disturbance. She followed the traces left by the body when drawn to the place of concealment, and lo, there was her partially buried husband.

Upon a careful examination Hene found that, notwithstanding all the violence that had been used upon him, Tawhaki still had life. Running to a creek that flowed near by she procured some water, which she dashed upon his face, and then she proceeded to clean and hurriedly dress his wounds, which were many; but not one was fatal. Hene must have been uncommonly strong, but, even granting that she was, it remains a marvel how the feat was accomplished. The devoted wife contrived to get her husband upon her back, and in the darkness—for night had fallen—she carried him to his home. Laying him carefully on his mat, again were his

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wounds washed and the bleeding completely stanched, so that with her fond care and attention there could be little doubt of Tawhaki's ultimate recovery.

That Hene was indeed a marvel of human strength and extraordinary resolution there can scarcely be two opinions, for it is related that during the period of Tawhaki's convalescence one morning he said to her, "I feel a bit chill, and would like a good fire. Do, like a dear girl, fetch some wood and kindle one." Then, as she was about to leave the house, he added, half-jokingly, "If you should happen to see any tall tree growing near by, fell it and bring it with you."

Hene went, and presently she saw such a tree as answered her husband's description, so without more ado she felled it, got it upon her shoulder, and brought it home with her. It is amazing what the love of woman can accomplish. When Hene reached her home she did not chop the tree into small pieces, as was usual, but put the whole tree on the fire. It was owing to this circumstance that the name Wahieroa ("long log of wood for the fire") was bestowed upon her first son. Tawhaki, concluding that such a name would keep green in the breast of his first-born the memory of his father's wrongs and sufferings and his duty to avenge them, bestowed the name upon him.

Wholly recovered from his wounds, and gathering around him his own immediate followers and their families, Tawhaki thought it prudent to leave the place where dwelt his treacherous and murderous brothers-in-law. Perched high upon the summit of a lofty and precipitous table-mountain Tawhaki caused a strongly fortified *pa* to be built, where his people could easily defend themselves from the assaults of any foe, and there a firm establishment was made. When confident that the position of his people was perfectly secure, Tawhaki went alone to a place much higher up the mountain and entreated the gods to avenge his wrongs upon his relatives, the faithless people whom he had abandoned.

The gods heard the prayers of Tawhaki—they were conscious of the injuries which had been wrought wantonly upon him—and they hastened to comply with his desires. They opened the flood-gates of heaven, and in torrents the rain descended. Day after day did the waters increasingly fall, so that the earth was completely overwhelmed, and in the village where Tawhaki's brothers-in-law dwelt every living thing perished. The name given to this great tragedy was "The overwhelming of the Mataaho," the terrible deluge of which Tawhaki was the undoubted author, and a knowledge of which is still treasured deeply by tradition.

Now, it was a peculiar people known as the Ponaturi—a race of beings that generally lived under water, though, as a

matter of fact, they had a house called Manawa-tane upon land to which every night they resorted—that had slain Hema, the father of Tawhaki, carried away his body, and held still his mother in captivity. This they had been enabled to accomplish through the aid surreptitiously afforded them by Tamai-waho, whose place of residence in the heavens, it is well known, is cross-barred and faced with lattice-work. Tawhaki felt that the time had now arrived when it was incumbent upon him to avenge his father's death and to rescue his mother from the thraldom of the bestial crew that held her captive. Therefore, taking with him his younger brother, Karihi, he set out to find the Ponaturi. The way was long and difficult for travellers, but at length they reached a place from whence the Manawa-tane could easily be seen. This giving them great joy, they hastened on. It being daytime as they approached the house the whole race of the Ponaturi were away in their habitations under water; but sitting near the door of Manawa-tane Tawhaki and Karihi discovered their disconsolate mother. The bones of their father Hema, they knew, were hung up inside under the high sloping roof of the edifice.

Now, it will not occur to any one as at all singular that the brothers, when first they saw Manawa-tane, and whilst still a considerable distance away, should begin to repeat incantations and magical charms of a very powerful nature, for manifestly theirs was a very risky undertaking. Perhaps still less will it be thought surprising that the bones of Hema, hanging under the roof, should start jingling and jangling for joy as the brothers approached. Hema's bones apparently were subject to the occult influences engendered by the approach of kindred; as an appealing cry falls upon distant ears they felt the power breathed in the incantations, and, in sympathy with the intonations, they jangled for revenge.

Uru-tonga heard the sounds emanating from the bones, and she, too, was conscious of the magical influence of the incantations; the house and the whole surroundings seemed subject to some subtle charm—a potent spell inexplicable—so, without really knowing why, she sank upon the ground and wept for very gladness.

Presently the brothers reached Manawa-tane and discovered their mother. They knelt beside her, and they, too, wept. Oh, what joy there was in this meeting; mother and sons long parted again in each other's arms—but under what fateful circumstances! This was the thought that quickly occurred to old Uru-tonga when sufficient calmness had been attained.

"O my children!" she exclaimed, "you must get thee from this fearful place; you must haste away. The people who dwell here are a very fierce and desperate race, and for you to remain is certain death."

"Tell me, my mother," asked Karihi, "how long will the sun have descended when those you speak of will return to occupy this place?"

"When the sun hath disappeared beneath yonder line," answered Uru-tonga, turning, and with her finger pointing to where the blue waters of the ocean could be distinctly distinguished between two bold bluffs, "then will they return to Manawa-tane."

"Tell me, my mother, for what purpose did they save you alive?" inquired Karihi.

"That they might use me to watch for the coming of the dawn. Here at the door must I sit through the livelong night, watching for the first streaks of approaching day. For this reason it is they have named me 'Tatau,' or 'the door.' Sometimes, when they are restless, they keep on calling through the night, 'Ho there, Tatau! Is it yet dawn?' And if it be not dawn I answer, 'No, no; it is deep night—it is lasting night—you may sleep. Compose yourselves to slumber yet a little.'"

"But, mother," said Karihi, "surely we can hide ourselves somewhere; cannot we lie concealed?"

"'Twere wisest that you leave this place; you had best return," replied Uru-tonga. "Should you be here when they come back they will discover you by the scent of your bodies, and that were certain death. They would slay you instantly."

"Ah, there!" exclaimed Karihi, "we will hide ourselves up there in the thick thatch of the roof."

"Nay, that would be of no avail—they would surely find you there," answered his mother. "Return, I beg of you."

"Not so, mother," persisted Karihi, "we will hide ourselves in the roof of Manawa-tane. Knowest thou not that by means of incantations we can render ourselves invisible? In the roof will we conceal ourselves."

Finding it was useless to attempt further to change the mind of Karihi, Uru-tonga gave a reluctant consent to her sons remaining. Both of them then climbed to the ridge-pole of the house, and, parting the layers of reeds that formed the thick body of thatch, they made holes, into which they slipped, pulling the rushes over themselves carefully so as to show from the outside as little sign of disturbance as possible. Indeed, so neatly was this performance accomplished, it might almost be said that the most keen-eyed would never suspect the existence of two men in such a place.*

*Possessing the power to render themselves invisible, it may be thought strange that Tawhaki and Karihi should find it necessary to hide themselves in the roof; but in all ages and with regard to any event there are sure to be people given to the putting forward of captious and hypercritical objections.

"When it draws near to the dawn," said Uru-tonga, loud enough for them to hear, "you must come down from your hiding, for there is much to be done. You will have to stop every chink, every hole, every nook and cranny in the place."

The sun sank beneath the line of the horizon and the day was done. Then in a body the whole of that strange amphibian race, the Ponaturi, emerged from the water and scampered like demons along the beach. Having enjoyed this exercise for a few minutes they then streamed towards Manawa-tane, their resting-place when on land. As was their usual custom, one huge creature led the way, prying and sniffing for any source of danger that might seem to threaten his followers, who, however, grown careless through long immunity, did not seem to attach the least importance to his performances. It must be confessed that, as tumultuously they came crowding along, laughing, joking, and very sportive, they seemed rather a good-humoured lot; one would scarcely take them for the cruel, merciless, foul creatures which they undoubtedly were.

When the great amphibian in advance approached the house he immediately became aware, through the scent, that strangers had been—or actually were—present, for he at once, in the most vigorous fashion, started to sniff, sniff, all round the place. He was just upon the point of discovering Tawhaki and Karihi when along came the crowd of his followers, and they swarmed into the house and about the house in such a reckless, boisterous manner that their denseness and their foulness combined quite overwhelmed the scent of the strangers, so that it was lost. Headlong in their thousands the seething Ponaturi plunged into their dwelling, casting themselves hither and thither on the floor, huddling and settling themselves in the situations which each thought most convenient and comfortable, and soon all were fast asleep. In Manawa-tane, lately such a scene of noise and confusion, silence reigned.

At midnight there was movement on a portion of the roof of Manawa-tane, but not the faintest whisper of a sound. Slowly and gently the thatch was lifted and pushed aside, and two dark figures appeared. Their lives depended upon their perfect noiselessness, yet they must act. It seemed an age of carefulness before they reached the ground; but at last it was attained, and they were able to stand upright. Then, like ghostly shadows, they stole to the door, where, out of obscurity, a third figure arose to meet them.

"In which way do you think it best for us to kill these people?" whispered Karihi. "Have you thought out a plan whereby we can destroy them?"

"Aye," whispered back Uru-tonga. "They must all be slain at one stroke. You could not kill them all individually. The sun must be your weapon."

Suddenly the whispered conference was broken in upon by the harsh voice of an old Ponaturi from within the dwelling. It gave the dark figures a start. "Ho, Tatau, Tatau there! Tell me, is it yet dawn?"

"No, no; it is still dark. It is night; still, deep, lasting night," responded Uru-tonga. "Thou canst not have slept."

The whispered conversation between the figures was resumed; Uru-tonga unfolded her plan of operations, and it was immediately adopted. The period for action had at length arrived.

"See that every chink in window and doorway is stopped. Go round the house and be sure you close up every hole, or crack, or join through which it seems probable a beam of light might penetrate. No ray must find an entrance into Manawa-tane if we would live," said Uru-tonga.

Silently and obediently Tawhaki and Karihi entered upon this task. Never having been in the house, they knew not where the cracks and joins requiring attention were, and so they spent much time in closing seeming apertures unnecessarily. Uru-tonga was obliged to remain by the door.

"Ho, Tatau there! is it not yet near unto dawn?" called another old creature of the Ponaturi.

"No, no," answered Uru-tonga, "it is still deep, black, fathomless, unutterable night. Many hours have you yet to sleep. Sleep on, sleep on!"

Over the hill rose the sun, covering the hills, clad with softly waving foliage, with its shining golden glory. Then a great fear fell upon the hearts of watcher and busy workers alike—a fear of the birds! The noisy choristers of the forest glades—would they not betray them with a song? This was what they had not hitherto thought of; but, fortunately, when they did think of it the sun had risen sufficiently to insure their success.

"Ho, Tatau there! surely it must be dawn?" cried the old Ponaturi again.

"Aye, dawn it is," exclaimed Uru-tonga as she pushed the door open, at the same time signalling to Tawhaki and Karihi to pull out all their plugs and stoppings from joins and cracks. "Be quick, quick," she called, "pull everything from the window, fill the place with light."

The effect of the sun's rays upon the Ponaturi was as if they had been suddenly transfixed with spears. For a few moments they writhed and wriggled, but soon all were dead. The appearance of the interior of Manawa-tane was most hor-

rible, the dead amphibians lying in all sorts of extravagantly distorted positions, in some lying heaped one upon another, whilst the stench was most revolting.

Having secured the bones of his revered father from where they hung under the roof, Tawhaki set fire to Manawa-tane, so that the bodies of the Ponaturi, as well as the house, might be consumed utterly. Having obtained the bones of Hema, having rescued their mother from an odious captivity, having avenged themselves on their hateful enemies, Tawhaki and Karihi, taking Uru-tonga with them, returned to their own country.

Now, it was scarcely to be expected that the fame of such heroic performances should not spread abroad. Spread abroad they did. As a matter of fact, it can hardly fail to have been observed that Karihi had quite as much to do with what had been achieved as Tawhaki; but, besides being the elder and therefore naturally credited with the leadership, Tawhaki was fortunate in being endowed with a more than ordinarily large share of manly beauty; indeed, if all that is said of him may be believed, the gracefulness of his physical proportions was as near to perfection as it is possible for the mind of man—or of woman—to conceive. Given, then, leadership and a reputation for beauty, it is not surprising that the whole merit of the Ponaturi accomplishment should go to Tawhaki. As has been said, the fame of his deeds spread far and wide, and, penetrating to heaven, created a marvellous sensation even in that unlooked-for quarter. It is stated as a fact that, for a time at least, the doings and the graces of Tawhaki constituted a stock topic for all the gossips inhabiting the heavenly spheres.

Tango-tango,* a beauteous maiden of most indubitable lineage, residing above the skies, was much moved when first the deeds of the hero—no doubt greatly magnified—and his personal fascinations were related to her wondering ears. Again and again, with a hungering heart and a greedy absorbed attention, did Tango-tango listen to the wondrous tale, with every repetition growing more and more infatuated. She found out the gossip who could best the thrilling story of Tawhaki's feats deliver, and for this gossip would she run messages and perform all sorts of odd jobs—nay, she was not above bribing of her with liberal promises of especial favour in the future to be shown—all for the pleasure of listening to a few words about the hero. Tango-tango's passion developing beyond all reasonable bounds, she at length one night, with a wildly palpitating heart, descended to earth. She found Tawhaki. When first she discovered him he was asleep, and as he lay he seemed to her wondering eyes more—much more

* According to another version of the legend her name was Hapai.

—beautiful than anything ever seen in heaven or imagined by dreaming maid on earth. Long she gazed upon the slumbering unconscious form, becoming more and more entranced. Then laid she herself down beside him, and gently drew his noble head to her throbbing breast. But she disturbed the hero. Tawhaki, still half asleep, apparently arrived at the conclusion that it was only some common Hawaikian girl that had drawn near to him—a matter of no particular moment—and so, turning over on his other side, composed himself to more profound slumber again. Before the early beams of morn illumined the sky Tango-tango stole back to heaven—never more to be the same heaven to her—to ruminate upon the events of that fateful night. Tawhaki, awaking, with both hands spread out sought all over his sleeping-place for her that had been near him in the night, but no lovely Hawaikian could he find, a circumstance which no doubt surprised him much.

That night again did Tango-tango seek the side of Tawhaki, and for many a night after, until, lo, the heavenly maid discovered that there were consequences attaching to the indulgence of such supreme felicity. Then, indeed, it became absolutely necessary to arrive at an understanding. Tango-tango disclosed herself, her divinity, and her condition to Tawhaki, and, full of an absorbing love for her hero, she resolved to abandon her home and her friends in heaven and dwell in this mad world with him alone.

Tango-tango became, of course, Tawhaki's second wife. Of the faithful Hene-piri-piri, who literally rescued Tawhaki from the grave, the legend takes no further notice. Not improbably, having gone to heaven, she was the identical gossip who could so well recite to Tango-tango the story of the brave deeds of her former spouse.

"O Tawhaki," one day exclaimed Tango-tango, "if our baby so shortly now to be born prove a son, I will wash the little thing before it is baptized; but if it be a little girl that comes to us, then shall you wash it."

Now, it was all through this precious baby that a quarrel—the first and only one—arose between the loving and happy pair. The newcomer proved to be a little girl, and when the time came Tawhaki took it to a spring to wash it, as his wife had planned. Holding the helpless infant away from him as if it was obnoxious, Tawhaki was impelled to say something that only an impatient, disappointed, thoughtless man would utter. No doubt he was sorry he had used such language immediately the words escaped him, but the mischief had been wrought. When she heard what had been said of her child Tango-tango wept long and bitterly. At length, when her tears were exhausted, she arose and, clasping her babe to

her bosom, began her ascent to the spheres beyond the skies. No longer would she live with Tawhaki. For a few moments, however, she paused with a foot resting lightly upon the head of the carved figure at the end of the ridge-pole of the house, as if she fain would take one long, last look at the scene of former happiness, and it was then that Tawhaki rushed forward to stay her. He made a great spring to catch hold of his beloved wife, but he just failed to reach to her.

"O Tango-tango, be not angry with Tawhaki! O, mother of my child, return, I implore you, to me!" he wildly cried.

"No, no," said his wife. "Tawhaki, I shall never return to you again."

"At least, then, leave to me some one remembrance of you —some token of the fond love that once you bore me," wailed the despairing husband.

"These are my last words, and bear them well in mind; they are my farewell of remembrance, Tawhaki, to be borne in your heart for ever: Take care that with your hands you lay not hold of the loose creeper which, dropping from aloft, sways to and fro in the air. It is an idle thing. Rather do you lay fast hold of the creeper which, hanging down from on high, has again struck its fibres into the earth."

Now, it cannot be affirmed that in words like these there was much of consolation to be found for a suddenly bereaved husband, but such it appears was all that Tango-tango had to bestow. No sooner had she uttered the mystical sentences than Tango-tango, rising gracefully, floated away towards the clouds and gradually disappeared. Steeped in grief and remorse Tawhaki remained for very many days. He shunned the society of his fellow-man; his home was desolate. No doubt in his sorrow he bitterly reflected that it would have been better to have mated with one more earthly, for surely no female creature out of heaven could, for so trivial a reason, have so ruthlessly abandoned the husband that so fondly loved her.

One moon having passed, Tawhaki, finding existence without Tango-tango perfectly intolerable, called to Karihi, "O my brother, I am unable to endure the pangs of separation from my beloved longer. In this place there is now no rest for me. Say, wilt thou go with me in search for my wife and my child?"

"Aye, that will I," responded Karihi promptly. "Tawhaki, I will go with thee to the uttermost ends of the earth, or, if necessary, to the regions beyond the earth—if we can possibly get there."

The matter of a search being thus definitely settled, and all preparations for a long journey having been properly attended to, taking two slaves with them as companions, the brothers set out upon their travels. When they neared

Tongameha, a fortified place situated on a high cliff where dwelt a notorious wizard, Tawhaki gave strict instructions to the slaves to beware they did not cast their eyes upwards at the fortress, for should they do so, being unconsecrated and unclean, evil would surely befall them. In defiance of this warning, however, when passing Tongameha, one of the slaves did glance upwards, and immediately, by the magical arts of the wizard, his eyes were torn from their sockets, so that he perished. This was a sad experience, but it serves to show the folly of disregarding the injunctions of the wise.

After much weary journeying and many adventures Tawhaki and Karihi at length reached a place where, behold, a long tangle of spiry tendrils fell from heaven to earth. The brothers gazed at it in amazement, for, it can be well believed, never had they seen such a thing before. Here, at the foot of the tendrils, they discovered an aged female whose name was Mata-kerepo. It speedily transpired that she was an ancestress of theirs, and, strange as it may seem, although she was quite blind, she was appointed to look after the tendrils. She sat where they touched the ground and held the ends of them in her hands.

When first Tawhaki and Karihi stole quietly upon her the old lady was busily engaged in counting some taro-roots. Of course she was unconscious of the presence of strangers. Mata-kerepo counted the roots—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—the tenth she could not find, for Tawhaki had slipped it away; he had abstracted it.

"Dear me! that is very strange," the old lady muttered, her hands nervously seeking all round, "there were ten when I counted them last."

Thinking she had made a mistake Mata-kerepo started to count her roots again: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—Ho! where has the ninth gone?" Tawhaki had removed another root.

"I should have ten roots, and now it appears I have only eight. Dear me! I must be growing very stupid not to be able to count my roots."

So again she started counting, this time very slowly and taking particular care, but she could not find more than eight. Then it flashed upon her that some one was near playing tricks. Jumping angrily to her feet, she picked up her weapon—she always sat upon it to keep it safe and have it handy—and with many vigorous strokes she swept the space in front of her; but, anticipating this action, Tawhaki and Karihi had crouched close to the ground, so that her blows passed over them, doing no harm. Upon this failure to inflict punishment Mata-kerepo sat down again upon her weapon lest some rogue should steal it.

Then Karihi, noiselessly approaching, struck the old lady on the face. Then again she sprang to her feet—this time she was frightened—and threw her hands where the blow had been inflicted, crying, "Tell me who did that? He was a wretch indeed to strike a harmless poor old woman. Who was it—tell, tell me?"

"No wretch," said Tawhaki, "and it was not done to harm. O Mata-kerepo, he who struck you is a relative of yours, and would do anything he could to serve you."

"How am I to know that," sharply replied Mata-kerepo; "I that have been blind this many years?"

"It was not I that struck you," said Tawhaki, "but I too would serve you if you would let me try."

"Your voice is soft, you speak gently. I do not mind your trying. Mayhap you could find my missing taro-roots for me if you tried hard?"

"I could do much more than that for you," said Tawhaki.

"Much more—how much more?"

"I could enable you to find the taro-roots for yourself," answered Tawhaki, "and satisfy yourself, too, that we are relatives of yours."

"You try, then," said Mata-kerepo, "and if you succeed I will forgive you the blow I have received."

Tawhaki then advancing repeated an incantation, and, lightly touching both her eyes with his finger-tips, she at once received her sight. Mata-kerepo recognised her grandchildren —for such they were—immediately, and wept over them for joy and gladness.

When all the excitement consequent upon this miraculous restoration and this strange meeting had subsided, Mata-kerepo inquired, "Whither goest thou?"

"I go," answered Tawhaki, "seeking my little girl baby."

"And pray, in what part of the country think you she is?" asked Mata-kerepo.

"In no part of the country," replied Tawhaki.

"That is strange," murmured Mata-kerepo; "yet it is about the country you wander seeking her."

"She is above there in the skies," said Tawhaki.

"Ah, in the skies! And what, pray, made her go to the skies?" demanded Mata-kerepo.

"Her mother, my beloved wife, was the daughter of Watitiri-mata-kataka, and she came from that heaven, to which she has since returned." And Tawhaki went on to recite to his venerable grandmother a full account of his matrimonial experiences, beginning, of course, with Tango-tango; at the conclusion of which Mata-kerepo, pointing to the tendrils, exclaimed,

"There, Tawhaki, lies your road; up there must you go, for it is the road to heaven. Steep it is and hard to climb, but in the land above you will find Tango-tango and your sweet little babe Arahuta. But for that it is now too late in the day; do not begin your ascent until the morrow; early in the morning you may climb."

Mata-kerepo added these last words because, at the first hint of what should be his future course, Tawhaki had manifested a disposition to impetuously hurry off.

Mata-kerepo then led her grandsons to her house and produced some food, which Tawhaki ordered his slave to cook. After the meal, mats having been provided for the visitors, they took their much-needed rest after an eventful and very fortunate day.

As soon as the first streaks of morn began to find their way across the sky Tawhaki aroused his slave.

"Haste thee to cook some food for us," he cried; "we will need all our strength for this day's great journey."

The meal, of which all partook heartily, being finished, Tawhaki led his slave before Mata-kerepo and made a present of him to her, in acknowledgment of her great kindness and hospitality.

"With pleasure I accept this slave," she said, "because no doubt in the time to come he will be of great service to me, my strength not being what it has been in the years gone by; but for bestowing upon me the priceless blessing of my sight restored there is nothing that I could do that would be adequate in repayment.

Then, leading the way to the tangle of tendrils, she said, "O, Tawhaki and Karihi, my dear grandsons, there lies your way. Lay ye fast hold of the spiral cords and climb bravely on; but when you have gotten midway between the heaven and earth take ye care that you cast not your eyes upon this lower world again, lest, becoming subject to some charm, you grow giddy and fall. Let your thoughts follow your eyes upward — upward — ever upward. Tawhaki, I need not say these words to you, for well I know your thoughts are ever with your dear wife and child in that heaven to which soon you will attain. Take ye care also that by mistake you lay not hold of anything that is loose; rather be sure you firmly grasp that which, coming from heaven, has strongly struck root upon earth."

Then flashed upon the mind of Tawhaki the full meaning of the words which had been left to him by Tango-tango as remembrance: "Take care that with your hands you lay not hold of the loose creeper which, dropping from aloft, sways to and fro in the air." The fact that the same words should fall from the lips of his grandmother impressed him powerfully.

Then, when Mata-kerepo had concluded, a strange and most exciting thing happened. Heedless of the warning words she had just uttered, Karihi, in an impulsive way, rushed eagerly forward and grasped one of the tendrils. It was loose. Instantly he was swung to the very edge of the horizon—any one curious in this matter can see for himself the place at this day. It is hard to tell what might not have happened to Karihi then, but fortunately at that moment of extreme peril he was caught by a blast of wind and whirled to the other side of the skies. By "the other side" will be understood the far side; but of course there was little chance of Karihi getting into heaven in any such illegitimate kind of way. The keen apprehensions that filled the breast of Tawhaki when he witnessed this sudden flight and disappearance may be imagined. Naturally, he gave his brother up for lost, and began to entertain grave doubts of the wisdom of trusting his own noble person to such an extremely dangerous highway of communication. No one will blame him in the circumstances if there was such momentary weakness, which is not here affirmed. However, just when Karihi had reached beyond the clouds the strong land-wind which had carried him heavenwards changed, and by sudden gusts of air he was thrust back to earth again. Just as he was in danger of destruction through being violently dashed upon the ground Tawhaki shouted to him, "Now Karihi, jump! Let go your hands and jump—jump!"

Karihi heard his brother, and, letting go his hold of the treacherous spiral, did jump, and happily alighted on his feet safely.

"O Karihi!" exclaimed Tawhaki.

"O Tawhaki!" cried Karihi.

And both wept with joy at such an exceedingly happy deliverance. But, as readily can be supposed, Tawhaki's confidence in his brother was gone. Clearly, after such an experience Karihi was no longer fit to be trusted. It was impossible to predict into what extraordinary difficulties his proved rashness and indiscretion might not plunge them. Therefore, in the kindliest manner, with every due consideration for his feelings, Tawhaki suggested that he was sure the family estates, wives, plantations, and things in their own country needed some one to look after them, and, next to himself, there was no one he knew of so capable for the adequate performance of such a duty as Karihi, and it would probably prove more profitable for both if he went home again.

Karihi, it can scarcely fail to have been observed, was in all respects a model brother. He was ready to suffer unspeakable agonies—to die if necessary—for Tawhaki; nevertheless, he did confess that during the past two or three days

several things had occurred to him as requiring attention at home, but at the time he had not thought it judicious to disturb the equanimity of his brother by referring to them. He admitted, too, that wholly unexpected and very rapid transmission through space until even the golden gates of heaven were reached did not quite agree with his nervous system. Finally he placed himself unreservedly at Tawhaki's disposal; he, as chief, should decide what was best. Tawhaki, without any pretence of further consideration, concluded that it would be better for Karihi to return, so he might feel assured that the fishing-grounds, the plantations, the wives, children, and dependents were being properly attended to.

The parting of Tawhaki, Mata-kerepo, and Karihi was most affecting and touching, but at length the latter, having gathered his mats and his weapons about him, hastily started along the path which led to his home. Long Tawhaki and his grandmother watched Karihi's retiring figure growing smaller and smaller as distance was attained, until at last, a mere speck, it disappeared over a far-away hill. Then, having embraced Mata-kerepo and bidden her a fond good-bye, Tawhaki addressed himself to the marvellous task of scaling the ethereal skies through the frail mediumship of an extended mass of tangled vegetation. Behold him now ascending, clutching here and grasping there, using feet and hands alike, swung by the unceremonious, ever-passing breeze, breathing now a prayer, now muttering an incantation, his eyes ever turned aloft scanning the way he must go—brave, heroic, sublime!—old Mata-kerepo at the foot of the highway, shouting directions and warnings from below. But soon Tawhaki is beyond the sound of her voice; a little later he is lost to her gaze; presently he is swinging midway between heaven and earth.

Lo, here Tawhaki encounters Tuna, the son of Manga-wairoa, who is descending worldwards. Tuna had slain two of the sons of Maui, and in turn had met his death at the hands of that redoubtable and accomplished hero. No mention of this fact is to be found in the records dealing particularly with the deeds of Maui, but no importance need be attached to this omission, because the performances of the versatile Maui were so numerous that many trifling details, such as the vengeance he wreaked upon the slayer of his sons, had necessarily to be cut out from the place where they should properly have appeared.

During the few minutes' conversation which took place above the clouds Tuna informed Tawhaki that in the celestial spheres a very terrible drought was prevailing, and it was in consequence of that dry fact he was then engaged in finding his way to earth. From the centre of Tuna's forehead Kawa

and Marae-nui hung like veils, but Tawhaki had no difficulty in recognising him nevertheless.

When at length Tawhaki scrambled into heaven it does not appear that he was much surprised to find that it did not differ much in appearance from the world he had left. Shining rivers—very much attenuated, no doubt, on account of the drought—flowed to the sea; sparkling rivulets and streams meandered to the rivers; the grass looked yellow and parched; there were tall forest trees—totara, pine, and matai—with undergrowth in which he recognised the puriri and karaka; birds with which he was familiar flew about or carolled in the sky, which was cerulean blue and cloudless. Nevertheless, it was impossible for Tawhaki to fail to realise that heaven was really a lovely place, even though the climate might be rather warm. The sun was terribly sunny.

Although in an entirely new and strange sphere where he had little to apprehend, Tawhaki, for adequate reasons of his own, held it most judicious to disguise himself. This he completely achieved by transforming his handsome form and noble presence into the semblance of a very ugly old man. This accomplished, after wandering about uncertainly for some time he found a track and made up his mind to follow it wherever it might lead. Presently he entered a forest, and, pursuing his way with careful, cautious eye, lo, he came upon his brothers-in-law, who, out of the trunk of a tree they had felled, were busily occupied in shaping a canoe. There were a number of people with them engaged upon the work, but Tawhaki knew his brothers-in-law at a glance. He went boldly on.

"What an ugly old wretch!" exclaimed one, pausing in his work and leaning on his axe, which he rested on the fallen tree.

"Never mind," said another, "he will make a very convenient slave for us; we can find a use for him."

"He will do to frighten children when they cry," observed a third.

When he had approached near to them, Tawhaki sat down carelessly and watched them in their operations at canoe-making. Knowing as he did all about that kind of work, he observed them critically.

The shades of evening coming on apace, the time approached when the labour of the day should cease, and presently the workmen threw their axes in a heap on the ground, resumed their mats, and prepared to go home.

"Ho, you there!" called one of the brothers-in-law to the seeming old man, "you there, old fellow, just pick up those heavy axes for us and bring them along to the village."

"It's a nice little job for a worthless old fellow like you," cried another.

"You go on, then, in front," replied Tawhaki, as he began to pick up the axes. "As you see, the axes are many and heavy; I am old and infirm, so cannot travel fast. You go on and I will come after."

So the workmen started for home, the old man with his burden dragging behind. As soon, however, as the bend in the winding path that led through the forest had hidden the crowd of workmen in advance of him from his view, there was a sudden change in the demeanour of that decrepit old man. Dropping the bundle of tools under some bushes, he hurried, with quite amazing speed, to that part of the forest where the men had been working, recited a powerful incantation, ran the edge of the one axe he had brought back with him along one side of the canoe and then along the other side, and lo, the work was completed. The canoe lay there perfectly finished, and quite beautiful in every part. Tawhaki gazed at it with satisfaction, and then, turning, ran back once more along the path, picked up his bundle of tools, and went wearily on with them to the village.

Strictly maintaining his character as an infirm old man, Tawhaki went hirpling and swaying under his load into the village. The village he found fortified with high and strong palisading. Just as he came to the entrance two women, who had been engaged in the work of gathering firewood, saw him.

"Ho, ho!" cried one, "did ever you see such an ugly old fellow?"

"No," said the other, "I never, never did."

"Never mind," said the first speaker, "he is good enough to be our slave, ugly as he may be."

"Very well," said the other, "if he is to be our slave make him carry home our firewood."

"No, you make him carry home the firewood."

What threatened to develop into a serious dispute between the women was here compromised by their agreeing to unite in compelling the old man to carry their firewood; so, getting hold of him one on each side, they pulled him along to where their firewood lay and piled it up on his back. Thus, in addition to his heavy burden of axes, the old man—taken by slaves for a slave—had a load of wood to carry. Oh, some women are mighty tender-hearted and most considerate! Behold Tawhaki, the mighty and indomitable chief, treated by wanton female slaves like to a beast of burden! But he heeded not, he cared not; staggering under his double load he went bravely along into the village.

But, after all, this indignity is as nothing to what some men will endure for the love of a foolish, fitful woman. When Tawhaki and the two female slaves reached the centre of the village, lo, there with a number of other women was Tango-

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

A Young Maori Chief.

"Come along, old fellow," cried one of Tawhaki's brothers-in-law, "gather up the tools and bring them home. Look sharp about it."

"Yes, yes," replied Tawhaki, "I'll be quick."

Nevertheless, while seemingly busy, Tawhaki contrived to dally so that all the workmen were well on their way before he had started to return to the village with the tools. Once or twice they stopped and looked back, but always they saw him trudging along wearily with his load. No sooner, however, were they fairly out of sight than down went the tools under a bush, and away ran Tawhaki back to the scene of operations in the forest. Again was the powerful incantation recited, the enchanted axe was passed over one side of the unfinished canoe and again over the other side, and again, lo, the work was completely finished. Then Tawhaki darted back to where he had left the tools, picked them up, and resumed his journey toilsomely home.

Upon entering the village, behold, there was Tango-tango seated by her fire as before, and again, as before, unheeding the cries of the careless, thoughtless people, Tawhaki went straight to where she sat and took a place before her, the red flame glowing between them. Much the people marvelled at his audacity, but their behaviour affected him not at all.

In the morning Tawhaki was again roughly aroused by one of his noisy brothers-in-law, who savagely ordered him to get up and carry the adzes and axes to the forest. Tawhaki obeyed, patiently toiling along the path like any ordinary slave. If the astonishment of the people had been great when the previous morning they had found their first canoe finished, what could they think when they beheld the second completed? For a time the power of speech left them, and when it returned they gabbled round and about the canoes like so many lunatics. Then, recovering some small portion of their sense, they disputed about the comparative merits of the two canoes, the general opinion being that the second was even more perfectly finished than the first one. Speedily it occurred to them that at this rate of progression they would soon have a fine fleet, and that thought set them all in good humour. All they had to do, apparently, was to select a big sound tree, chop it roughly into shape, turn their backs upon it for an hour or two, and lo, through the aid of some good spirit, when next they saw it it would be a finished work. Inflated with this idea they selected and felled another fine large tree, and they worked away steadily shaping it till the shades of evening began to fall. Then, the labour of the day over, they all began to troop home again, the old man with the axes lagging as usual some distance behind them. Presently, however, he drew up quite close.

"I wonder," said one, "whether we will have the good luck to find this third canoe finished for us in the morning?"

"Oh, no doubt about it," said another, "and assuredly it will be still better finished than the other two."

"No, that can hardly be," replied the first speaker, "seeing that the others are so perfect."

"I wonder how it can be that the canoes are so quickly and beautifully finished in our absence," said a little man who had not previously spoken.

"Ta-whiri-ma-tea has been working for us, no doubt," said the first speaker, a great big hulking fellow who was one of Tawhaki's brothers-in-law.

"But," said the second speaker, "not Ta-whiri-ma-tea, nor any other of the gods, would have accomplished this thing had not their assistance been invoked."

"That is true," affirmed the perky little man; "there must be some great chief or some wizard at the bottom of it. He it is who has been invoking the gods."

"You are right, Poko, as you usually are," said the second speaker; "but who can this great chief or this wizard be? See you not that we have left the trees rough-hewn in the forest and no one has gone near them in our absence."

"That may be as you think," replied Poko; "but the facts speak for themselves. The work could only have been done by enchantment, and there must have been some one to procure the assistance of the gods in order to work that enchantment."

"Certainly," sententiously remarked Tawhaki's brother-in-law, "there must have been some one."

"I propose that we three steal away through the bushes back again and watch. If the great chief comes, then we shall surely see him."

"That is the most sensible thing you have said for a month," said Poko.

"Agreed," exclaimed Tawhaki's big brother-in-law.

So the three men, who at the time had all the crowd of workmen marching in front of them, availed themselves of an opportunity to slip away into the bushes, and silently and stealthily they crept back to a position which commanded a clear view of the tree upon which they had recently been at work. Here, although at first they saw no one, they patiently awaited the development of events.

As has been said, Tawhaki, shortly after starting on the way home, had drawn up closer to the crowd of workmen, and when this conversation between the three men took place he was so near to them that he overheard every word of it. Probably, too, if conscious of his proximity, they were indifferent about him, regarding him as an old man from whom

all vigour had departed, and of no consideration whatever as a slave. No sooner, then, did they turn to the right and disappear amongst the bushes than Tawhaki wheeled to the left and disappeared amongst the bushes also. Betaking himself to a lonely, dark, and silent part of the forest, he uttered an incantation, and so transformed himself back into his own true and proper appearance—that of a handsome, noble, commanding young chief. Coming boldly forth, himself again, Tawhaki crossed the path, and, approaching the third canoe where it lay unfinished, he drew forth his axe and seemed to set to work to finish it. Then a suspicion of the truth flashed upon the minds of the three watchers. The only being that had been between them and the canoes before they had started to come back was the infirm old man, and this must surely be he in another form. It could be no one else.

"Yes," exclaimed Poko, "there can be no doubt about it. This great chief whom we now behold can be no other than that old man who, in our folly, we have taken for a slave."

"But I can't say I see the least resemblance," dubiously answered Tawhaki's brother-in-law.

"Dolt—perverse, ignorant dolt!" cried the little man, "can't you understand that the man who has the power by enchantment to change a fallen tree into a beautiful canoe must needs have the power to be able to change himself?"

Not being able to find an immediate answer to Poko, Tawhaki's brother-in-law confined himself to weakly inquiring, "But who can this great chief be? I never saw him before."

"That we can easily find out by going forth and asking him," replied Poko.

But both his companions demurred to the adoption of this course. Sensible of the indignities they had heaped upon the old man, they were fearful that if they went to him now in his youth, beauty, and power he might revenge himself by changing them into something very different from what they were. The contingency was too fearful to be faced.

"Fools!" cried Poko, "don't you see that, having the power, he might have done that at any time? However, as you will not go up to him, the next best thing to do is to go back to the village and make inquiries there."

This suggestion suited the nature of his companions perfectly, so they stole away from under the bushes where they had been hiding and hurried back to the village. Arrived there they related to wondering ears the sight they had witnessed in the forest, and they asked strange questions of every one, but failed to obtain the slightest information of any value as tending to an elucidation of the mystery. They were about to give up their task in despair when they beheld

Tango-tango approaching with her babe, Arahuta, in her arms. To her the marvellous tale of the disappearance of the old man and the appearance of a young, beautiful, dignified chief whom nobody knew was told, but Tango-tango neither evinced surprise, interest, or concern.

At last Poko said, "Will you tell to us what was like the father of your babe—the husband that you left upon earth?"

"Oh, willingly," answered Tango-tango; and forthwith she recited to them a full, particular, and true account of the personal appearance of Tawhaki. There could be no doubt about it then; it was a verbal photograph she had given them, and the identification was complete. Tawhaki was in heaven!

In the meantime the hero, whilst working in the forest, had been keenly casting his eyes about for a sight of the three men who he knew had gone to watch what took place at the canoe they had been shaping, and presently he was able to distinguish them lying under a bush. So, too, he noticed that they had departed, and he guessed that they had gone back to the village. Then went he back to the silent, dark place in the forest, and by means of an incantation once more transformed himself into the ugly old man familiar now to the eyes of the villagers, and, taking up his tools, walked slowly homeward as formerly.

Tango-tango, Poko, and the others had just concluded giving utterance to their loud cries of astonishment and gratification at the discovery they had made, subsiding, as was natural, into a calmer mood, when lo, they beheld the ugly old man with heavy steps slowly approaching. Tango-tango became overwhelmed with emotion, every muscle of her body quivered, her heart thrilled. She took two steps forward, but recoiled at the sight of such an abominably ugly old creature. It will be remembered that she had always a high appreciation of the beautiful, and was credited with the possession of great good taste. Nearer the old man came.

"Tell me, tell me who you are," cried Tango-tango, her hands clasped, her bosom palpitating, her eyes shining like stars on a tropic sea.

But, paying no heed to her passionate appeal, the old man still came on.

"Tell me, tell me, are you my husband—are you in truth Tawhaki?" almost screamed Tango-tango, driven frantic with the tumultuous feelings which surged impetuously within her.

"Humph!" replied the old man, still coming on. There was a world of mighty meaning in that "Humph."

Still advancing, the ugly old creature at length reached the side of Tango-tango, and there he stood for a few moments still and motionless, all the people of the village gathered

before them, staring with open mouths and greedy listening ears, as waiting to behold some miracle performed before their eyes.

Then, suddenly, the ugly old man, who to himself had been repeating an incantation, disappeared, vanished, and where he had stood there appeared the figure of a noble young chief, robed in splendid apparel. No one could say they saw any process of change. One moment the old man had stood there before them, and in the next—quickly as one could wink—he was gone, and another, vastly different in all respects, stood in his place. It was Tawhaki himself. He stretched out his hand, and, snatching the babe from the arms of the astounded Tango-tango, pressed it passionately to his throbbing breast.

Then, suddenly, with loud cries all the people fled. Out at the gates and over the palisading that hemmed in the village, like frightened rats they skurried. It was not because they were amazed at what they had witnessed, for indeed they had half expected some such occurrence, but they suddenly remembered that the place had been rendered *tapu* by Tawhaki.

Tawhaki was alone with his wife. Ah, who can adequately picture the rapturous joy of such a meeting! Never in heaven was such sweet felicity known before. They rubbed noses unceasingly.

When husband and wife retired to rest Tawhaki confided to Tango-tango that the reason of his coming to heaven was to insure that his darling daughter, the treasure of his life, should undergo the ceremonies usually pertaining to the children of chiefs and nobles, for without the certainty that such rites had been duly performed he could not hope to be ever truly happy. This certainly was not very complimentary to Tango-tango, who might well have been left to flatter herself that he resorted to heaven upon her account.

When in the warmth of the golden sunlight they arose next morning from slumber Tawhaki broke an opening in the end of the house opposite to that in which was the door, and then, taking Arahuta tenderly in his arms, he carried her forth through the opening. This was done in order to assert her proper claims to rank, which every one thereafter would be expected to frankly acknowledge and respect. It need hardly be stated that upon this auspicious occasion all incantations, charms, rites were faithfully observed. The people saw and were properly impressed.

Then, indeed, a strange thing happened. Behold, from the arm-pits of Tawhaki there flashed forth fire. The wondering people, already suffering from amazement, stood aghast at this exhibition, which petrified them with awe

and fear. There could now be no reasonable doubt that Tawhaki was a genuine demi-god, whose wrath, if unfortunately it should be aroused, would be very terrible.

Then was Arahuta taken to a pellucid stream and plunged in the sparkling waters, the baptismal incantation being chanted the while. Thus was she purified and made clean, so as to insure to her through existence the most unbounded felicity. And throughout the spheres all the people rejoiced and were glad at the happy reunion of Tawhaki and Tango-tango.

After these extraordinary yet happy events it would appear that affairs quieted down considerably, until it might be said that existence flowed on with an almost sombre monotony. In that calm, serene, blissful atmosphere time flew by, leaving no record of any devastating course, when suddenly, by some wholly inexplicable and mysterious means, Ta-mai-waha made his appearance in that part of heaven. Tawhaki immediately turned fiercely upon the newcomer, charging him with having been concerned surreptitiously with the death of his father Hema, the famous hero and demi-god.

At first thought it is difficult to believe that any one capable of finding his way into the balmy, seraphic atmosphere above the skies could ever have entertained such slight regard for himself as to associate with such a disreputable, contemptible set as the Ponaturi; but, in view of the subsequent facts, there can be no doubt that in this matter Tawhaki was wholly in the right. He demanded the payment of *utu* from Ta-mai-waha, and succeeded in enforcing his claim. The culprit, it is highly satisfactory to know, had to render up Te-whatu, Ate-atea-nuku, Ate-atea-rangi, Huri-hunga-tepo, Huri-hunga-te-ao, Te-mata, Ko-ruehia-uku, and Matea-atea-whaki, all extraordinarily powerful charms and incantations. After this success, Tawhaki appears for a while to have subsided, decently reconciling himself to remain in heaven, never more giving utterance to offensive things or being unnecessarily rude to his wife. For her part, Tango-tango, unacquainted as she was with any other heaven to which she could fly as a last resource, determined to set a supreme example to all in the spheres as a model wife, and soon attained a reputation for being as dutiful as she was beautiful—a course which it would be well for all her sex to generally follow. The family were intensely appreciated by Tawhaki's brothers-in-law and, for that matter, by everybody else, and very happily they lived in heaven until Tawhaki met his fate. He was destroyed by an immense number of horrible ogres and supernatural monsters. The *tangi* accorded to his remains was unequalled in the history of the spheres.

Even if it be accepted as true that Tawhaki had no knowledge of the sacred incantations until he had succeeded in

scaling the firmament and wresting them as *utu* from Ta-mai-waha, that fact, it will be recognised, in no way detracts from his merits as a married man and a father.

It is alleged that it was Pare-kori-tawa, a daughter of Hine-nui-te-Po, born after that amorous and fruitful goddess had flown to the shades, who came down from heaven and married Tawhaki; but this is obviously an error. It is highly improbable that if Pare-kori-tawa was in the shades she could come down from heaven. The weight of evidence is against the adoption of such a theory. At the same time, that does not in the slightest militate against any one believing that when small clouds cover the sky the lovely Pare-kori-tawa is then working in her garden. Uenuku (Rainbow) and Whatiriri (Thunder) were children of Pare-kori-tawa. The former is as amiable and beautiful as everybody knows the latter to be turbulent and fearful. The latter may be heard of again.

Thus ends the wonderful story of the heroic demi-god Tawhaki.

THE LEGEND OF RATA.

Wahieroa ("Long log of wood for the fire"), a son of Tawhaki by his first wife, Hine Piri-piri, the strong woman, having grown to be a man, in due course he married—a thing which all will agree it was exceedingly proper for him to do. His wife was Kura; and between Wahieroa and Kura there was brought into the world the great blessing of Rata, of whom no one in all Polynesia with any pretensions to consideration will affect to be ignorant. Matoka was also wife to Wahieroa, but in this connection she does not appear to come in. She is to be regarded as an inconsiderable quantity. The days of Wahieroa passed happily on the wing; he "led a frugal life," and, as in the old song which has reference to the first man Adam, "he quarrelled not with any one unless it was his wife." But, as need scarcely be said, the passing of an innocent and virtuous existence does not insure to any one an immunity from the visitations of misfortune. Through the malevolent machinations of a goblin chief bearing the awe-inspiring name of Matuku-tako-tako, Wahieroa was treacherously slain, and so there was an end of him.

As a matter of course the duty fell upon Rata to avenge his father's death, and when he had grown up he set about devising a plan for paying off the long-standing score. To his dependents, therefore, one warm sunshiny morning he made the fateful announcement, "I am about to go in search of the man who slew my father; see ye to it that the necessary preparations are made."

When everything had been got ready exactly as he desired Rata set out on his travels in search of the particular foul fiend who had so basely deprived him of the happiness of his father's continued existence. He followed a course N.N.E., and after what appears to have been a very little wandering he came at length to the entrance of the place where the hoary old slayer had his abode. Matuku-tako-tako did not happen to be at home when Rata called upon his amiable mission, but the principal caretaker of the establishment, who with becoming dignity sat in front of the courtyard gate, represented him.

Rata approached this high official boldly, and, markedly refraining from the use of adjectives and superlatives, demanded, "Where is the man who killed my father?"

The principal caretaker—who knew at once the individual monster referred to—was touched; the simplicity, directness, and extreme moderation of Rata's speech moved him. Like a goodly number of other principal caretakers, he had a feeling heart. He replied simply, "Matuku-tako-tako lives beneath in the earth there."

"Oh, underneath in the earth is he? How deep may he be?" exclaimed and demanded Rata, who not improbably had some idea that he might be required to sink a shaft.

"That I cannot particularly say," replied the principal caretaker, who, however, hastened to explain, "I am left here by Matuku-tako-tako to take care of the premises in his absence, and to call to him and warn him when the new moon appears, for then it is incumbent upon him to rise and come forth from the earth."

"Wherefore must he come forth?" asked Rata, a little curiously.

"To live Matuku-tako-tako must eat; he devours the bodies of men," answered the principal caretaker.

"That all you say is true I fervently believe," said Rata, "but how knows he when it is the proper time for him to return to earth?"

"When he gets hungry," promptly responded the principal caretaker. "Besides, have not I told you that one of my chief duties is to inform him when the moon appears so that he may come?"

Having reflected a moment Rata observed, "I can understand Matuku-tako-tako coming when he is hungry, but what relation the moon has to his hunger I do not yet comprehend."

"The matter is very simple," said the principal caretaker. "It is little use for man or spirit to feel hungry when there is nothing to eat."

"Aye, that is so," mused Rata.

"Men do not walk about in the black darkness, but in the moonlight it is different; in the moonlight they sometimes walk abroad, then they can be easily caught and eaten."

This explanation appearing to Rata to be perfectly satisfactory, he presently got back to business.

"When will there be a new moon?" he asked.

"Two nights hence," responded the principal caretaker, who, of course, had the lunar calendar at his finger-ends. "Do you now return to your own village, and on the morning of the second day from this return again to me."

Rata thought this advice was good, and he at once adopted it. His dwelling could not have been at any very great distance, for he was able to reach it, stay there for some time, and return to the courtyard in two days. On the morning of the second day he again left his home, and lo, he discovered the principal caretaker sitting serenely at the gate, as if he never had moved from it during Rata's absence.

After the greetings and salutations usual, Rata inquired, "Know you of any place near to where Matuku-tako-tako will come in which I may conceal myself until the hour of combat with mine enemy arrives?"

"Come with me," said the principal caretaker; "behold, I will show you two fountains of clear water."

"Aye," responded Rata," "willingly will I go with you."

Then with great amiability they went together until they came to where were the two fountains of water.

"Here," said the principal caretaker, "where we now stand is the spot from which Matuku-tako-tako will emerge from the earth; yonder fountain is that in which he washes and combs his hair; but this fountain here, where the waters are so pellucid, he uses as a mirror whilst he dresses his face. You cannot slay him whilst he is at this fountain, because your threatening body would be reflected and he would see you; but whilst he is at the fountain where he performs his ablutions and combs his hair you may attack him. Smite and slay."

"Will he make his appearance from the earth this evening?" asked Rata.

"Aye, this evening, without fail, will he come," responded the principal caretaker.

All that day Rata had to wait, controlling his impatience as best he could. When the shades of evening at length approached, the principal caretaker, pointing to a thick bush that grew close to the first fountain, directed Rata, "Now do you go and hide yourself near the fountain. Be careful that you expose no part of yourself so that you may be seen, and when Matuku-tako-tako goes to wash himself, then you can act as you think fit. But be wary, for the ogre chief is strong and cruel."

Rata immediately went and hid himself, glad no doubt that the dreary period of waiting was over and the time for action had at length arrived.

The principal caretaker, for his part, went to the spot where it was customary for the great ogre chief to emerge from his cellar, and, stamping heavily on the ground with his foot, he exclaimed in a voice loud enough to awaken the seven sleepers, "Ho, ho! you there, Matuku-tako-tako! the new moon hath appeared. Awake and come forth."

Matuku-tako-tako heard the voice of his unfaithful servitor, for, seizing his great two-handed wooden sword, he sprang to the surface with a bound. For a few moments he stood shaking himself roughly, as if to get quit of the earth and dust that clung to him, as well as the dank odours of the underground. Then, having loosened the strings that bound his top-knot, and shaken out his long dishevelled hair until it fell in masses upon his massive shoulders, straight to the first fountain he went, and, kneeling upon both knees, plunged his head into the refreshing waters.

Matuku-tako-tako was a monstrous, hairy creature, with a visage positively fearful to look upon, and it was easy to see that, armed with the formidable weapon he carried, and his still more terrible ogreish powers, no mere human could hope to withstand him in open, single combat. But Rata was not dismayed. Creeping silently from his place of concealment, he stole behind the ogre, and as Matuku-tako-tako raised his head from out the fountain Rata grasped him by the locks of his head and struck with his *mere* one short, sharp, fatal blow on his neck. The monster fell quivering, and in a few moments he was dead.

Thus Rata avenged the treacherous murder of his beloved father Wahieroa.

Then, like the dutiful son which all will recognise Rata assuredly was, he sedulously sought to obtain possession of the bones of his departed parent, but he found them not. The principal caretaker, when interrogated, at first appeared reluctant to convey any information as to the whereabouts of the missing bones; but, witnessing the evident distress of the heroic youth—who declared that without the sacred relics of his beloved father his mission after all would prove in the nature of a failure—and fully sympathizing with Rata's desire to bear them reverently to his home, he at last confessed that a strange, horrible, amphibious race had visited the place and surreptitiously carried the bones away.

It is scarcely possible to convey an adequate idea of the amazement and horror of Rata upon learning that his father's bones were in the possession of such an unclean, abominable race as the Ponaturi. But such was the fact. It had been

popularly supposed that Rata's grandfather, Tawhaki, had completely extirpated this hateful people, but that appears to have been a mistake. Some few of them must have escaped the overwhelming destruction at Manawa-tane, and, developing quite a prodigious fecundity, according to the nature of such beasts, their number had increased at a perfectly astounding rate.

"Where now do the Ponaturi dwell?" Rata inquired of the principal caretaker.

"Across the sea; over yonder," replied the principal caretaker, lifting his arm and pointing to a headland that faintly showed in the dim distance.

Upon hearing this Rata returned to the village of his people. Days passed into weeks whilst Rata, restless and dissatisfied, sadly pondered the situation, conceiving and rejecting as impracticable one design after another for the recovery of the bones of his father. As it was necessary for him to cross the intervening water before he could reach the country of the Ponaturi he required a canoe. That at least was obvious, and the work of making a canoe might therefore as well be entered upon at once. This conclusion arrived at, Rata betook himself to the forest, and, selecting a very tall tree—one which grew straight throughout its entire length—he felled it and chopped off all the branches which had constituted its noble head. When this work was done the day was done too, so Rata, well satisfied with his performance, went home to rest. In the early morning, when Rata went again to the forest to proceed with his work of shaping the canoe, to his amazement, lo, there stood the tree perpendicular with all its branches on as if it had never been touched! Every chip had been restored, every twig and leaf was in its proper place. This, to the ordinary mind, will appear as rather confounding. However, nothing daunted, Rata again set to work, brought down the tree, and lopped off the branches as previously. This done, he went home tired as before. Once again when he went to resume his work in the morning, there was the tree standing perfect in every part, just as if no cutting instrument had ever touched it. To the intelligence of Rata this was perfectly baffling—it was trying to patience—discouraging, disconcerting. However, it was no use spending time looking at this marvellous tree, so he set diligently to work and felled it a third time, cut off the branches, and got so far as to rough-shape the bow before it got quite dark. Then he went home very tired indeed. Going to the forest in the morning he was not surprised to see the tree quite perpendicular and looking as unconcerned as if nothing had ever happened. But Rata was just as determined to get the better of that obstinate and most provoking tree as the tree was

apparently resolved that he should not. A fourth time he brought it to the ground, and worked away until his canoe was rough-hewn. As he laboured a brilliant idea occurred to him. Instead of going home as usual he would hide himself and watch the wondrous process of tree-resuscitation. When evening came Rata effectually concealed himself in a clump of high flax-bushes, and there he patiently waited and watched. Not long, however, had he to wait before the mystery of this enchanted tree was fully explained. Thousands of wood-sprites made their appearance, and myriads of all the different kinds of insects which inhabit trees showed themselves. Hosts of birds and spirits known as "the offspring of Hakuturi" gathered round, and speedily all these forces combined were at work upon the tree, industriously replacing the chips, twigs, leaves, singing as they laboured an incantation :—

Fly together chips and shavings,
Stick ye fast together,
Hold ye fast together;
Stand upright again, O tree!

Then every vestige of a chip, every fragment of a twig, every leaf having been removed from the ground where the tree had lain, slowly and majestically it rose up until it stood restored to its place in the forest, erect once more. Then, before they had time to disperse, Rata rushed from his hiding-place, and, putting forth all his agility and strength, by a desperate effort he succeeded in capturing some of the wood-sprites and elves.

"Ho, ho!" he exclaimed, "it is you, then, that have given me all this toil and trouble; you that have involved me in direful perplexity; you have been exercising your magical arts upon my tree."

"Your tree, indeed," scornfully answered one of the spirits, "how comes it to be your tree? Who bestowed upon you authority to enter the forest when you pleased and cut down its monarch? You know you had no right to do so."

Then it was that Rata realised his mistake. He had been guilty of a gross impiety. Tane-mahuta, the god of the forests, having become incensed that Rata should presume to enter upon one of his domains and cut down a tree without repeating one single incantation or making the least acknowledgment of his power, had sent his agents, the spirits, to repair the injury and render his labours fruitless. Never would the indignant god suffer such an outrage.

As Rata stood overpowered and dumbfounded with a sense of shame when the knowledge of his fault burst upon him, one of the spirits, evidently taking pity on him, cried, "O Rata, return to thy village; behold, we will make a canoe for you!"

It can be easily understood how these few simple words

were calculated to fill the heart of Rata with an immense gladness. He made haste to do as he had been desired, and returned home. Then the spirits got to work. Quickly as, through their marvellous industry, the tree had been put together again and restored to its stump, the time occupied in bringing it down once more and hewing it into shape was brevity itself. Then they fell upon the interior and adzed it out in no time. Each one seemed to know his proper place, so that they were never in each other's way, and, being in such enormous numbers—for those who had fled at Rata's assault, upon a summons, had returned again—the canoe was soon completed. When in the morning Rata came he found awaiting his possession a perfectly finished work—such a canoe, indeed, as it was not possible for any mere human hands to fashion. Immediately he called his people and had it dragged from the forest to the sea; then he gave to it the name "Riwaru."

From what transpired subsequently, it appears clear that when Rata set forth to recover the bones of his father from the Ponaturi he had not succeeded in evolving any well-defined plan of action. No fewer than one hundred and forty warriors found seats in the "Riwaru" when at last she sailed for the country of the Ponaturi; and when they had paddled away from the shore Rata was quite at sea as to whether he was likely to have any occasion for their services when he had gotten to his destination. But half the distance had been traversed when night fell, and the night was far advanced and it was very dark when the bow of the "Riwaru" grated upon the shore in close proximity to the fortress of the Ponaturi. When the one hundred and forty warriors had all lightly bounded upon the beach, Rata, having given all necessary instructions, advanced alone to reconnoitre. Proceeding cautiously along the shore, he presently saw a fire and heard sounds, which caused him to pause. Fortunately there grew adjacent to where he stood a great number of flax-bushes, and into them he passed. Then, silently creeping from bush to bush, he stole forward towards where he had distinguished the radiance cast by flames. Presently, from where he was hidden he could see the fire quite plainly. It was burning on the sacred place of the Ponaturi, and between him and the fire, with their backs towards him, Rata beheld a number of priests practising their magical arts. Whilst they recited their incantations and charms they kept time by beating bones together, knocking one bone against another. The bones were those of his father—the long-lamented Wahieroa. This spectacle filled the heart of Rata with a consuming rage. One incantation which seemed of an exceedingly powerful nature was entirely new to the listener hidden in the bushes—

he had never heard it before—and as the priests repeated it many times he was enabled to learn it. He got it by heart. At last the priests said something reflecting upon the memory of his father, which roused Rata to such a pitch of ungovernable fury that, without waiting to consider possible consequences, he rushed out upon them, *mere* in hand, and began an attack. As the priests were at their sacred place, as they were engaged in chanting most powerful incantations, and as they were practising the arts of magic, they no doubt considered themselves perfectly safe. The surprise and confusion resulting from Rata's sudden attack may therefore be imagined. They became completely paralysed, and one by one they fell before his vehement unrelenting blows. All were slain. Then Rata made haste to gather up the bones of his beloved parent. This he did with all eagerness, and happily succeeded in finding them all. Then he hurried back to his warriors at the canoe, ordered them all on board once more, and, tired as they were with previous labours, set them to work to paddle home again in hope to reach his own fortified citadel before the Ponaturi discovered the loss they had sustained.

The Ponaturi soon began to feel surprise at the non-return of their priests to their fortified place, and so some of their number were despatched to seek for them. The bodies were found just as they had fallen, all bearing a fatal wound. Then an alarm was given. The footsteps of Rata could be traced; his warriors had left manifold prints on the beach; the disappearance of the bones made all things clear; the Ponaturi hurried in pursuit. It is affirmed, and there is good reason to believe, that no fewer than one thousand armed warriors followed in the track of Rata's canoe across the sea. Rata's people being pretty well exhausted, their enemy rapidly gained upon them; but, having had a long start, they managed to reach the shore. But before they could enter their fortress they were overtaken and compelled to turn and face their pursuers. The engagement that then took place was of a most desperate character. Undaunted by the vastly superior numbers of the foe, Rata's one hundred and forty braves all fought like heroes. Again and again they charged into the ranks of the enemy, the many dead left on the field bearing eloquent testimony to their despairing energy. Of Rata's small force sixty had fallen, and, notwithstanding the havoc that had been made upon the numbers of the enemy, it seemed as if victory was irretrievably lost and he too was fated to perish. Just as despair was about to seize his heroic heart, however, he fortunately remembered the words of the powerful incantation—"Titikura" was the name of it—which he had learned from the priests of the Ponaturi when at their sacred place, and almost involuntarily

he recited it aloud. No sooner had the magic words escaped him than a strange thing happened. Every one of his sixty dead warriors bounded to their feet again and resumed the strife, striking out more lustily than ever. This was a surprise indeed. Rata was no doubt quite as much astonished at the marvellous effect of his newly-found incantation as were the Ponaturi. Soon it began to dawn upon the minds of the latter that it was hopeless to contend with a foe whose killed would not remain dead for any convenient length of time. This sudden and general resurrection was too appalling. The potential incantation "Titikura," derived from their own priests, proved quite too much for them. They lost heart and were unable to make any stand against the fierce onslaughts of their opponents. This may be well believed. Finally, when they beheld a number of Rata's warriors, who had just become acquainted with what was going on, rushing from the fortress to his assistance, they concluded it was time to go. They turned and fled. Then, with much waving of *meres* and spears, and shouts and cries of victory, the whole force of Rata's warriors advanced in pursuit of the routed foe. The Ponaturi tried to reach the sea. The few that did reach the beach turned to meet their relentless enemies, who were so closely upon them that they had no other course, and here, with the energy born of despair, they fought their last fight. No mercy was shown. The whole of the thousand warrors of the Ponaturi were slain; no man was left to tell the tale of this overwhelming defeat. The Ponaturi were at last completely annihilated.

After his victory Rata, carrying with him the bones of Wahieroa, entered his fortress, where he was received with every manifestation of joy. After a time he took to wife a beautiful girl named Tonga-rauta and settled down peacefully.

There are variations of this legend, of course, By one tradition, when Rata found himself unable to fell the enchanted tree to his satisfaction, his sister told him to sharpen his axe—a very valuable tool called "Mapun-aiere," given to him by Nga-hue—upon her sacred back. This offer having been accepted, all difficulties were at once overcome; the tree was brought down and the canoe was made. It is also alleged that whilst at work canoe-making Rata killed a boy named Ko-whiti-nui, a son of Raka-taua, and hid the body in the chips: but this is probably a vicious slander. By another account Rata's mother's name was Matoku-rau-ta-whiri, whilst according to another her name was Mai-kuku-makaka. Rata is also said to have wedded Komi-o-wai, by whom he had a son called Pou-matu-nga-tanga, who again wedded Rangi-a-hua and had for daughter Pai-hu-tanga, who became wife to Ue-nuku, whose name is well known in Hawaikian

story. However these things may be, it is a well-known fact that Rata, in company with Ngahue, Parata, and others, was one of the builders of the "Arawa" canoe at Rarotonga.

That part of the legend having reference to the enchanted tree will be admitted to powerfully illustrate the folly of neglecting to pay attention to the gods in the matter of incantations, which are their proper due. The legend also shows the reward that inevitably falls to the brave in the hour of their most desperate need when incantations—even those of their most hated enemies—are potently recited.

THE LEGEND OF MAUI-MUA, SUBSEQUENTLY KNOWN AS RUPE.

Maui-mua, afterwards called Rupe, a brother of Maui, was an heroic demi-god who penetrated the whole series of heavens until the utmost limits of ethereal space had been attained and there remained for him no more spheres to conquer. From these few words, perchance, some dim conception of the superlative merits of this hero may be gathered.

Before, however, proceeding to give an account of the wonderful achievements of Maui-mua it will be necessary to first take up the story of Hina, the young sister of Maui, widowed by the fratricidal murder of her husband. It may be remembered that upon the death of Irawaru, Hina lost her reason; wandered away to some low, shelving rocks; there was swept away by the pitiless tide and so became lost. Months passed —how many it were bootless here to tell—and still an inanimate, senseless thing, Hina floated buoyantly on the surface of the great waters. During the course of this period barnacles attached themselves to her soft round form, until, behold, she became sheathed as with a suit of mail, whilst robed she was with brown, clinging, succulent sea-weeds. Thus panoplied and arrayed by Ocean, it was her fate at last to be cast ashore by the seething surge upon the sandy beach at Wai-arawa.

Now, bathing themselves in the warm, bright, golden sunlight of an early summer's morning, it chanced to be the fortune of the brothers Ihu-a-tamai and Ihu-ware-ware, as they strolled along the shore, to espy a mass of sea-weed which to their minds seemed to present a most unusual form. In due time they approached it.

"I thought at first it was a rock," said Ihu-ware-ware, "but I had no recollection of ever having previously noticed a rock in this place."

"A funny rock to be so soft as this," observed Ihu-a-tamai, giving the mass a poke with the end of a spear he was carrying.

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"Oh, its nothing but sea-weed. Come along," said Ihu-ware-ware.

"Hold a minute!" suddenly exclaimed Ihu-a-tamai, as with his spear he began vigorously to lift and throw away great junks of sea-weed, and hastily pushing other quantities aside, "there is something here. What's this?"

Becoming interested, Ihu-ware-ware assisted his brother in the removal of the weeds, and speedily something bearing the form of a woman lay exposed to their astonished view. Exclamations naturally burst from the lips of both.

"Ho! what are we to do now?" cried Ihu-ware-ware.

"Do?" replied Ihu-a-tamai, "why, take her up to the house, of course. We cannot leave her here: that would be ridiculous."

Ihu-a-tamai's swift decision impressed his brother, and accordingly the body of Hina was borne very gently and carefully to their home. Here, as they removed the barnacles, the exceeding beauty of the young girl became revealed. They marvelled at it greatly. They warmed the body at their fire; they rubbed it well with oil; they steadfastly kept moving the arms and limbs; and after long-continued and patient endeavour, lo, they were delighted to find signs of returning animation.

Hina recovered. She was restored not only to health and strength and to her rare loveliness in face and form, but to her reason, the most precious endowment of all. She never spoke of her past; indeed, she did not seem to have any recollection of her former existence. When the brothers brought her back to life she seemed to have practically been born again. Ihu-a-tamai and Ihu-ware-ware became passionately attached to her—they were her slaves. Her animation and her gaiety illuminated their home, shedding brightness everywhere. They laboured to please her. When fishing or hunting, their thoughts and their talk was all of Hina, who, with light step, would, on their return to their dwelling, run to meet them with tones of gladness on her lips and love sparkling in her eyes. For them a new sun had risen to shed a glory on their lives on the day on which they had borne Hina to their home.

What could Hina do for the men who had given her life and reason both? In form and disposition they were much alike, and equally both were devoted to her. If, exercising her judgment, she showed a preference for one, she would assuredly make mad the other. She would be the unhappy means of raising hostility between the brothers, a hostility that would probably end in the death of one of them. Perhaps, deep down in her heart, she cherished a secret preference for Ihu-a-tamai, but it was a preference, no more. She

loved them both, and so she ended by being wife to both. The sequel was simple and natural.

A long time passed in these happy connubial circumstances, and then it became evident that Hina would, if all went well, shortly have a child, the father of which would be Ihu-a-tamai. This discovery had scarcely been made when Ihu-ware-ware went upon a visit to Tinirau, who in that part of the country was the superior chief. Tinirau was a selfish, greedy man, seeking only his own pleasure, perfectly indifferent to the hardships and miseries his heartless conduct might be the means of inflicting upon others. He received Ihu-ware-ware very cordially, and invited him to stay. After a few days Tinirau had so insinuated himself into the confidence of the too-confiding Ihu-ware-ware that the latter, thrown off his guard, was induced to relate the whole circumstances attending the finding of Hina. And then, like a silly, he burst out enthusiastically into praises of the sweetness, the brightness, the loveliness, and the goodness of the woman he so dearly loved.

This was enough for a man like Tinirau. He already had two wives—Hara-taunga and Horo-tata, daughters of Manga-manga-i-atua—but that did not matter in the least. Quickly he organized a band of chosen followers; suddenly he swept down upon the happy home away yonder by the beach at Wai-arawa; he seized Hina and carried her off to his island home at Motu-tapu, and incontinently he added her to his family circle.

Now, such high-handed proceedings might be all very well for a man like Tinirau, but it is not possible for the most determined chief to see and hear all that goes on in the world, or be in two places at one time. Hara-taunga and Horo-tata bitterly resented the appearance of Hina at Motu-tapu, and when Tinirau was out of sight and hearing they usually contrived to make their disapprobation felt. It was nothing to them that in her presence at Motu-tapu the feelings of the unhappy Hina had not in any way been considered; if she had not existed, clearly what had occurred would not have happened—they would have continued to have their amiable husband all to themselves. Being in existence, she had no right to be more cheerful and gay, or to possess more beauty, than they; and, regarded in this light, undoubtedly she was absolutely horrid. They began by attacking Hina with their tongues, which were sharp, and which they employed with great volubility, force, and effect. Then, with their hands they proceeded to deal out blows, with results still more striking. Their hatred increasing, they devised a notable scheme to kill Hina and sweep her for ever out of mortal gaze. The poor girl was reduced to a condition

of the most deplorable misery by such continued, wanton, and cruel ill-treatment, which seemed all the greater when she compared it with the affectionate tenderness which had been lavished upon her by the brothers. Under such circumstances things were bound to come to a crisis, and to a crisis they quickly came. Baffled in the attempts to accomplish the destruction of the object of their hatred, their more favoured rival, the two precedent wives — Hara-taunga and Horo-tata—one day started to curse the unfortunate Hina. Never were heard such bitter, reckless, terrible curses as then, like a torrent, were poured forth.

Under her manifold sufferings and mortifications the usual gaiety of Hina had long disappeared. No one can feel surprised if, under such despairing circumstances as have been described, she had become gloomy and thoughtful. But under these awful curses her spirit revived. She stood up and boldly faced her unscrupulous and malevolent foes. So, as she stood there, back to her mind came the memory of some long-forgotten incantations which she had learned in other and happier days. Slowly at first, but as recollection quickened faster, her eloquence came till forth it rushed like the stream of a mighty forceful river. Completely carried away as by some new mysterious power awakened within her, Hina went on involuntarily until she stumbled upon the utterance of an incantation so tremendous in its potency that the two women before her became transfixed and paralysed. Suddenly their faces became elongated and contorted; their eyes protruded; their tongues hung loosely from out their mouths; their bodies quivered; they staggered, and in a heap they fell together to the ground, their feet in the air. Both were dead—stone dead!

As can readily be imagined, the loss of such a bright and beauteous flower as Hina from the family garden of the Mauis had been productive of the most unutterable woe. The domestic hearth, it was felt, now was desolate. She whose cheerful tones, sly humour, and ringing laughter had brought a sense of joy to every heart was gone; her place was vacant, and the memory of her would not die. Upon Maui-mua the blow had fallen most heavily. As brother and sister they had been almost constant companions, and most fondly were they attached to each other. Together they had strayed along the beach; together rambled through the forest. From infancy they had shared each other's pastimes, gambolling and playing, hunting and fishing, having no secrets one from the other; and, although Hina had married, the fond affection which had always subsisted between them as brother and sister still continued. Now, her husband was dead and she was lost.

Maui-mua mourned for her with a great grief. One consolatory fact there was that stood out plainly from all others. Although they had patiently waited, and diligent search had been made, the body of the loved one had never come ashore. For Hina there had been no obsequies to her remains; no funeral rites had been paid. This was most singular. The more Maui-mua pondered this thing the more dissatisfied and restless he became. In this condition of uncertainty life for him speedily became intolerable. He would resolve that uncertainty; he would seek his sister, and find her if such a feat were possible for him to accomplish.

Maui-mua had scarcely started upon his travels in search of Hina than it occurred to him that it would be best to proceed upon a definite, well-thought-out plan, otherwise it might be his fate to visit some places several times, whilst he passed by altogether places of the utmost importance in his search. Accordingly, in his mind he mapped out the course he should follow, not omitting any place that he knew of where the sons of men abode. Behold him, then, trudging along, sometimes by the margin of a broad, flowing river; sometimes sadly straying by the bank of a merry, purling stream; sometimes with a resolute energy bounding over some wide, open plain; sometimes fiercely brushing his way through the thick undergrowth that covered forest lands: the lurid sun ever blazing and burning pitilessly overhead; the heavy thought of Hina, dead, borne cold and livid in his heart. Many were the people he encountered and talked to on his way; many the happy villages at which he stayed and of whose generous hospitality he partook. Great chiefs sagely debated with him, pointed out to him the hopeless folly of his task, earnestly counselled him to tarry with them yet awhile; lovely maidens, from out their shining, translucent eyes, cast coy, sly glances, and would not that he should be gone; but ever there was a force within him impelling onward—onward.

Maui-mua's plan was exhausted. Methodically he had visited every place on his route, going round the country and across and across at several latitudes; but no success had been attained. One simple reason for his failure never occurred to him. When rescued on the beach at Wai-arawa by the brothers, Hina, either in her then condition having lost her memory, or deeming it judicious to conceal her identity at least for a time, had called herself by another name. To Ihu-a-tamai and Ihu-ware-ware she was known as Ihungarupaea. When, therefore, Maui-mua spoke to Ihu-a-tamai and Ihu-ware-ware of Hina they knew nothing of any such person. Had Hina given to the brothers her proper name, Maui-mua assuredly would have found her. This explains the matter very clearly.

With a sore, depressed heart, Maui-mua sadly cogitated all the toils he had endured, all the trials and dangers he had encountered, and the utter and complete collapse of all his hopes. Suddenly, Ho! there entered into his mind a brilliant conception. There was one he knew of who could certainly tell where his beloved sister Hina could be found—his great ancestor Rehua, the god of kindness. Had he gone to him at first all the labours he had undergone might have been spared. Why had he not gone to Rehua? Because of the difficulties—the insuperable difficulties—that lay between. Rehua's mansion in the skies was known as Te Putahi-nui-o-Rehua, and it was situated in the tenth heaven—the last, the most distant heaven of all. To attain to the god of kindness, therefore, there were no fewer than ten spheres which had to be penetrated and ascended. But to the bold and brave, to the truly heroic, there are really no difficulties incapable of being surmounted. Maui-mua felt this, and the reflection restored to him his strength. Rehua could show him where Hina was to be found; then to Rehua he would mount and gain the information he desired.

It is unnecessary to detail at length the difficulties—the most transcendental impediments—with which Maui-mua had to contend before he attained to the tenth sphere; suffice to say he reached there at last.

The sweet perfume exhaled from the bright-green verdure, which everywhere covered the plains of the tenth heaven, strengthened Maui-mua amazingly, and gave him confidence that when he did meet the god of kindness he would be enabled so to carry himself as to win his favour. Stepping out briskly in the soft balmy atmosphere he presently descried coming towards him some half a dozen spirits, laughing and chatting in the highest good humour. He noticed as they came nearer that although every attribute of decency was scrupulously observed, yet it could not truthfully be alleged that they were in any way burdened with clothing.

When they had met, Maui-mua, entering into their spirit of gaiety, remarked cheerfully, "This is felicity—this is the perfect heaven."

"This is the highest, the last, therefore the perfect sphere, where forever reigns Rehua, the god of kindness. Here love obtains," answered one of the spirits.

"Knowest thou which way I must go to find Te Putahi-nui-o-Rehua. I seek the presence of the god," announced Maui-mua.

"See'st yonder spot on the edge of the plain?"

"Aye," replied Maui-mua, "I see it."

"That," said the spirit, smiling brightly, "is Putahi-nui-o-Rehua. See'st yonder white speck moving 'mongst the flowers?"

"Aye," said Maui-mua, "I see it."

"That is Rehua, the god himself, whom thou seekest. Few there are who know him or his power; fewer still are they who appreciate him as he should be appreciated. Thou seekest a favour from him?"

A long conversation here ensued, which it would serve no good purpose to detail at length; but, as they were about to part, Maui-mua ventured to ask the reason for their apparent scantiness of attire.

"We are servants of Rehua," answered the spirit gravely. "We execute his behests, and when good deeds are to be done they should be performed spontaneously and promptly; therefore our actions are not impeded or hampered by superfluities. Swift of movement, sensitive to touch, impervious to passion, everywhere are we open to the radiance of feeling. Thus thou see'st us."

"Ah!" said Maui-mua, "would that men could understand!"

The spirits immediately hurried away, whilst Maui-mua turned to pursue his course across the plain. As he approached Te Putahi-nui-o-Rehua the place seemed to visibly swell, growing larger and larger until it attained to quite pretentious proportions. Little attention to this extraordinary development, however, did Maui-mua pay, his whole faculties being immediately concentrated upon the marvellous appearance presented by the god himself.

The figure of Rehua seemed enveloped in a cloud, small but brightly luminous, which no doubt was designed to serve as a shield to protect the actions of the deity from the prying, suspicious gaze of a too curious heaven. Within the magic circle of this nimbus no selfish feeling, no base or low desire could ever penetrate or intrude. The radiance illuminated, the genial heat diffused a subtle, generative, and restoring power, capable of finding its way into the innermost recesses of the heart of man or brute. The masses of white hair which surmounted the form of the god were gathered up loosely to the top of his head and there securely fastened. His glistening eyes, apparently familiar with tears, fascinated as they shone with ineffable tenderness. The line of opening of the mouth was straight, whilst the outlines of the full lips were beautifully curved and wreathed in smiles, which never left him, of sweetest gentleness and unspeakable love. Of most generous proportions were his hands, and, as he walked, new life seemed to spring up and blossom in his footsteps. Grace, benignity, and peace were stamped upon his noble brow.

As Maui-mua wonderingly gazed his heart thrilled, and every fibre tingled with sensations to him new and strange. He could not comprehend a god so different—so very different —from any being he had ever in his day-dreams imagined, far less could he comprehend the peculiar influence the presence exercised upon himself.

"A stranger here," said Rehua, observing Maui-mua for the first time. The tones of his voice were soft and low and vibrating.

"O, my great ancestor!" Maui-mua contrived to articulate.

"A Maui should'st thou be," said the god.

"Maui-mua, O Rehua."

"Approach thou," uttered the deity.

Maui-mua ran forward impulsively, and, throwing himself at his great ancestor's feet, strove to clutch his knees, but the nimbus prevented him. No rude hands must touch the deity. This, however, did not prevent the god from touching Maui-mua. Stooping, Rehua gently encircled with his arms—which were as soft as the finest fur—his suppliant's neck, whilst hot tears fell fast upon the upturned face. Maui-mua was overwhelmed with emotion. He felt conscious of his own unworthiness. He remembered at that moment many deeds of his, harsh and cruel, he fain would wish forgotten. How black now they seemed in his eyes. He wept, he wailed, he bitterly lamented.

When their lamentations were over Rehua said, "Welcome, Maui-mua; thou art welcome to Te Putahi-nui-o-Rehua. Come, and I will show thee my habitation and my flowers."

Then together they wandered about the garden, the visitor seeing many things which filled him with admiration and amazement. He confided to Rehua his manifold experiences in passing through the heavens, and the strange things which had been told to him by different spirits in the various spheres.

"Ah," said Rehua, "there is no perfect heaven. Like to the human nature pertaining to thyself, all the blissful regions have at least one fault. Here, even here, in this seraphic sphere, poison may be found—the bitter poison of disappointment. I grow my flowers—my beauteous flowers of kindness —and give them freely; but, alas, how little the good they do. How rare are they that are grateful; how few are they that appreciate."

These words had the effect of making Maui-mua sad, which the god quickly observing, he assumed a gayer tone. "Come," he said, "enter thou into my dwelling; let us partake of food."

Maui-mua was somewhat surprised to find that the residence of the god, though large and roomy, was by no means a grand place. Certainly, it was very far from palatial.

Rehua, guessing his thought, turned his beaming countenance upon him, and remarked, "There are other dwellings than this. Sometimes I may be found in the stately palaces of the great, but as a rule I frequent them but little. More generally my servants, my messengers, are to be found amongst the workers in the spheres. Toil constitutes the fundamental element of the soil which most quickly generates my spirit. If by the poor loving labour is bestowed upon inanimate things, naturally more tender feelings of regard become disposed to flow towards the things that breathe, and so generally I am to be found within the dwellings of the lowly. But you grow faint. Come," said the god, turning to those in the house that waited upon his word, "we would have some food."

Thereupon the servants of the house hurried to bring in a variety of things—dishes, calabashes, and suchlike; but Maui-mua could not fail to observe that without exception all were empty. However, he remained silent and patient, although in truth he was very hungry. When the vessels had all been brought in and laid before them, the servants waited in calm expectancy. Then, behold, slowly did Rehua begin to untie his top-knot, and down upon his shoulders in wavy undulations fell his long, white hair, covering the upper part of his body as with a mantle. Maui-mua, watching intently, could see no meaning in this performance. Suddenly Rehua began to shake his head, and, lo! forth from the masses of his snowy locks flew a cloud of little birds—tuis they were. They had been nestling in his head and feeding upon the insects they found there. Quickly as the birds flew, the servants caught them, killed them, put them in the calabashes prepared and ready, hurried the calabashes on to the fire, and in a short time the meal was cooked. Then were the steaming vessels presented to Rehua and his guest. Maui-mua turned away with an expression of loathing and deep disgust.

"Why eatest thou not of the food I have had prepared for thee?" asked Rehua, turning upon his visitor his gentle, glistening eyes.

"Nay," answered Maui-mua, "saw I not these birds loosened and take wings from thy locks? Know I not that it is upon insects in thy sacred head they have been feeding? Nay, I cannot eat this food."

The smile upon the face of the god broadened into one of intense good humour. Presently he said, "Knowest thou not that Rehua, the god of kindness, feeds?"

Maui-mua remaining silent, after a pause Rehua continued, "In days to come thou wilt know of a race that build houses for the animals upon whose flesh they purpose to

feed; who cover them with mats before they send them forth to meet the chills that haunt the mountain-side; who prepare warm, soft beds for them on which to lie; who pay careful heed to them at time of pairing: they feed them that they in turn may feed. Even so do I. Rehua feeds."

Rehua left it to Maui-mua to choose his own good time for breaking to him the object he had at heart in penetrating to the tenth heaven, although, as a matter of fact, he had from the first divined the truth. For his part, Maui-mua felt that his business was a matter of considerable delicacy, so he approached it very cautiously.

At last he ventured: "O Rehua, from yon little world from which I came hath there at any time reached your sacred ears a confused murmur in regard to anything in which thou knowest I am interested?"

"Aye," replied the god, and to the eyes of Maui-mua his nimbus seemed to shine more brightly, "from yon distant petty globe beyond the spheres a confused murmur hath assailed mine ears, and I think it had relation to that which moveth you."

"And canst thou tell from what particular spot or place those sounds did emanate?" asked Maui-mua, trembling with suppressed excitement.

"Aye," replied the god; "the sounds of voices in confusion from the island of Motu-tapu came. In Motu-tapu dwells Tinirau, the great chief."

This was sufficient for Maui-mua, although to less perceptive minds it might be regarded as rather vague and indefinite. The object of all his toils and struggles had been in great part accomplished; now it seemed must he return to earth again, and that quickly. Then it was he called himself Rupe, and from this time forth he was known by that name, his old name of Maui-mua being dropped.

Rupe, having uttered an incantation which in that sacred sphere was peculiarly powerful, assumed the form of a dove, and, passing without difficulty through heaven after heaven, dropped at last upon the earth, which, it appeared, had not in any particular degree much changed since his departure. Winging his way to the island of Motu-tapu, one fine morning he alighted safely on the window-sill of Tinirau's house, where he took up a strong position.

"Ha, ha!" called some one, "here's a bird—such a pretty bird"; and forthwith the caller, having apparently an utter contempt for Rehua, shied a stone at it. The dove ducked its little head and the stone rattled harmlessly against the window.

"Ho, ho! it is indeed a lovely bird," cried another, and he threw a spear at it. The dove gracefully parried the spear with its little bill, and it stuck in the window.

Others came quickly and threw stones and darts and spears at the bird, which all admired, but the bird seemed impervious to such assaults. Then one active young fellow, having got on to the roof, let down a string and tried hard to capture the bird with a noose; but the bird saw the dangling noose and was not so foolish as to allow its little head to be caught in it.

Hina that morning had just succeeded in bringing into the world a pretty little brown baby; but, feeling much annoyed by the noise on the roof and the clatter of stones and spears on the window, she at last got up and, her baby in her arms, came to the door in order to ascertain what the cause of the unwonted hubbub might be. Seeing the bird, she knew that it must be no ordinary fowl or it would certainly have flown away or been destroyed long ago. She at once imperatively ordered that the assault should be discontinued, saying, "Leave the pretty poor thing quiet for a minute or two until I have a look at it."

Upon an inspection of the bird Hina knew it was her brother. (Now, here of course the objection may be anticipated that Hina could not possibly recognise her brother in a pigeon. This is the kind of interruption which most story-tellers are subject to, and naturally it makes them indignant. Even if in this case the objection were well founded, is it not the fact that there is scarcely a story told or a book written nowadays but some egregious error, something ridiculous or monstrous in its improbability, will be found embodied in its tones or pages? That these slips, errors, distortions are nicely wrapped up and glozed over rather adds to the culpability of the authors than takes from it. In this case, happily, no one is a bit deceived, and so the love of truth is not affronted. Hina saw the bird and recognised her brother, and so everybody should be satisfied. What more need be said?)

"What is the cause that has brought you here?" asked Hina of the bird, her voice thrilling with affectionate tenderness.

The bird could not speak, of course, but it opened and shut its little bill as if trying hard to utter something.

"O husband, husband!" cried Hina, "here is your brother-in-law. Come hither quick and see him."

The great hulking Tinirau, lying on his mat, did not care to be disturbed. He contented himself with calling, "Tell me, wife, what is his name?"

"It is my brother Rupe," replied Hina. Of course she knew that since he had changed himself into a bird his name must be Rupe.

Then behold, Rupe, having restored himself to his proper form, and at length obtained the mastery of his voice, chanted

this greeting, the name of which, as everybody knows, is "Toetoetu"—

Hina!
Hina is the sister,
And Rupe is her brother,
But how came he hither?
Came he by travelling on the earth,
Or came he through the air?
Let your path be through the air!

The meaning of which is clear enough.

No sooner had Rupe finished singing his greeting to his beloved sister than she commenced chanting her greeting to her brother in these words,—

Rupe is the brother,
And Hina is his young sister,
But how came he hither?
Came he by travelling on the earth,
Or came he through the air?
Let your path be now upwards through the air
To Rehua!

Hina had scarcely finished her song before Rupe caught her up, the newly-born babe in her arms, and bore her away. This miraculous thing was done in the sight of all the people there assembled, so that there can be no reasonable doubt about it. It has been believed faithfully ever since, and thousands of hopes of attaining to heaven by a direct process have rested upon it.

Rupe and Hina, bearing with them the babe, ascended together; but ere they reached to even the confines of the first heaven something fell from them into the sea. Their intention, as was subsequently ascertained, had been to bury this something with the usual rites, but this unfortunate accident put an end to the business. What was dropped was greedily devoured by a shark, and it is alleged that to this circumstance is due the enormous multitude of eggs generally found in the interior of that voracious monster.

Of the manifold difficulties encountered by brother and sister in finding their way through the spheres and the strange —sometimes thrilling—experiences they had to endure it is scarcely necessary here to speak. Indeed, there has ever been a certain degree of mystery about them. Never depreciating the performances of others, and but rarely boasting about his own, Rupe ever maintained a strict silence as to the details of this astounding flight, and any rumours, tales, professedly authentic accounts which may find their way into circulation on this subject must therefore be received with caution.

Arrived at last at the tenth heaven, Rehua bestowed upon Rupe and Hina a most effusive welcome. He led the way to

his great house—his mansion in the skies—and gave them mats and food, to which no exception could be justly taken, and drink. Perceiving at once that Hina was in a delicate condition, and Rupe very fatigued through having borne his sister so far, Rehua was most assiduous in his attentions, and spared no pains in ministering to their ease and comfort.

After a period had passed, during which the health of the flighty party had become perfectly restored, Rupe remembered the sage observations which the god had made to him on the subject of toil. If he was ever to engender a proper spirit of kindliness, and so qualify as a subject of Rehua, he must work. Rupe also could not fail to observe that, in addition to the drawbacks, to which Rehua had referred, of the want of gratitude and appreciation which haunted the lovely valleys of the tenth heaven, there was yet another fault of which the god seemed to be quite oblivious. This was no other than an almost entire absence of cleanliness. The court-yard particularly was in a very dirty state.

So one beautiful morning, finding an opportunity, Rupe remarked to the god, "O, Rehua, I have been pondering what you once said to me in regard to toil leading to the entertainment of kindly feelings."

"Aye," replied the god, "I am glad."

"But I regret to say," continued Rupe, "that I do not find it work out in practice."

"Ho!" exclaimed Rehua, nevertheless still smiling benignly.

"This court-yard of thine is in a perfectly filthy condition."

"Is that so?" cried Rehua, for the first time in his existence astonished.

"O, Rehua, that is so. This people are a set of incorrigibly lazy rogues. They may be kind, but dirt is one of the things they should not love; they should abominate it. If they worked more, and what you say is true, they might perchance be still kinder."

"I did not know. It never occurred to me. Thou hast done well to mention it. I will speak to my people," stammered the god.

"If dirt were a lizard I doubt whether any one of thy people would touch its tail to make it run away," affirmed Rupe sententiously, and the fact that this saying of his has passed into a proverb stands as unquestionable evidence that all these things are true. "In the meantime," continued Rupe, "as gods and men alike agree that example is better than precept, I propose, with thy permission, to clean this court-yard myself."

"Do," answered the god, his smile becoming broader; "thy example will be a lesson and an incentive."

It having been thus agreed, Rupe made two wooden shovels—one he called "Tahi-tahia," the other "Rake-rakea"—and set to work diligently to clear away the filth which littered the court-yard. As was anticipated, his example proved infectious, and all the servants busied themselves about the place; more particularly upon the garden was attention bestowed, so that in a short time it showed as one mass of blossom. Rupe, the court-yard cleaned, then ardently devoted himself about the house, which he beautified to such an extent that nowhere in any of the spheres is there to be found a home more lovely than Te Putahi-nui-o-Rehua. Finally, Rupe extended the dwelling by the addition of a new building. It was when this addition to the home was in progress that a sad accident occurred. Kaitangata, a son of Rehua, was holding on to a beam when suddenly, the ties that held it giving way, it sprang back, throwing the unfortunate young spirit with such violence that he died almost immediately. The blood of Kaitangata flowing over part of the heavens stained them a deep red. The stain is somewhat faded now, but occasionally it may be seen; and when that red or ruddy tinge is distinguishable in the heavens, then sadly say the children of men, "Ah, Kaitangata hath marked the heavens with his blood!"

According to another version of this legend, probably through the hurry and excitement attending upon their abrupt departure from the Island of Motu-tapu, it was her babe which Hina dropped from the skies, and it did not drop into the sea, as here related. Tinirau, rushing forth, beheld, no doubt with feelings of anguish, the abduction of his lovely wife, and he caught the boy as he fell. Tinirau named the child Te-huru-huru, and he dwelt with his foster-father until he had attained to years of discretion. Then he in his turn mounted to the highest heaven, where he found his mother with Rupe living happily in the mansions of Rehua. Te-huru-huru, however, pleaded the cause of Tinirau—abandoned and long neglected—so well that Hina was induced to return to earth and the arms of her husband again. Thereafter, during the long, long, warm evenings which are so markedly a feature of the heavenly abode, Rupe became accustomed to sit outside the portal of his dwelling, and then would he grieve and mourn bitterly the loss of the departed and beautiful Hina, his beloved sister. It was a queer thought, but on one such occasion he prayed fervently that feathers might grow upon him. He must have been profoundly miserable. "Oh, that I had the wings of a bird!" he cried. His aspiration was heard, his prayer was granted, the feathers came, and lo! Rupe assumed the form of a dove. Since that fateful hour Rupe has grown to be the

acknowledged father of all pigeons. It must have been prior to this transformation, however, that Rupe bestowed upon man a knowledge of the extremely valuable art of securely fixing handles upon their stone axes, and the way subsequently to manipulate properly that most useful tool. Had Rupe not kindly and considerately conferred this boon, man would ever have remained in a terrible predicament whenever he attempted to build a house or shape a canoe; but, with the persistent ingratitude which he always displays towards his most liberal benefactor, it is to be feared that man's obligations in this respect to the devoted Rupe have been long since forgotten.

Hina is certainly the best known of all Polynesian legendary personages. According to different versions of the Maori story, she is called Hinauri, Hina-te-iwaiwa, Hine-te-iwaiwa, and Hine-te-otaota. Her brothers were the five Maui, and her sisters Rauka-tauri and Rauka-ta-mea. Hina is the moon goddess; Tinirau is the god of fishes.

THE LEGEND OF THE MURDER OF TU WHAKA-RARO.

As has been set forth, the child of which Ihu-tamai was the father and Hina-uri the mother was named Te-huru-huru, and in due course this child grew up into man's estate. He then married Apakura. The first child resulting from this union was named Tu Whaka-raro, and the second, a girl, was called Mairatea. Apakura gave birth to several other little boys and girls before she became the mother of Whakatau-potiki, the manner of whose appearance in the beautiful world of Hawa-iki some sceptical people might be tempted to regard as extraordinary. One lovely summer morning, when all nature seemed bathed in a blissful, calm repose, Apakura strolled down to the sea-beach to watch the sunlight playing on the surface of the waters and gather some pipis that she hoped to find there. When on the beach, no doubt finding the weather growing rather warm, Apakura stripped herself of the little apron which she decently wore and threw it into the sea. Now, at that particular moment there happened to be in the vicinity a god known to mortals as Rongo-taka-wiu, and he observed the probably not very discreet action of Apakura in divesting herself of and throwing away the garment by which she was usually covered. This god contrived to secure possession of the apron of Apakura. He took it, shaped it into form, gave it life, and, lo, Whakatau-potiki came into being. The boy remained in the habitation of Rongo-taka-wiu.

It has been said of Whakatau, and very many people firmly believe it, that as a boy he developed an extraordinary fondness for flying kites. Indeed, Whakatau became such an expert at kite-flying as to be the unconscious cause of considerable annoyance and perturbation. Looking up people could see a kite soaring away in the heavens, and they could also distinguish the string, but no boy holding the end of it could they anywhere perceive. This naturally was felt to be very aggravating. The truth was that on such occasions when flying his kite Whakatau was enjoying himself running about on the bottom of the sea. Rongo-taka-wiu had initiated him into the mysteries of magic and taught him enchantments and incantations of every conceivable kind. However, discovery was bound to come sooner or later. It happened one day, as Whakatau as usual was flying his kite, he was unconsciously drawn nearer and nearer to the shore until presently his head was above water. Devoted as Whakatau was to the performances of his kite, he paid little attention to this highly important fact, so that gradually and by degrees he was drawn further inshore until, to ordinary sight, the whole of his body became quite plainly visible Some people on the shore saw the precocious boy, and they ran as fast as they could to the place where he was, thinking to catch him. But Whakatau had observed them, and, divining their purpose, he slipped back again into the protection of the water, of course keeping his kite flying just the same as before. The people no doubt were familiar with incantations and magical enchantments, but the value—a just appreciation—of their power had never been so closely brought home to them as now. They were, in truth, so amazed to behold Whakatau disappear into the water—the kite continuing to fly all the while—that at first they were undecided what course to follow. Then they agreed to wait for Whakatau's reappearance, and for that purpose, sitting down, they resolutely took up a strong position on the bank that rose above the beach.

When Whakatau, tired at last of his kite-flying, came out of the water and stood on the shore, up they all jumped, and down they came in a hurry to seize him, but, eluding their efforts, he slipped back again out of sight. When next they saw him he called aloud, "It is no use your trying to catch me, for you can't do it. The only person that can catch me is Apakura. You had better go and fetch her."

Upon hearing this one of their number ran off at once and brought Apakura along to where the boy ran about, with the sea up to his knees.

"Here am I," she exclaimed. "I am Apakura. What do you want with me?"

Whakatau then stood stock-still, and Apakura, going a little way into the water, caught him.

"Who are your people—who do you belong to, my little boy?" questioned Apakura in her usual kindly, motherly way.

"I belong to you; I am your child. One day—perhaps you may have forgotten it—you threw the apron which covered you into the sea; then my ancestor, the god Rongo-taka-wiu, got the apron, and from it he formed me into a human being, and so I grew to be as you see me now. But I am your child and no one else's. Rongo-taka-wiu named me Whakatau-potiki."

Then Apakura remembered the incident of her having thrown away her apron upon that warm summer morning when she thought herself quite alone. She recognised the boy as her son, and took him home. Whakatau from that time abandoned the sea, which previously had always been his home.

Te-huru-huru was no doubt at first a little surprised to find a son brought home to him in this mysterious manner; but not impossibly there were circumstances within his own knowledge which lent confirmation to the tale. And Whakatau was a good lad, although until he grew to manhood his principal amusement was always flying kites. The knowledge of the magic arts which his ancestor had conferred always remained with him; it was impossible to conceal anything from Whakatau, and so he grew up to be one of the most renowned heroes in Hawaikian lore.

This extended reference to the mysterious production of Whakatau is somewhat in the nature of a digression, although that hero comes properly into the story later on. Reverting to the family history, it may be mentioned that the last child borne to Apakura was named Reimatua. Apakura's eldest daughter, Mairatea, married Poporo-kewa, and as the home of that chief lay across the water she was conveyed thither in a canoe, and so she disappeared for a time from the family circle. The Ati Hapai people, over whom Poporo-kewa was chief, were a very numerous tribe, owning a great extent of country, and Mairatea's was considered a very good match for people in Te-huru-huru's family circumstances.

Now, after a time Tu Whaka-raro, the eldest son of Te-huru-huru, became filled with a great desire to go and see his sister in her new home. Tu Whaka and Mairatea, as the eldest children of the family, had always entertained a very fond affection for each other, so that this desire upon his part was quite natural, and can readily be understood. For some reason, which is not quite clear, Te-huru-huru sought to discourage his son from going away from home into the territory

Old War Canoe, Lake Rotorua

of another people—perchance he had a premonition of evil—but whatever reasons or suggestions he put forward proved of no avail; Tu Whaka was determined to go, and go he did.

The family and dependants of Poporo-kewa resided in an exceedingly large edifice—by some it has been called a *whare-kura* or temple—situated upon the shores of a beautiful sandy bay. The building was known to the people of that period as Uru-o-Manono. Upon his arrival Tu Whaka found his beloved sister looking well, bright, and happy. Mairatea, for her part, was very greatly gratified by a visit from her brother, proving, as it did, that she was not entirely forgotten in her old home. Her husband, Poporo-kewa, and his people, the Ati Hapai, generally extended to Tu Whaka a warm welcome, which gave promise of his visit being one of great pleasure. He was cordially invited to prolong his stay, an invitation which he very gladly accepted.

Amongst the company found by Tu Whaka at Uru-o-Manono was Maurea, a sister of Poporo-kewa. Maurea was of a full, well-rounded form, and, being somewhat taller than most girls of her age, her consciousness of high birth, added to a natural grace and dignity of manner, won for her credit for the possession of a very queenly presence. She was, indeed, in all respects a very beautiful girl.

Now it happened that at the particular juncture when Tu Whaka visited his sister at Uru-o-Manono, this lovely, charming, and highly-prized maiden had been engaged for a week or two in carrying on a vigorous flirtation with a youth named Poko, belonging to her tribe; but the moment Tu Whaka-raro—who was a transcendantly handsome, bright, and gay young man—crossed the threshold of her home, whatever passing feeling of regard she might have amused herself with in relation to Poko fell flat—dead. Tu Whaka was tall and, though some might at first glance feel disposed to characterize him as rather thin, he was very muscular. Sinewy, supple, graceful, his was a concealed strength. Then, as a grandson of one of the Maui's, he carried himself so proudly it seemed to the dazed vision of Maurea when she looked at him as if a god had condescended to honour Uru-o-Manono with his presence. Maurea felt pleasure in watching Tu Whaka; she loved to be near him; the tones of his voice thrilled her; she sought him constantly, and never if she could obviate it was she away from his side.

Tu Whaka-raro would have been a god indeed if he had proved insensible to such great beauty as Maurea's, and naturally—although his wife Hakiri, at home yonder by the sad sea waves, might not have properly appreciated it—he felt flattered by the evident preference Maurea showed him. In truth Tu Whaka was just as eager to be by Maurea's side

as she was to be with him, and so it came about that they were almost always together. The lesson to be derived here is that young ladies—however beautiful they may be—should not flirt, as will presently be made manifest.

Maurea bestowed not a single thought on the young man Poko who had formerly basked happily in the sunshine of her smiles, but Poko did not cease to think of her. He went to Poporo-kewa, his brothers, his cousins, and his uncles, and complained loudly and bitterly of the treatment to which he had been subjected by the faithless Maurea, and he bitterly condemned the presumptuous, insolent stranger who had recently come amongst them. Naturally, the whole tribe sympathised with Poko; they declared that he had had great wrong; and presently a notable scheme was devised through which Poko might be enabled to put himself right. This scheme took the form of a great wrestling exhibition which all the people of the tribe should be assembled to witness. Poko, who was a big hulking lout, apparently as strong as a huge totara, would be brought to an encounter with Tu Whaka, who could not well refuse to take part in the games, with the assured inevitable result that he would be so injured that he would have other things more immediate to his welfare than Maurea to occupy his attention, or so maimed that he would be glad to get back to Hakiri and his home where he would be for ever useless, if he did not actually meet his death in his encounter. The whole design was carefully thought out, and every precaution taken to obviate the possibility of failure.

On the appointed day the whole tribe—men, women, and children from all the villages in the neighbourhood of Uru-o-Manono—were gathered in a circle, those in the inner lines sitting, and the wrestling began. It was late in the day when Poko and Tu Whaka entered the ring to play their first bout, and then those in the secret of what was contemplated could scarcely restrain their excitement, although of course they looked upon the result as a foregone conclusion.

If his antagonist's superior weight told against Tu Whaka, his surprising agility and his greater knowledge of the art of wrestling proved more than an equivalent. His long sinewy arms and his powerful limbs, when brought into play, quite astonished the conspirators, who evidently had much deceived themselves in regard to his strength. Tu Whaka's opponent had thought his part of the performance an easy one, so in a kind of careless fashion he caught hold of Tu Whaka in what he thought a sure grip, intending to dash him at once upon the ground with such extreme violence that he would never more rise again. But, instead of going to the ground, Tu

Whaka lightly found his feet, and by a swift, skilful, and wholly unexpected movement, lo, to the amazement of all, it was Poko that went flat upon his back with a great thud. Then arose such a shout of surprise, laughter, and derision as had never been heard in that part of the country before. The conspirators looked aghast at each other, as much as to say, "Who would have thought it?" Then one by one they stole round to where Poko sat on the ground, looking dazed and stupid, and blamed him for being so careless.

"You should have done this," affirmed one.

"You should have done that," declared another.

It is always the way. Not one of them but could have done much better; and it is so easy to be wise after the event.

"I will settle him this time," muttered Poko, in a tone of stern and grim determination.

When they stood up for the second bout Poko displayed a proper respect for the opponent whose strength and skill he had formerly underrated. He planted himself like a rock and waited for the advantage, which, however, never came. Tu Whaka, too, played patiently, until at length Poko, losing his judgment, was constrained to try to throw his opponent. Several times he thought he had got him, but Tu Whaka always contrived to slip through his grasp like an eel. Once or twice there was a great struggle, strength against strength being apparently fairly pitted, but the dexterity and skill of Tu Whaka always saved him. After a protracted contest suddenly there was a change. Tu Whaka, having skilfully tired out the patience and wasted the strength of his opponent, seized his opportunity, assumed the offensive; in an instant, resting upon one leg, he twisted the other round a massive limb, his arms encircling and tightly squeezing Poko's huge chest, so that the young man gasped for breath. There was a moment of suspense whilst, locked together, they seemed to waver in the balance. Then down Poko came prone upon the earth. The cheers that now went up were general and enthusiastic. Tu Whaka had proved himself the superior. With an unassuming air he walked quietly back to his place on the ground in order to resume his clothing.

Tu Whaka had not sought to hurt his opponent. Cherishing no ill-feeling towards him he had thrown him as lightly as possible; nevertheless, owing to his weight, the concussion with mother earth had shaken Poko greatly, and his brain was in a state of the wildest confusion. But the physical suffering he endured was as nothing compared to the mortification and disappointment he felt at his defeat and the triumph of his hated rival. In his ears rung the laughter and the cheers and the praises of his foe. Grasping a

handful of dust he sprang to his feet, walked across the intervening space to where Tu Whaka sat, and, just as the head of the hero emerged through the aperture of his cloak he was in the act of putting on, the dust which Poko had carried in his hand was violently dashed upon his face. Tu Whaka was not only for the moment rendered completely blind, but he suffered extreme pain. Naturally he bent his head and began to rub his eyes. That was the moment for which his jealous rival had looked; it gave him the opportunity he desired. With his weapon he smote Tu Whaka on the head with such violence as to fracture his skull, and without even a groan he at once fell dead.

At this sudden deed—this foul and most deliberate murder—all the people assembled were at first amazed; but the friends and sympathisers of Poko who had perpetrated this cowardly crime, rushing forward with loud shouts, laughingly reassured the people that it was a matter of little consequence, and that they need not be dismayed about it. The people were overwhelmed by the disturbance created, and their judgments were carried away. Tu Whaka did not belong to the tribe; he was a stranger, and he had defeated one of their best men. Why then make a fuss about him? They soon became reconciled to what had been done, more especially when it afforded the prospect of a good feed. The body of Tu Whaka was cut into pieces, and subsequently it was devoured, the bones being hung under the ridge-pole of the great house—Uru-o-Manono.

Now it chanced that a little girl, running away in affright from the scene of the wrestling, when a few yards from Uru-o-Manono encountered Mairatea, and hurriedly confided to her the intelligence of all that had occurred. Then went Mairatea immediately back to the great house. Sitting down in the obscurity of a gloomy corner, and covering up her head with her mat, she shed tears—bitter tears—of sorrow for the beloved brother whom she knew she would never behold again.

Maurea in the meanwhile had been anxiously awaiting the appearance of Tu Whaka, and, as his absence became prolonged beyond expectancy, she naturally grew more and more restless. Wandering back and forth impatiently she at length burst into a song of complaint, the words of which, though not exactly the same as those in which she rendered it, ran to the following effect:—

Tu Whaka hastes not to Maurea's bower,
  Ah, whither doth he stray?
Why tarries he the weary hour,
Shuns he the heat, fears he the shower,
Dreads he the fierce Ati Hapai power,
  Why doth he stay?

To which Mairatea, sitting sadly in her corner, murmured,—

Gone are the glories of sunshine,
And gone the calm stillness of eve,
Lost the sweet peace that was once mine,
Nothing is left but to grieve.

But unheeding the lament from Mairatea, if indeed she heard it, Maurea went on:—

Hath Tu Whaka found a still more lovely maid—
Mingles he in some fray?
Hath he Maurea's love betray'd—
The heart that for his coming pray'd—
Wherefore is he gone? Ah, whither hath he stray'd
This doleful day?

Upon hearing which Mairatea in her corner again lamented,—

Gone the soft beauty of moonlight,
And gone are the stars of the sky,
Nothing is left but the black night,
Nothing is left but to die!

Again, unheeding, Maurea went on:—

Sad go the hours when Tu Whaka is not here,
Heavy, drear is the day;
His presence makes the sun shine clear,
His voice—with mirth provoking cheer—
Brightness and joy spreads through our atmosphere,
Tu Whaka is away!

Then Mairatea:—

Glory now hath left the mountain,
Its steep sides are rugged and torn;
Streamlets that drip from the fountain,
Tears that but aid us to mourn.

But, still careless of the words of Mairatea, Maurea went on aggressively,—

Who is the first in the field or the dance?
Tu Whaka the gay!
Who is the first with *mere* or lance,
Who leads the *taua* in its advance—
O, who at once captures all hearts with his glance,
Cans't thou not say?

Then Mairatea, partially uncovering her head and singing in a slightly louder tone, repeated the following:—

A gaping wound is on his head,
All gory is his manly breast.
And we must mourn our noble dead;
Tu Whaka—now he is at rest!

The hint conveyed in these words was sufficient for Maurea. She ceased pacing the floor. Standing in the middle of the great house she realised at once why it was that Tu Whaka had not come, and, throwing her arms high above her head,

she gave utterance to a heart-piercing, vibrating shriek. Then a few seconds later, she cried:

Tu Whaka the chief! Tu Whaka is slain!
Accursed be the day!
Bloody he lies on yonder plain;
With him the peace, with us the pain.
Beloved, Maurea calls, but calls in vain—
He comes not! No, never again—
Ake! Ake!

Then Maurea, also covering up her head, sat down on the ground beside Mairatea, and the two women moaned and lamented together, repeating alternately the following lines, Maurea beginning:—

O, ye gods that dwell in every heavenly sphere,
Who every groan of mortal lamentation hear:
Gods that are mighty, gods that are great,
Gaze from thy spheres, pity our state.

Ye adamant gods who, in darkest shades below,
Yet lend a ready ear to sounds of human woe:
Gods in the blackest regions of Po,
Dwelling far in dim depths below.

O list the wailing words which sad Maurea speaks,
Witness the blood-hot tears which course adown her cheeks:
Gods in the highest heaven above,
Even with Rehua—god of love.

From Po to Te Reinga, I beseech you to aid
The anguish of a broken heart. Behold this wretched maid!
Give to Mairatea sweet peace, sweet rest,
Behold the sobs which rend her breast!

Clouds flash forth vivid lightnings for dead Tu Whaka's sake,
And you, O dullest earth, with tremulous passion quake.
Our father lies broken with grief,
Lamenting his first-born—his chief.

And, O, from pole to pole let clamorous thunders roll,
To mark the passing of the brave Tu Whaka's soul.
Our mother sits weeping forlorn,
Her bosom with anguish is torn.

And all you seas in wild tumultuous fury rise,
O shake the murky heaven with men's despairing cries.
Our sisters wail loudly alone,
And nought can they do but groan.

O, roar in fearful grief, ye fierce, vociferous waves,
Echo in deadest dulness ye far resounding caves.
A grief which no tongue can describe
Is wail'd by the whole of the tribe.

O lament, ye hills and vales, and gorges dark and deep,
O wail, ye blusterous winds that o'er the ocean sweep.
Ye buds that fain would burst in bloom,
Perish and yield no more perfume.

And O, ye strenuous rivers rushing to the sea,
Your waters turn hitherward and shed your tears with me.
Ye fruits that in the forest grow,
O droop and rot, your grief to show.

O, ye shining fountains; O, ye thousand sparkling rills,
Rain in tears of anguish for this worst of human ills.
O, all things beautiful and fair,
O join with us in our despair.

And O, ye snow-capp'd mountains, smouldering at the core,
O burst in lurid flame; add your fear-inspiring roar.
Tu Whaka comes not—comes not evermore!
Torrents of tears fall from the sky,
Screech-birds that o'er the ocean fly,
Nought now is left us but to weep and die!
Ake! Ake! Ake!

After the murder of Tu Whaka, for Mairatea the days went sadly at Uru-o-Manono. The slaughter of her brother whom she had fondly loved, her brother who—full of youth and confidence and hope—had come rejoicingly to see her in her home, brought desolation to her heart and prostration to her faculties. She became completely estranged from her husband. As chief of his people she knew that Poporo-kewa must have given his countenance to the perpetration of the cowardly, bloody deed, and she could never more be wife to him. One day, when sitting alone in the great house—for Poporo-kewa and all his people had gone to sea fishing—Mairatea, pondering and grieving over what had occurred, was suddenly startled by hearing an unwonted sound above her. The sound came from the roof. The bones of Tu Whaka-raro were rattling, and to her perturbed imagination they seemed to say: "Tauparoro, Tauparoro."

Greatly excited by this singular hallucination Mairatea sprang to her feet, and, concentrating all her faculties upon the moving bones, watched them eagerly. Again they rattled, and again they seemed to say: "Tauparoro, Tauparoro."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mairatea. "O, bones of him who was devoured by the Ati Hapai—the tribe of Poporo-kewa, who is my husband—you rattle in vain. There is no one to lament over you or to avenge thy death! Well may you lament; well may you grieve."

But although, news might travel slowly in those days, news did travel, and in due time a knowledge of the facts connected with the tragic occurrence at Uru-o-Manono found its way to the village of Tu-huru-huru where, as might be expected, the intelligence created a profound sensation. Deep and universal was the mourning for Tu Whaka; loud were the lamentations for his unhappy fate. But all things come to an end at last, and, though at no time was the lost one ever forgotten, the mourning for him passed away.

Then to the mind of Whakatau-potiki came the remembrance of the duty he owed to his brother of vengeance. A sense of this obligation may dawn slowly, but it is sure to come, and when it does it is ever faithfully discharged. Whakatau-potiki acquainted his people with his purpose, and the work of preparation went forward with energy and stern determination. As the sea had to be crossed, the first work was to build canoes, and as his whole people were eager to take part in the expedition the building of a fleet of canoes was a task of no ordinary magnitude, and one which occupied a great deal of time. Whakatau felt that he did not require the services of more than a third of those who were anxious to take part as warriors in the obliteration of the Ati Hapai, but he thought it most judicious, for a time at least, to humour his people. The building of canoes would occupy their minds as well as afford them employment, and no doubt when finished the vessels would be useful for other purposes.

The "Whiritoa," the "Tapatapahukarere," the "Toroa-i-taipakihi," the "Hakirere" and the "Mahunu-awatea" were among the principal canoes, but there was quite a fleet of others, all of which were duly named. The top boards having been duly lashed and all the weapons to be used gathered together, then came Apakura, at the head of all the women, to prepare provisions—principally fern-root beaten and roasted—for use upon the voyage. Whilst these proceedings were going forward the women chanted the praises of the murdered Tu Whaka, and recited the circumstances of his death with marvellously minute detail, in order to arouse the passions of the braves and stimulate them to revenge.

It is alleged that upon this occasion, under Whakatau-potiki, more than a thousand canoes put to sea, so that there need be little wonder if, surveying such a vast array, the leader devoutly wished that half his people had stayed at home. Not far from the shores of that part of the country where was Uru-o-Manono lay a considerable island, and Whakatau decided that his people should land here, his purpose being to hold a grand review of his forces and accustom them to the performance of evolutions on the field. The army landed, he formed them into three columns, one constituting the reserve, and, after a spirited war-dance, he sent forward the first column to the attack of an imaginary foe. Away they went with shouts and yells and much brandishing of spears and *meres*. They sprang upon their supposed enemy and inflicted an intolerable deal of bloodless slaughter. Then the second column bravely advancing, the first column retired in order to recuperate their wind and reform their ranks, if in any way they should have happened to become disorganised. The second column appearing to

suffer heavy loss, the first column returned to the charge, and, the enemy beginning to retreat, the reserves were brought up to complete his utter annihilation. The review was an immense success, and satisfied the army warriors of the fact that they were unconquerable.

Then Whakatau made a stirring speech to his warriors, in which he praised their valour, individually and collectively; also their steadiness under trying circumstances; their obedience to the words of command and their most admirable discipline, concluding, however, with the following words: "O warriors, all of you, listen! Having carefully considered the position held by the foe, and also that which we now occupy, I have decided upon a night attack. Having advanced to this island, which, fortunately, has hidden our approach from their observation, here let us rest until it is dark. The enemy is probably quite unaware of our proximity, and by a night attack we shall take them by surprise, and be enabled to secure, with little if any loss, a complete victory. O, warriors! be brave and steadfast, and to you will be the triumph."

When night had fallen and it was quite dark Whakatau played what may fairly be characterized as a pretty trick upon the great bulk of his brave, ardent, and confiding warriors. Having made a selection of a few men upon whose discretion he could implicitly rely, he bade them go round and pull the plugs out of a certain considerable number of the canoes which he indicated. The canoes in which the plugs were to be allowed to remain were those belonging to his most stalwart and steadfast braves, whom he knew would follow him to death. As subsequently transpired, this work was carried out with exceeding secrecy and faithfulness.

At the appointed time, upon a signal being given, the whole army hurried to the canoes and made haste to embark. They had gone but a short distance from the shore, however, when the great bulk of the warriors discovered that their canoes were gradually sinking, and in a few minutes would be engulphed. In the black darkness which prevailed this untoward condition of affairs was productive of an immense amount of confusion. There was much splashing of paddles, and manifold cries of rage and distress. Not a man was lost, however. The canoes had not gone so far from the shore but it could be reached, if necessary, by swimming; but, upon realising their condition, the people in the canoes with their plugs out had the sense to paddle back to the island as fast as the utmost exercise of their strength could take them.

In the meantime, leaving the people in the plugless canoes to find their way back to the island as best they could, Whakatau and his body of selected warriors paddled away. The night was moonless, and it was still quite dark when, very

early in the morning, they arrived at the beach, drew their canoes up on the yellow sands, and crept stealthily forward towards Uru-o-Manono. Whakatau had been perfectly right in his conjecture. Poporo-kewa and his people were unaware of their approach; they did not anticipate attack from any foe; they were wrapped in slumber. Silently the warriors of Whakatau encircled the village. When this manœuvre had been satisfactorily accomplished Whakatau, accompanied by three or four of his braves, stepped forth towards the great house. When near to Uru-o-Manono they caught a man who, probably engaged in some illicit amour, was prowling about. Taking Hioi—for such was the man's name—to a place where conversation was not likely to be overheard, Whakatau questioned him:—

"Where now is Mairatea, my sister?" he asked.

"She is even now in the great house," answered Hioi.

"Tell me, in what part of Uru-o-Manono does Poporo-kewa sleep?" demanded Whakatau-Potiki.

"At the foot of the pillar which supports the roof of the great house, sleeps he," replied Hioi.

"He hath a distinguishing mark by which he may be known, hath he not?"

"Aye," said Hioi, "any one can at once recognise Poporo through one of his front teeth being broken."

"Good!" exclaimed Whakatau, "Now I am done. No, stay. Tell me in what part of the great house doth my sister sleep?"

"Close by the door sleeps Mairatea," was the answer.

Then, Whakatau having made a sign to his companions, the unhappy Hioi was seized and his tongue cut out.

"How dost thou feel now?" demanded Whakatau.

"I do not feel so well as I did a minute ago," contrived to articulate the unfortunate wretch.

From which it was clear that the operation of tongue-cutting had not proved quite successful. Another attempt was made, and this time, it may be relied upon, care was taken that Hioi should never speak more. His tongue was cut out close to the root.

"Now, go thou to the great house and bring my sister to me. Rouse her if she sleeps, and indicate to her that she is to follow you; then lead her to me," commanded Whakatau.

Hioi went off as he was bidden. On entering Uru-o-Manono he contrived to make such a noise that every one in the building started from their sleep. Some crowded round him angrily, demanding where he had been and what had been his purpose, suspicious as they were of the motives which had actuated him; but to all their questions Hioi could make no reply. His silence annoyed them greatly.

But Mairatea, more shrewd and more resolute than the others, guessed that the secret of Hioi's appearance and behaviour was to be elucidated outside, so, in the confusion, she stole unobserved from the great house. Not far had she proceeded in the darkness than strong arms were round her; they were those of her brother. Whakatau and Mairatea wept together, partly in joy at their meeting, partly because of the sad memories of Tu Whaka-raro which swept upon them.

Mairatea had no need to ask the purpose for which her brother had come; right well she knew. But, seeing him with only a few followers she asked, "But where are thy people?"

"There," replied Whakatau, stretching out his arm and indicating that his warriors lay all round the place. "They will come at my signal. For me, I propose to enter Uru-o-Manona now."

"What!" cried Mairatea, "with but these few? The Ati Hapai will know you, and you assuredly will be slain."

"What, then, would'st thou have me do?"

"If thou must needs enter Uru-o-Manona, O, my brother, it will be better to disguise thyself. See, I will cut off thy hair," answered Mairatea.

Whakatau having assented to this course being followed, his sister deftly cut off his hair quite close to his head. Being still dissatisfied with the effect produced, with some charcoal Mairatea contrived to find lying handy she rubbed his face until not a trace of its original colour was distinguishable. Whilst the operation of effecting a complete disguise was in process, Whakatau kicked against something lying on the ground, and to his surprise discovered it was a rope.

"Ho!" he exclaimed, "this may come in handy. We will take it with us." And he gathered it in coils upon his arm.

As they were proceeding to the great house, Whakatau, in order to be thoroughly satisfied, repeated to Mairatea the question he had before propounded to Hioi as to where Poporo-kewa slept, and he received the same answer—

"At the foot of the large post which supports the ridge-pole of the house."

The people in Uru-o-Manono had composed themselves to rest again; the fire had burned down to but a few red embers, so that there was but a dim light when Whakatau and his sister entered. Again the sleepers were disturbed. They started up.

"Ho!" exclaimed one, "there is a stranger here."

"Make up the fire, make it burn brightly, so we can see who this stranger is," cried a commanding voice.

A number of small dry brambles were quickly piled on the fire, and it blazed up immediately. Then all saw Whakatau

the stranger. The Ati Hapai could not restrain themselves from laughing when they saw his black face, and they began to exclaim loudly:—

"Oh, what a black, ugly fellow he is!"

"Did ever any one see such a sight?"

"He has come from Po—from the blackness of Po. He is Tai-po!"

Amidst the exclamations and the laughter Whakatau recognised his brother-in-law, Poporo-kewa, by his broken tooth. The Ati Hapai had gathered at one end of the great house with their chief Poporo-kewa in front of them. Whakatau stood opposite to him, with his back to the door. Suddenly Whakatau, with a swift, skilful movement, slung the noose of the rope he held on his left arm over the head of Poporo-kewa, and gave it a tug so hard that it closed upon the throat of the chief, compressing it tightly. Then, paying out the rope as he went, Whakatau and his sister ran out of the house, closing the door after them. Whakatau mounted the roof and gave the appointed signal to his expectant warriors. This accomplished, he uttered an incantation. Then from off the ground, from under the bushes where they had been lying concealed, sprang each warrior to his place, and the circle advanced, contracting and slaughtering as it came. Lo. soon they were gathered all round the doomed edifice, from which many made fruitless efforts to escape. As from the great house they issued forth one by one they were slaughtered ruthlessly; the women alone were spared. Whakatau-potiki, who had sprang from the roof to lead his men, directed the whole proceedings. Fire being obtained, his hand it was that applied it to the building, and in a short time it was a mass of flame. Not a male creature within it escaped destruction, and thus the famous *whare-kura* of Uru-o-Manono for ever passed away.

The vengeance taken for the murder of Tu Whaka-raro was ample and complete. Then, with songs of victory and delight, the triumphant warriors sought their canoes and returned to the island, where they arrived in time to share breakfast with the braves of the plugless canoes, who were in a terrible state of chagrin and vexation because, through circumstances over which they alleged they had no control, they had not been able to share in such a delightful adventure. But clearly it is the duty of every one who proposes to put out to sea to first ascertain that the plug is safe and firm in his canoe. Finally the whole army returned to their own country and filled the hearts of Tu-huru-huru, Apakura, and all the people, with the joyful news of the complete obliteration of the Ati Hapai.

Such was the vengeance wreaked for the murder of Tu Whaka-raro.

THE LEGEND OF KUPE AND OF TURI.

The love of the beautiful is natural to man, otherwise there would be no art in the world. Man loves to surround himself with objects of beauty upon which his eyes can rest and his soul be filled with sensations of pleasure. That which comes nearest to a man—that which enters into his life more than anything living or dead—is his wife, and it is pleasant to gaze upon a beautiful woman, particularly if she happens to be your own possession. This supreme felicity fell to the lot of Hotu-rapa, whose wife Kuramarotini, one of the charming daughters of Toto, was indeed lovely beyond compare. Before her marriage the fame of Kuramarotini had spread far and near over the country, and many of the aspiring youth of Hawaiki had sought to ingratiate himself into her favour, and begin the constitution of a family circle with her for his bride. Others, who had already made considerable progress in the direction of family constitution, fondly thought that if they could only add to the circle the beautiful Kuramarotina it would be endowed with a completeness and a charm which it did not then possess. As has been indicated Hotu-rapa was the favoured suitor, and Kuramarotina became his wife.

But it not infrequently happens that the presence of a beautiful woman as mistress of one's home is not an unalloyed blessing. There are in the world bad men who look with envious eyes upon the happiness of others, and who covet their possessions, more particularly if they happen to be arrayed in the simple loveliness of many physical charms, and who, if they cannot secure what their hearts long for by legitimate and proper means, are quite prepared to resort to unscrupulous artifice or force. Even such a man was Kupe. Kupe was on the most intimate and friendly terms with Hotu-rapa—who little guessed the fierce and unholy passion that was raging in the breast of him he thought his friend—and of course through this friendship he enjoyed many opportunities of beholding the adorable object of his desires. It need hardly be said that every time Kupe visited the home of Hotu-rapa his passion became more and more inflamed, until at length it became quite ungovernable. Then a notable scheme entered into his head.

One warm, sunny morning, it being midsummer, when Kupe knew that Hotu-rapa's people would all be away snaring birds, he went to Kuramarotini's dwelling hoping to find her alone. He was disappointed, however, for Hotu-rapa was there. After some idle and inconsequential conversation, Kupe proposed that they should go out fishing, saying it would be much cooler on the water. Hotu-rapa assented to this proposition, but urged that he had no men to take with them

to work the canoe, which was a very large and handsome canoe called the "Mata-houra."

"Let there be no difficulty about that," said Kupe; "I will go and get a sufficient number of my people to manage the canoe."

"Very well, then," assented Hotu-rapa; "you go and bring your men, and I will go down to the 'Mata-houra' and prepare her for the water. You will find me at the canoe."

Kupe went off accordingly, and when Hotu-rapa next saw him at the canoe the men he had brought with him each carried a considerable stock of provisions. It was not usual for a canoe of any size to put off from the shore without having on board supplies to provide against the casualty of being carried away from land for some days; but these extra supplies which Kupe brought seemed a trifle superfluous. Hotu-rapa, however, attributing his friend's conduct to no more than a thoughtful and generous provision, said nothing on the subject.

The "Mata-houra" had not gone very far from the shore when Hotu-rapa proposed they should start fishing, but upon one pretext or another Kupe contrived that the canoe should be taken some considerable distance out and a long way down the coast before the lines were got out and the canoe brought to anchor.

They had been fishing for some time, when suddenly Kupe exclaimed: "Ho, my line is caught; I cannot pull it in!"

"Caught, is it?" replied Hotu-rapa; "it looks all right."

"Oh, no, it's caught; it has got foul of something. Do, like a good fellow, dive down and see what is the matter," insisted Kupe.

"Let me have a try; I think I can pull it up," suggested Hotu-rapa.

"Oh, no; you can't do anything. It's fast, I tell you. You had better plunge in at once and release my hook that way," persisted Kupe.

Thereupon the unsuspicious and good-natured Hotu-rapa threw aside his mat, dropped his lines, and took a header into the sea.

No sooner was he gone over the side than the men were ordered to pull the lines in quickly, the rope which held the canoe to its anchor was cut, paddles were got out, and in a few moments the "Mata-houra" was speeding back to the place from whence she had started. Presently the head of Hotu-rapa, who was a strong swimmer, appeared above water. He called to the people in the rapidly disappearing canoe, but their backs were towards him, and they saw him not, whilst the loud voice of Kupe, urging his men to still greater energy and speed, drowned his cries. Nothing was

left to him then but to make for the distant shore, and to this task he devoted himself. Hotu-rapa perished. Powerful swimmer as he was, the canoe had been taken too far from the shore for him to be enabled to reach it.

No sooner did the bow of the "Mata-houra" touch the shore than out sprang Kupe, and, calling some of his men to follow him, he hurried to the home of Hotu-rapa. He found the beautiful girl there, of course. Telling her that an accident had befallen her husband, who was at the canoe, and anxious to see her, they inveigled her to accompany them to the shore. Directly the canoe was in sight, however, she was whisked off her feet and, shrieking and struggling, carried on board. Then the canoe was pushed away again, paddles were out, sails were hoisted, and the "Mata-houra" went off dancing like a thing of life over the bright waters of the dark-blue sea.

Then it was that Kupe realised the full magnitude of the outrage he had committed. Kuramarotini was the daughter of Toto, a powerful chief, and the canoe in which Kupe then sailed had been given by Toto as a present to Hotu-rapa on his marriage. Toto's people, as well as Hotu-rapa's people, would certainly seek vengeance upon the false friend, the murderer, the ravisher. Whither now could he go to be safe? His old home and his own land were closed to him. He was a wanderer and an outcast. The sea, apparently, was for ever destined to be his dwelling-place. Floating upon its calm surface, or tossed about upon its angry, stormy billows, he could do no other than accept the refuge which the wide ocean afforded. He must keep the seas. And so Kupe, careless whither the "Mata-houra" drifted or whither he was blown by idle winds, floated about on the waters for many days.

At last one morning all on board the canoe were much surprised, and no less delighted, by the appearance of land lying away yonder on the line of the horizon on the starboard bow. The people knew it was not Hawa-iki, the land they had left; for, careless and indifferent as to his course as Kupe might be, he had at least taken care that the "Mata-houra" kept well out of proximity to his old home. As they drew nearer the configuration also showed them that it was a new land, of which the people of Hawa-iki had little if any knowledge; certainly they on board the canoe had never heard of its existence before. Being badly in need of fresh water, the paddles were got out and all haste was made to reach the shore. A rocky cape was rounded, and the "Mata-houra" coasted along the land which lay in the direction of the setting sun. Then, when a beautiful island-studded bay was reached, a landing was effected, and an abundance of fresh,

clear, sparkling water was found. O the joy of it! Kupe and his people did not venture far inland, being fearful of attack, and not caring to wander any distance from their canoe, from which they might be cut off; but, except birds, which were plentiful and easily caught, they did not see a trace of any living thing. Then, through the birds and the water having completely restored their strength, and being again in good spirits, their voyage was resumed.

The "Mata-houra" was not under any charter; her commander, Kupe, at least, was not anxious to come again into contact with any of his kind; her people had only to put ashore in order to obtain all the refreshment they needed; time was not of the slightest consequence, so it may well be believed that the progress made in following the shore-line was leisurely enough. No incident calculated to vary the usual daily monotony occurred until the "Mata-houra" was off the headland now known as Castle Point, which Kupe named Te Wheke-a-mutu-rangi. The canoe, being pretty close inshore at the point, alarmed a great sea-monster which had made its abode in a cavern there. Directly this sea-brute saw the canoe it scuttled into the water and made haste to attack it. Kupe, however, had seen the giant cuttle-fish—for such it was—and his men were all prepared for it when it approached. The monster grappled with the canoe, throwing round it long, gigantic arms and suckers, which the men quickly chopped off with their axes. But this did not seem to affect the monster much, having apparently plenty of such arms to spare. After a long and at one time very doubtful struggle, the brute was driven away by the vigorous use of their paddles. Abandoning its attack, the octopus turned and fled. The people of the "Mata-houra," however, were not satisfied with this victory. Their long-enforced idleness had in a measure deadened their blood, and this *rencontre* had quickened it with pleasurable sensations. They were eager to continue the fight, and, wild with excitement, they called upon Kupe to pursue the brute. Catching their enthusiasm, Kupe at once fell in with their humour; he, too, gladly welcomed the variation afforded by a bit of sport. So, with all sails hoisted and every paddle vigorously plied, the "Mata-houra" started in swift pursuit. Down the coast, through and across Cook Strait, the maimed monster took its course, the "Mata-houra" following in its track. Into Tory Channel it went, and there it sought to find a refuge from its relentless, persistent pursuers. It sought to find a hiding-place in a part of the current, but presently it became aware that the canoe, steadily pulled up stream, was close upon it. The monster was driven to bay. Such of its arms as it had left the great sea-dragon threw above water,

Tarepokioni, Wanganui River.

and prepared to renew its attack upon the canoe; but, profiting by past experience, Kupe was in no mind for another encounter of that kind, the last one having been quite sufficiently critical. Seizing a large empty calabash—one of the vessels used for carrying water—he threw it overboard. It floated, of course, like a bladder. No sooner did the calabash touch the surface than the monster rushed at it. Raising itself up in the water, it seemed to fall upon the calabash and seize it for its prey. Then was Kupe's opportunity. Whilst the giant-octupus grasped the calabash and sought to crush it, a quick movement brought the canoe alongside, so that Kupe was enabled to deal it one tremendous blow with his axe, which severed its body in two. The fight was finished, the octopus was dead.

Kupe and his people are credited with having circumnavigated both islands; they landed at many places along the shores of the new land they had discovered, upon which the name of Ao-tea-roa was bestowed. They built small piles of stones, and with their axes cut marks upon trees to show that at one time man had been there; but from first to last no signs of life, save such as was to be found in birds and grubs and worms, did they find anywhere. Kuramarotini now was Kupe's wife—the connubial relationship had been established by their long dwelling together. They had been absent from Hawa-iki for years, and now a great hunger came upon him to see once more his own people, and enjoy the pleasures of more extended human society. Then it was that the prow of the "Mata-houra" was turned towards Hawa-iki where, after having long been given up for lost, in due time Kupe and his men safely arrived.

Now, as may reasonably be expected, during Kupe's protracted absence several events of importance had taken place in Hawa-iki. Not the least of them was the trouble that arose between Uenuku and Turi. Hoimatua, a near relative of the great chief Turi, had a little son of whom he was at once fond and proud, and his name was Potikiroroa. Uenuku was the high-priest of the temple, or *wharekura*, as it was called. He was, of course, a very great *ariki*. Well, it happened one day that Hoimatua sent his little boy Potikiroroa with a message to Uenuku that, a burnt-offering having been made to the gods, a part had been set aside for him to eat, as was proper and usual. Now, Potikiroroa, who was a very little fellow to be intrusted with such a message, when he got to the portal of the chief priest's house, being either tired, too impatient, or careless, stumbled and fell to the ground. Nothing could be more portentous than such an omen. It was about the worst thing that could have happened either for Uenuku or Potikiroroa — particularly for Potikiroroa. Naturally the high

priest was very greatly irritated. Indeed, so exasperated did Uenuku become over this tremendous mishap that with a blow he forthwith slew the little boy, and then, without waiting for any preliminary process of cooking, ate him up. Not improbably, Potikiroroa happened to call upon Uenuku upon an inauspicious moment when he was very hungry, and so was indisposed to stand upon any more or less vexatious ceremony or irritating delay such as would be entailed by cooking operations. Any way Potikiroroa did not return to his fond father's dwelling ever any more.

When Turi learned of what had occurred it grieved him exceedingly. He, too, had been fond of the pretty boy, and with an aching heart he sorrowed for the bereavement of Hoimatua, who was his friend as well as his relative. It was a horrible thing to slay a hapless child, and to devour him raw was ghoulish and atrocious. Turi lamented, and then he meditated. With meditation came the thought of revenge. Ah, what revenge was it possible for him to take that would in any degree compensate for a deed so abominable as the killing of an innocent child and the swallowing of him without being cooked? To be adequately tolerable vengeance must be at least equally horrible, or it could not be regarded as completely satisfying. Turi continued to meditate and ponder, until at last the thought came to him of a vengeance which, if carried out as he planned it, would go far to thoroughly meet the painful circumstances of the case.

No one need be advised that, if perchance they dwell in a house of glass, they should sedulously discourage the practice of throwing stones; certainly, they should be very far from setting a bad example by indulging in the throwing practice themselves. It is well to remember always that with whatsoever measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again. Uenuku, when he ravenously drove his teeth into the tender flesh of poor little Potikiroroa, quite forgot the trifling circumstance that he had a dear little boy of his own. It was through that boy that vengeance was to fall upon him.

Turi began to develop quite a peculiar interest in Hawepotiki, the son of the high priest. He was never able to find the boy alone; but, himself unseen, he would watch him for hours together, and always with a more strongly growing, fascinated, interest. Then he took to devising tricks for Hawepotiki's special entertainment. As an example, one day Turi got all the boys of the village to start playing whip-top in a place where Hawepotiki could not fail to hear them, and see them, too, if he felt inclined, but he did not come from his home to participate in the sport. Obviously, he had been cautioned or was controlled.

And so time passed with the watcher and the watched. The months of summer came with their scorching heats to blister the skins of men. One lovely morning when it was very warm, Turi, who from his incessant attention to the boys of the village had become exceedingly popular with them, sent all down to have a bathe in the river. Away they ran helter-skelter, and plunging in the stream began dashing the water about with much noise and clamour. Turi himself remained in the cool shadow of an umbrageous tree that stood midway between Uenuku's house and where the boys were bathing further down the river. The hilarity and evident enjoyment of the boys proved too much for Hawepotiki. Forgetful of warnings, and thrown off his guard, he hastily quitted the house and ran to join in the fun. As he was passing the tree Turi caught him, and in a moment he was dead. Turi carried the little body to his own house, where it was cut up, cooked, and eaten by him and his friends whom he had invited to a feast. All was devoured except the heart, a tit-bit, which was reserved for a special purpose.

Now, it happened that a certain princess named Hotukura was desirous of appearing very graciously disposed towards the high priest, so, as a mark of her particular favour, she resolved to send to Uenuku a basket full of the most toothsome dainties she could think of. Learning of this, Turi, when the procession came along, sent one of his friends with the heart of Hawepotiki to slip it into the basket. This friend of Turi's carried out his mission very well. The basket carried was in the middle of the line of the procession. Turi's friend went straight to where the basket was, and began to talk to the people about their mistress, and of the great high priest Uenuku, and his surprising virtues, whom she desired to honour; then he suddenly directed their attention to something taking place on the other side of the river, and when they turned their heads to look at this something the heart of Hawepotiki was slipped into the basket entirely unobserved. After a few more words of conversation the procession moved on, and Turi's clever friend went his way.

The baked heart of Hawepotiki, lying on the top of the basket, was necessarily among the first of the rich viands spread before Uenuku. The food of course came from Hotukura, and he had no suspicion that the basket in which it was brought could have been tampered with. The high priest was sad at heart, for Hawepotiki was not at home—his beloved boy was missing. Uenuku, who had a very tender regard for his stomach, however, ate the food. He thought it excellent, and the variety very well chosen. He praised Hotukura, her thoughtfulness, her good taste. "Ah!" he exclaimed, smacking his lips, "poor little Hawepotiki, what

a pity he was not with me to share in this. How he would have enjoyed it!"

Scarcely had the words emanated from his mouth than in rushed one of his dependants,—

"O, Uenuku!" cried the man, "have you eaten the heart that was in the basket?"

"Aye," answered the high priest, alarmed by the man's manner, and beginning to feel sick with apprehension, "I have eaten it—what then?"

"O, Uenuku, that was the heart of your son—of your little boy, Hawepotiki!" cried the man, feeling deeply the horror of his own announcement.

The exercise of self-control, under the most heartrending and paralysing circumstances which the human mind is capable of imagining, was one of the most striking of the characteristics of chiefs of the race to which Uenuku belonged. Whatever thoughts passed through his mind, whatever feelings agitated his bosom in that supreme moment, he betrayed no emotion. His bearing in all respects was worthy of a great chief and a leader of the people.

"Very well," he said simply, "let it be; Hawepotiki lies in the belly of Toi-te-huataki," words which indicated that he would take a fearful revenge, and so they have passed into a proverb.

Right well Uenuku knew that if, under such a crushing and unexpected blow, and one so revolting to even the most savage breast, he had given way in the least degree to a manifestation of the feelings surging within him, the news of it would have been carried to his foes, and would have added immensely to their gratification. At whatever cost to himself he would not give them that satisfaction.

At this time Turi dwelt in a house, the name of which was Rangi-atea. It was in this home where two of his children — Tu-rangai-mua and Taneroroa — were born to him by Rongo-rongo, his wife. The latter of his children was still a baby in arms when one evening Rongo-rongo, taking her child to suckle, went for a walk. On her home-returning she had occasion to pass pretty close to the *wharekura*, in the interior of which she heard a voice singing,—

O! let the tribes be summoned from the south,
Oh! let the tribes be summoned from the north;
Let Ngati Ruanui come in force;
Let Ngati Rongotea's warriors too be there,
That we may all our foes destroy,
And sweep them utterly away.
Oh, they ate one far nobler than themselves!

Rongo-rongo had no difficulty in recognising the voice of Uenuku, the chief priest, and she guessed the song he was

chanting was one of vengeance. This filled her with fear, for of course she knew what cause her husband had to dread the power of Uenuku. On returning to her home she said, "O, Turi, as I passed the *wharekura* I heard Uenuku chant a song."

"What song did he chant, my wife?" inquired Turi.

Then Rongo-rongo sang gently to her husband the chant of Uenuku.

"That song is meant for me. I am to be the subject of this vengeance," exclaimed Turi, at once divining the meaning hidden in the words of such a chant. "Uenuku has gone to the *wharekura* to implore the gods to aid him in his work of vengeance. If I am to save myself and you, dear wife, and these my children, I must be prompt."

It must be said for Turi that, once he gathered a comprehension of his position, he did not allow the grass to grow under his feet, as the saying is. He hurried away to Toto, who was the father of his wife Rongo-rongo, and laid the whole of the circumstances surrounding the situation clearly before him.

After they had talked the matter over for some time, Turi's father-in-law said, "Oh, Turi! it seemeth to me that thou and thine stand in a very serious predicament."

"Aye, that I keenly feel," responded Turi sadly.

"Thou sayest there is no possible hope of thy being able to withstand the high priest here in Hawa-iki?"

"No possible hope," echoed Turi. "The influences open for him to use, the power he can exercise, the forces he can bring are too many for me to hope to be able to cope with."

"Then," said the old man, "there remains but one of two courses."

"And they are?" inquired Turi.

"Either to stay in Hawa-iki, and consent to perish, or resort to flight," answered Toto.

"Flight!" exclaimed Turi. "Ah, whither can I fly?"

The old man remained silent for a minute or two; then, raising his head, he said: "O, Turi, thou hast heard of the strange new land which Kupe has discovered; go thou thither."

"Aye," replied Turi, doubtfully. "I have, indeed, heard of such a land, but whilst some believe in Kupe's tale many do not."

"Kupe was away four years," answered Toto. "He could not possibly keep the sea all that time. He must have found land somewhere."

"The power of the gods is very great," remarked Turi sententiously.

"Aye, no doubt, no doubt," murmured Toto. Then he went on again: "Kupe does not say he was sustained at sea

by incantations and the power of the gods. He says he found islands which he circumnavigated; that he landed at many places and caught birds, upon which, with fish from the sea, he subsisted. He describes the country with detail, so that there is everything in favour of the story being true, and nothing against it but ignorance and want of faith."

"Aye, that is so," mused Turi.

"Any way," continued Toto, "if you stay here thou, thy wife, thy children, and thy people will assuredly perish. There is a hope of your finding these new lands of Kupe's, and there thou and thy people may dwell for a time in safety, and when these sad troubles which now distract our land have passed away, thou and they may return again. Should'st thou fail to find the lands and perish at sea, it will be no worse than perishing here in Hawa-iki."

"Aye," answered Turi, "that again is true; but, if I would go, there is still the difficulty that I have not a canoe large enough to take my people."

"I will give thee one—I will give thee the 'Ao-tea,'" promptly replied Toto.

This answer at once disposed of all Turi's half-hearted objections, and he concurred in a policy of flight. The matter was settled.

Some five years previously, whilst wandering along by the shores of Lake Waiharakeke, Toto had observed an immense tree the trunk of which from root to the first branch was perfectly clean and straight. He resolved to bring down this tree and presently set to work accordingly. In falling, the trunk of the tree had split into two equal parts. Out of each half Toto had been enabled to make a large canoe; and, as has been seen, one of these canoes—the "Matahoura"—he had bestowed upon Hotu-rapa when that unfortunate chief wedded his daughter Kuramarotini. The other canoe—the "Ao-tea"—he now gave to Turi, the husband of his daughter Rongo-rongo. Thus both his sons-in-law were endowered with large canoes of great value, hewed out of one tree. They were sister canoes.

Turi's flight having been resolved upon, despatch became of the utmost consequence. If he and his people were to go, obviously the sooner they left the better. That same night in which the conversation above related between Toto and Turi took place, the "Ao-tea" was dragged by strong and willing hands from her sheltering cover to the sea and taken down to the landing-place of the latter. Here sails, paddles, water, provisions, Rongo-rongo and her children, and all the men and women of Turi's people who cared to go were put on board.

Now, it happened that the residence of Kupe was not far distant from Turi's landing-place, and that enterprising and

once amorous chief, being disturbed in his slumbers by the noise made by hurried preparations, came forth from his habitation to see what was going forward. When made acquainted with the circumstances, Kupe quite agreed in the wisdom of the course proposed to be followed—he had once fled from vengeance himself—and he cheerfully gave to Turi the benefit of his advice. He said, "O, Turi, listen, and remember these my words. Steer thou ever to the eastward—to that portion of the heavens in which the sun rises. Steadily keep the prow of the 'Ao-tea' ever directed to that part of the sky, and you will reach the islands which I have found."

"O, Kupe," replied Turi, "this will I do; but why should'st thou not accompany us? Come, Kupe, let us go together!"

"Do not think that Kupe will ever return there again. Ah, no," said that warrior. "Kupe is now too happy where he is with Kuramarotini."

"Ah, well," answered Turi, "if thou wilt stay so let it be."

"And when thou gettest to the islands, O, Turi, it will be better for thee and for thy people to sail at once and examine the river which I discovered, the mouth of which opens directly to the westward."*

"Aye," said Turi, "that is good. I will remember well thy counsel."

"And should'st thou reach this river there wilt thou find but two inhabitants.† One of them carries its tail erect and sticking out so"—here Kupe illustrated his meaning by a reference to the body of one who was standing by. "Now when thou hear'st a cry, do not mistake it for the voice of a man, for it will be the call of a bird—there is a bird there that calls in such a way that one would think the sound came from a human being. And should'st thou in turn call to those birds, you will hear them answer you again and calling one to the other. When thou hearest these birds, then wilt thou know you have found the river of which I have spoken to thee."

"I will surely remember all these things," answered Turi.

"Why, Turi, the paddles thou art taking with thee are good for nothing. They are made of the wood of the buboe tree," called Tuau, Turi's brother-in-law.

"Ho, that is so!" replied Turi. "It is too late; wherever can I get other paddles now?"

"Just wait a moment and I will find thee other paddles. I will fetch the paddles of Taipa-rae-roa," and thus exclaiming Tuau ran off, presently returning with two paddles well known by their names, which were Rangi-horono and Kautu-

* This river is generally held to have been the Patea, on the west coast of the North Island.

† The kokako and ti-wai-waka.

ke-te-rangi. Tuau also brought back with him two bailers known as Tipua-horo-nuku and Rangi-ka-wheriko. At last all was ready to put off from the shore.

"O Tuau," said Turi, "it is hard thus to part."

"It is," answered Tuau, "but it must be; it is best so."

"Tuau," again said Turi, "thou had'st best come to sea a little way with me; thou can'st easily return again when thou hast seen me fairly started on my long, long voyage."

To this proposition Tuau readily assented, and as the "Ao-tea" was being pushed away from the shore he jumped on board. The sails were hoisted, the paddles were got to work, and with the light breeze then blowing, in the darkness of early morning the "Ao-tea" moved away on her voyage to the then little-known new land. The "Ao-tea" carried seed of the sweet potatoes known as Te Kakau, some dried stones of the berries of the karaka-tree, a few living edible rats in boxes, some tame green parrots, a few pet pukekoes or large water-hens, and many other things likely to prove of value in the new country. The things taken on board the canoe passed into a proverb as "the 'Ao-tea's' valuable freight"; nevertheless, had it not been for the hurry and confusion of mind incidental to a sudden determination to make flight, many more things likely to prove of inestimable value might have been taken.

Tuau sat near the stern gently working his paddle and pondering many things, amongst them, no doubt, the strange vicissitudes of life to which all are subject, as the "Ao-tea" dropped down the bay. When they had gotten to the heads, as the entrance from the ocean to the bay was called, Turi called, "Tuau, the early morning air is chill. Do you come and sit for a little in the house amidships, and I will take the paddle until I warm myself."

"Very good," answered Tuau, and a few minutes later he went to the house, surrendering his paddle to the chief.

In the house Tuau found the principal women on board, and he began to talk to them as cheerfuly as possible in order to keep up their drooping spirits. Meanwhile, at a sign from Turi as he took the paddle left to him by Tuau, the men started to propel the canoe most vigorously, the chief himself working hard and setting an example. Soon the heads where Tuau had intended to leave the canoe were passed; soon the "Ao-tea" was far out upon the ocean. When Tuau came out of the house the land was miles astern.

"O Turi, Turi, turn the canoe back, I pray you, and land me," the betrayed man called. He called again and again, but not the least attention could he win from his imperturbable brother-in-law, who worked away steadily with his paddle as if he had suddenly become stone deaf. Then Tuau fell to

grieving and weeping, crying "O, my beloved wife, O, my dear children, how shall I ever get back to you from the place to which I am going? I shall never more behold you again!" and a great deal more to the same effect. Indeed, the grief of Tuau was very touching, but the obdurate heart of the chief remained unmoved. He had set his mind upon taking Tuau with him, and he carried out his purpose with the stern determination characteristic of his race.

In an incident of the voyage which occurred the first morning after leaving Hawa-iki, Turi, however, showed himself more relenting. Almost from the moment of starting one of the men named Tapo began to be very disagreeable. Privations and discomforts were plentiful enough, so that there was abundant room for complaints and grumblings if any one felt disposed to voice them. Presently Tapo succeeded in rendering himself perfectly obnoxious to everybody in his efforts to sow dissension and stir up to mutiny. Turi was of course cognisant of what was going on, but forbore to take notice, being anxious to get to the new land if possible without disturbance. The climax was reached, however, when Tapo was insolent as well as disobedient to the commands of the chief who, for a moment losing his temper, promptly tumbled him into the sea. Tapo dropped astern, all the people looking over the topboards and gazing at the man who seemed lost beyond a doubt. He swam with great heart after the canoe, which was gradually widening the distance between them.

Seeing how he kept up his wonderful spirit and endurance, the people began to conclude that Tapo must be under the protection of the god Maru. So, as they looked over the side, they called him Maru: "Here is Maru!" "Look at Maru!" "See how he swims!" "O, Maru!"

Then, as he felt himself getting tired and the distance begin to rapidly increase, Tapo made a jocose and perfectly amusing appeal to Turi, who was standing in the stern.

"I say, old fellow, come now, can't you see your way to let me live in the world a little longer," he cried.

This speech tickled the humour of Turi so that by his orders the progress of the canoe was stayed until Tapo came alongside, and he was hauled on board again.

Through having lain ashore long unused by Toto's people, the timbers of the "Ao-tea" had become very dry and much shrunken. The joining of the side-boards was not close, and holes opened in her sides so that she leaked badly. The bailers had to be kept constantly going throwing the water over the side. Turi recited incantations and chanted prayers to the gods to cheer the women and give confidence to the men; but, notwithstanding, the

water appeared to gain steadily. Just as the bailers were becoming perfectly exhausted, and Turi himself was beginning to despair, an island in mid-ocean was sighted. The "Ao-tea" was steered for this island, which was named Rangitahua, and every effort was put forth to reach it as speedily as possible.

When the "Ao-tea" had been hauled up on the beach her people were considerably surprised to find that there were other voyagers on Rangitahua besides themselves. The chief was called Potoru, and the name of their canoe was "Te Ririno." Potoru had heard of the new land discovered by Kupe, and he and his people were seeking it. Not improbably, like Kupe and Turi, he too was fleeing from the threatened vengeance of powerful and implacable Hawa-ikian foes.

The people of Potoru had with them a number of dogs which beyond doubt would have proved exceedingly useful in the new land to which they were going. The flesh of the dogs would provide animal food, whilst their skins would go to the furnishing of mats and warm cloaks to be used in wet or chilly weather. However, much as they valued them, they killed two of their dogs — Whakapapa-tuakura and Tanga-kakiriki—whilst on shore at Rangitahua. The last-named dog was designed as an offering to the gods. They had already constructed a sacred place, and they had set up pillars for the spirits. Whakapapa-tuakura, having been cooked, was shared by the people. Tanga-kakariki having been cut open in every part, the raw flesh was laid in the sacred place for the gods to consume. Then, having spread before them the enchanted apron of the spirits, they invoked the powers of their deities, calling, "Come, manifest yourselves to us, O, ye gods! Make haste and declare the future to us. It may be now that we shall not succeed in passing to the other side of the ocean; but if you manifest yourself to us, and are present with us, we shall pass there in safety."

Then, having arisen from their attitude of supplication, the remains of Tanga-kakariki were roasted with fire, and, holding them aloft, the names of the particular spirits to whom the sacrifice was made were called over with renewed appeals. The wrath of possibly offended gods having been thus successfully appeased, the pillars of the sacred place were restored to their proper positions, the people chanting,—

'Tis the post which stands above thee;
'Tis the post which stands in the heavens,
Near Atutahimarehua.

Then, by repeating over their canoe the powerful prayers known to mankind as Keuenga, Takanga, Whaka-inu-inu-manga, and others, all ill-luck should have been for a very long time, if not for ever, removed from it. But, alas! no

manifestation such as had been devoutly prayed for was in any way vouchsafed to the worshippers.

The people of the "Ao-tea" had no dogs with them from the number of which they could select a sacrificial offering, so they did not attempt to propitiate the gods in that manner, and at the same time they were too busily employed working at their canoe. They ripped all the old lashings and caulkings out of the seams and joinings of the old "Ao-tea," and, relashing the top sides, filled them up again tightly and thoroughly, so that when they were ready to proceed to sea again she was completely refitted.

Then it was proposed that, as both peoples were seeking a home in the new land, the two canoes should sail together, keeping company.

"Aye," said Turi, "I agree to that; but in what direction dost thou propose to sail?"

"The 'Ririno,' O, Turi, sails westward towards where the sun sets," replied Potoru.

"Nay, then, I cannot agree to that. The 'Ao-tea' sails eastward towards where the sun in the morning flares up," answered Turi.

"Nay," vociferated Potoru, "it is of no use going in that direction. Let us follow the sun to where it sets in glory in the evening."

"This is sheer folly," exclaimed Turi. "Did not Kupe discover the islands we seek? Did not Kupe tell me to sail towards the eastward—to keep the prow of my canoe steadily towards where the sun rises in the morning—and to let nothing turn me from that course? The eastward is the direction in which we should go."

But all arguments and remonstrances were vain against the obstinate persistency of Potoru; he could not be induced to depart from following the course upon which he had resolved, and so Turi, weakly enough, yielded to what he knew to be wrong for the sake of the society which the people of Potoru afforded. The voyagers being all on board, the canoes left Rangitahua together, resolved on following a course to the westward as Potoru desired.

On leaving the island Turi kept the "Ao-tea" well out to sea, but Potoru, probably two insistant upon going due west, did not do so. The result was that the "Ririno" got caught in the swirl of a strong current where she speedily became wholly unmanageable. The current swung her round and round; she became involved in a raging surf; hidden she was from sight in clouds of spray, and finally thrown upon a reef of low-lying jagged rocks, known as Tapua-puatea, where she was quickly dashed to pieces. Every soul perished. This terrible catastrophe was witnessed by the whole of the people

on board the "Ao-tea," whose commander had kept them carefully away from the risk of such perils. From the fate of the "Ririno" is derived the proverb, "You are as obstinate as Potoru, who persisted in rushing on to his own destruction."

Now that the company afforded by the people of the "Ririno" was irretrievably lost, there was no longer any reason why the commander of the "Ao-tea" should continue to follow a course which was quite opposite to his own judgment and conviction. Accordingly the canoe was turned round so that once more her prow was directed to that part of the heavens where the sun flares up in the morning. After several days had passed—the "Ao-tea" now being tolerably comfortable after her overhaul, and making good sailing—to the infinite delight of all on board land was distinguished away on the port bow. Here at last was the land—the promised land—of Kupe, of the actual existence of which many had entertained serious doubts. The obdurate persistency of Potoru, the extreme confidence with which he had made his affirmations as to the true course, had naturally impressed many minds, and they had been sailing they knew not whither. To their minds the probability was that they would perish as the people of the "Ririno" had done, or die still more miserably of starvation upon the lonely waste of waters. The sight of land therefore restored life to many despairing hearts, and the joy of it was extreme. The canoe resounded with laughter and singing and wild expressions of enthusiastic delight. The people, in short, did not know how to behave in order to show the uncontrollable happiness surging within them.

Before the land was seen, however, an interesting event had taken place on board the "Ao-tea." Turi had another child born to him. He called the new-comer Tutawa. They had then but nine of their sweet potatoes left. But, notwithstanding the scarcity and the threatened hunger which loomed darkly over and before them, Turi took one of the potatoes, and, having first dedicated it as a sacrifice to the gods, with it he touched the palate of his latest child, born to him when in trying circumstances in mid-ocean, and he repeated the prayers fitting for such an occasion.

Then, coasting at this time along the shore, looking for a convenient landing-place, a man named Tuanui-a-te-ra, who had a singularly deformed foot, must needs distinguish himself by becoming unruly and disobedient. Probably this manifestation was the result of reaction from the strong feeling which overpowered him when first land came into view. It was his fate to share the experience which had previously overtaken Tapo. Treating Turi with exceeding insolence, the

chief threw him overboard, and, turning his back upon the swimmer, abandoned him to his doom.

When they had drawn in so close to the shore that they could distinguish all objects upon it quite distinctly, the people saw red things in great abundance, and found it quite impossible to decide what they could be. Of one thing they were certain—these red things (which were no other than rata-blossoms) would make lovely ornaments for the adornment of the person. Therefore, they chucked into the sea the old pahutukawa-flowers, dirty and faded now through length of wear and long exposure, and looked forward with pleasant anticipations to the wealth of new ornaments they were soon about to possess.

Turi's people landed at the harbour of Ao-tea, which they named after the canoe which had served them so well. The vessel was drawn high up from the sandy beach and carefully covered over to protect her from the destroying influences of the weather, and then the voyagers romped along the shore, abandoning themselves to all the happiness of freedom in mind and in body. Ho! what was this? Like Robinson Crusoe, that very ancient and best-known of mariners, they discovered the footprint of a man upon the sand—a footmark not imprinted there by any of them! Their disturbed minds, however, were soon set at rest. An examination of the mark showed that the foot which had caused it was deformed; and there could be no doubt whatever, therefore, that Tuanui-a-te-ra had succeeded in swimming to the shore, and was there somewhere in the neighbourhood.

Having recuperated his own and his people's strength by a prolonged rest, Turi resolved to make an effort to find the Patea River, the place which had been recommended to him by Kupe. Accordingly he sent before him an advance party under Punga-rehu, whom he instructed to plant all along his route the stones (which they had brought with them from Hawa-iki) of the karaka-fruit, in order that as soon as possible an article of diet so valuable might be introduced into the country. When he followed after Punga-rehu and his people, Turi gave names to all the more conspicuous places—the mountains, hills, vales, rivers, and streams he passed. Upon the harbour of Kawhia he bestowed the name of the *awhinga* of Turi. He named Marokopa, the place where Turi wound round to reach another spot. The river Waitara was so named because of the wide steps which Turi took when fording it. At the river Mokau Turi slept for a longer time than usual, and the river was so named from that circumstance. At Manga-ti his followers opened and spread out a sacred garment called Hunokiko, and whilst they gazed at it, possibly with some degree of reverence or fear, Turi named the place Matakitaki.

Again, near the lake where is now the Gray Institution in Taranaki, Turi took up a handful of the soil and smelt it, in order to ascertain whether it was good enough for any purpose of practical cultivation, and because of that act of his he named the place Hongihongi. Going on he named Tapuwai, the footsteps of Turi; thence to another place upon which he gave the name Oakura, because of the bright redness of the sacred cloak Hunokiko, which it in some degree resembled. Then, about twelve miles south of Taranaki, Turi was nearly choked through a piece of the food he was eating sticking in his throat, so he called the river at which this incident occurred Raoa. When he had reached a river some thirty-four miles north-west of Patea he called it the Kaupokonui, the head of Turi.

Arrived at this place they rested some time. During their stay the sacred cloak Hunokiko was twice spread out, and for this reason the spot was called Marae-kura. Another camping-place was named Kapuni, or the camping-place of Turi. For a reason which the name indicates he called another spot Waingongoro, the place where Turi snored. He called a place after his paddle Tangahoe. Then, remembering the distorted foot of Tuanui-a-te-ra, he named another place Ohingahape. Then, a headland where there was a natural bridge formed over a cave he named Whiti-kau, because of the long time it took before he was able to accomplish the fording of the water to enable him to turn the headland. He did not care to attempt to cross by the bridge. Whitikau is situated five miles north of Patea. From this relation of some of the names bestowed by the great chief Turi, it will be recognised that during the progress of his journey at the head of his people he pretty well stamped himself upon the country lying between Kawhia harbour and the river Patea.

Arrived at the Patea River, upon which Turi bestowed its name in accordance with the suggestion that fell from the lips of Kupe, here Turi determined to make his home. Naturally, as he knew not what enemies he might yet have to encounter, his first duty was to erect a *pa*, or fortress, for the protection of his people. When the *pa* was finished he called the place Rangi-ta-awihi. Then, for sacred purposes, no doubt, he set up a pillar or post which he named Whakatopea. The house he built for himself was called Matangirie. It had a door-sill or threshold the name of which was Paepae-hake-hake. Then, elevated some distance from the ground, he built a small store-house, the name of which was Pae-ahua. The well which he dug was known as Parara-ki-te-uru. The wooden spade which Turi made for his own personal use was called Tipu-i-ahuma. Then he marked out the land which was to be his farm or cultivation and he

named it Hekeheke-i-papa. It proved an exceedingly prolific and good farm. When Turi started his men to till the ground, himself at their head setting an example, in order to lend encouragement and keep time in their working, the chant they sang ran as follows :—

Break up our goddess mother,
Break up the ancient goddess earth ;
We speak of you, O earth ! but do not you disturb
The plants we have brought hither from Hawa-iki, the noble ;
It was Maui who scraped the earth in heaps round the sides,
In Kuratau.

Only eight seed potatoes had Turi when first his people started to farm. They cut the potatoes into small pieces and planted them. When the shoots began to show above ground Turi, with prayers and incantations, made the place sacred so that no one should dare to venture upon the cultivation to the injury of the young plants. The particular incantation he used was known as Ahuaroa, and it proved a most efficient deterrent. At last the blissful time of harvest came, and with joyful hearts the people hastened to gather in the crops. Lo, they found that their eight sweet potatoes which had been divided into seed returned them no less than eight hundred baskets full—one hundred baskets of produce for each potato. Then their joy was complete ; the cup of their happiness was full to overflowing.

Very many years passed and the people at the Patea River, in the enjoyment of freedom, peace, and plenty, multiplied exceedingly. Turi lived to see his family develop into a great and numerous tribe. At length, enfeebled with toil and care, aweary of the world, where others stronger, wiser, more aspiring had risen to power and influence, Turi sought his rest in the quiet waters of the river which peacefully flowed past the place where he had built his home, and thus ends his story.

Ao-tea-roa, as everybody knows, was fished up from the sea by Maui. Then during the process of years it seems to gradually have become forgotten until it faded completely out of memory. Kupe, flying from vengeance, discovered it. Also flying from vengeance Turi sought its shores as a place of temporary refuge. Ngahue was the first that went to Ao-tea-roa with the definite purpose of making the new land his permanent place of abode.

It will be observed that of all the legends of the Maori this one stands out as singularly free from enchantments or magical performances. There is nothing in it that can be called in the least extravagant or improbable.

A New Zealand tradition runs to the effect that a chief of Hawa-iki named Nuku-tu-whiti arrived at Ao-tea-roa in search

of Tupu-tupu-whenua. At Hokianga, it is asserted, Nuku-tu-whiti met Kupe, but as has been seen there is no mention of this *rencontre* in the story of Kupe proper. Tupu-tupu-whenua was also known to fame as Kui, but it is more probable that the name of his wife was Kui. Kui has since become more familiar to mortals through her incarnation as an insect. To Tupu-tupu-whenua offerings of grass are made when the building of a new house has been completed. Again, it is alleged of Kupe by the Moriori people that, having set out to seek for Tupu-tupu-whenua, he discovered him located at Hokianga, and that it was at Hokianga where Kui tunnelled away under the earth, coming out again to the light of day serene and smiling at Kiri-Kiri-one.

THE LEGEND OF TURA: (A FAIRY STORY).

Of all the deities, demi-gods, or *tohungas*, whose characters are to be found revealed in Hawa-ikian legend, Whiro was about the worst. As a murderer and villain he deservedly stands high. His reputation was such that no chief—even if he were his own brother—who set any value upon good fame would readily consent to bear him company upon any proposed expedition or enterprise. Now, in consequence of a too close intimacy which Whiro had contracted with the wife of one of his nephews, Whiro felt that discretion was to bid a long adieu to the land of his birth. Therefore he build for himself a large canoe, to depart upon his travels. Then there were those who earnestly desired, for purposes of his own, to accompany him, being his brother Tura, his wife, and Tura was a chief in Hawa-iki, of a very amiable disposition, honoured and respected by all the people of his acquaintance. Going to persuade him that his health was failing, that in all probability some dangerous malignant spell upon him; that Hawa-iki—always hot—was too trying for his constitution; that a sea voyage would do him good; that his family required such an expansion as Hawa-iki could not afford; that he should seek it in visiting distant lands. Tura, acknowledged position as the patron of all evil, his very evil reputation in other lands, refused to his brother until, succumbing to his arguments, he consented to accompany him. Preparations for taking to the sea were pushed forward with all diligence and

A Maori Fairy.

Before departure, however, Whiro had a little score to settle. He had another brother, whose name was Hua, and he was the god who ruled over and controlled the tides. Hua, having a proper respect for his own position, and quite comprehending the low nature of Whiro, it appears, lost no opportunity of slighting him and treating him with much undisguised contempt. The memory of many insults rankled in the breast of Whiro, and he desired revenge. One day when in the forest it was his fortune to encounter Tao-makati, Hua's little son. He immediately dashed out the brains of the child, and hid the body in the chips of the canoe he had made, which happened to lie adjacent to the scene of this atrocious deed.

Other accounts give Whiro's victim's name as Kai-hapo, and affirm that, the murder having taken place some time antecedent to Whiro's departure, Hua incited the people to vengeance, and a fearful fratricidal warfare ensued—a war which terminated in the terrible battle of Te Potiki-kai-roro. Variations in detail are in the nature of admissions of the truth of the main facts. Nothing is to be gained in disputing over contested statements of a trivial character; it must be held sufficient that Whiro, the seducer of his niece, the murderer of his nephew, the patron of thieves, got away to sea, having Tura and Tura's wife and child Ira-tu-roto aboard of his canoe.

Fairly launched upon the wave Tura found time to reflect. The more he reflected the more the unscrupulous and unworthy character of his brother stood revealed to him, and he became conscious that he and his were wholly in his brother's power—a very foolish position to be in. Whither were they bound? Tura could not tell; probably, no more could Whiro had he been asked. Like many other escapees from vengeance, Whiro had taken refuge on the ocean, careless where the winds of heaven might blow him. Under such depressing circumstances it cannot be any wonder if Tura became sad, despondent, unsociable. He even shunned the society of his charming wife, and found no joy in the antics and gambols of his dear son Ira-tu-roto. For his part, Whiro soon got sick of a companion so mopish—one whose ideas and whose virtues were in such strong contrast to his own nature. Tura by no means afforded the cheerful companionship expected of him, and so the brothers gradually became estranged.

They had been at sea many days when it occurred to Whiro to get quit of a fellow-voyager who was apparently good for nothing but the daily consumption of so much of their provisions; and, to a spirit so fertile in resources, so unscrupulous in character, and armed with such powers as Whiro possessed, this was a comparatively easy matter. By the skilful opera-

tion of a potent magic spell which Whiro exercised he brought on a fearful storm. Lurid lightnings lit the heavens; reverberating thunders shook the sky; rain came down in torrents; the waves rose in mountains, every succeeding mass threatening to engulf; except when the vivid lightnings showed, black darkness covered the face of the tumultuous waters; the wind roared and shrieked and roared again. The canoe, with the balers hard at work and constantly employed, flew like a frightened, trembling thing before the gale. Tura was awe-struck, horrified. Why had he exposed himself to such a vicissitude? There had been no need for him to flee from Hawaiki. He thought of his happy home, of his calm and blissful days now lost to him, and the thought was maddening. He had been a fool, and now he knew it. But he would leave the canoe—he would no longer expose himself to such dangers.

In a few days the gale abated and an island appeared in sight. It was the lonely isle of Otea. Then it was that Tura preferred his request that he and his wife and child should be put ashore there. Whiro, glad to be rid of his melancholy brother, cheerfully complied with his wish; at the same time he had not the least intention of parting with Tura's wife nor his playful little boy, Ira-tu-roto, whose frolicsomeness greatly amused him. Scarcely had the prow of the canoe grated upon the land than Tura bounded ashore, and, in order to stretch his cramped limbs, away along the yielding yellow sands he ran. When he turned to come back again, behold, the canoe had pushed off once more, and, with paddles out and all sails set, was speeding like a bird towards the open sea. Here it may be incidentally mentioned that Whiro went on to Wa-wau (Va-vau), where he found the refuge he desired.

Now, who is there can picture the feelings which filled the breast and shook the frame of Tura when he discovered himself heartlessly abandoned on a lonely isle in mid-ocean? He threw himself upon the beach and surrendered himself to his woe. Desolate on a desolate island! Then, springing up, he rushed up the hills to the highest elevation, and, through streaming tears, watched the tiny little dark object that seemed joyously to float on the shining waters until it became lost to sight in the haze of distance.

Against the face of a perpendicular cliff Tura built himself a shelter; he found shellfish and wild fruits and clear sparkling waters with which to refresh himself. For some days he loitered along the shore, ever and anon casting his eyes seaward as if inspired with a sudden hope that Whiro might relent and return. But soon the folly of such expectations pressed itself upon him. He was alone, and, however cruel his fate might be, he must reconcile himself to accept the

situation. Then he resolved to explore the island which was his enforced habitation. One balmy evening when the warm and glorious sunlight was beginning to cast long shadows across the sward, having strayed some distance inland from the shore, Tura was astounded to hear peals of merry laughter and the chatter of many voices. This was the very last thing he would have expected in such a place. Creeping cautiously forward, advancing hands and knees from bush to bush, Tura at length came to an open space or glade in the forest where many figures were moving, passing and repassing swiftly about. They were dancing, and singing as they danced. Joy came to the heart of Tura—he was not wholly alone. Deeply interested, filled with feelings of overflowing happiness upon finding the appearance at least of life upon the island, Tura, from where he lay couched, watched the moving happy throng eagerly. One there was whose beauty attracted him beyond all others. Her dark, liquid, melting eyes bespoke a heart full of tenderness and love; her agile, graceful movements seemed to him to far surpass all the rest. Casually and indifferently he watched her at first, until instinctively his eyes followed her every motion; presently he became quite fascinated, and found it impossible to long withdraw his gaze from her lovely form. So absorbed was Tura that he failed to notice that the sun had sunk to near the line of the horizon, and no sooner did the shining orb of day wholly disappear than lo, in a moment, the entire mysterious company completely vanished. Tura rubbed his eyes and looked again at the place where the vision had appeared, but all was silent now and still.

"Ho!" he exclaimed, "they are gone."

About the same hour as that in which he had previously come upon a knowledge of these mysterious people, Tura, the following day, repaired to that part of the forest in which he had observed them. They were there, laughing, singing, and dancing as before. Again Tura beheld the lovely maiden whose graceful movements had entranced him, and again he devotedly followed her with his eyes until, the sun disappearing, the giddy company vanished likewise. Day after day this was repeated, Tura becoming more and more infatuated with his passion for the beauteous being whom his soul adored.

One day it happened that the lovely creature, who had been exerting herself more than usual in the dance, strayed a little way from her companions into the forest. When she had approached close to where Tura lay concealed he arose to his feet. The maiden gave a little scream of surprise, but otherwise she betrayed no sign of fear at his sudden appearance; then, bending upon him her luscious eyes, she said, in tones of such flute-like softness that they thrilled Tura to his

bones, "Oh, I have heard of such as thou; thou art a mortal."

"Aye," said Tura, making haste to introduce himself, "I am Tura, a chief of Hawa-iki, miserably alone here, and—a mortal."

"I and my people have indeed heard of the existence of such as thou, but never before have we seen any of thy race. Miserable did'st thou say thou art?"

"Most miserable," declared Tura. "And you, O maiden, who may you and thy people be?"

"My name," answered the maiden, "is Tu-raki-hau, and my people Te Aitanga-a-Nuku-mai-tore. We are fairies."

"Ah," cried Tura, "I knew you were too beautiful to be mortal."

"With the morning beams," went on Tu-raki-hau, taking no notice of Tura's rude compliment, "from woods and shadows we come forth to revel in the glad sunshine. By the streamlets that, falling from the lofty mountain-side, dash into clouds of glorious spray we linger; we romp along the golden sands that fringe the margin of the glittering sea; we flit through the foliage of the forest, and dance and sing as day closes upon the greensward. Ah, there is no joy comparable to that of being a fairy."

"Indeed, I wish I were a fairy," remarked Tura, glancing down deprecatingly at his thick legs and big feet.

"Ah, I wish thou wert too, so thou no longer would'st be miserable," replied Tu-raki-hau, her soft eyes glistening. "But come, and I will introduce you to my people."

So, taking Tura by the hand, she gently led him to where her company was assembled in the open, and there one by one she called over the names of her companions to him. The names were new and strange to his ears, and there was such a legion of them that Tura found it quite impossible to remember any but the two or three of those which first he heard. However, the fairies seemed to be immensely pleased with the mortal who had so singularly found his way amongst them. They crowded round Tura, eager to have but the satisfaction of touching him; some embraced him; they laughed and sang, and made, to Tura, many extraordinary manifestations of their delight. Even Tu-raki-hau came in for a share of this congratulatory joy, for was it not Tu-raki-hau who found this mortal and brought him to them? But, however wild was their delight, however unspeakable his satisfaction at having found this society, it was ever to Tu-raki-hau that Tura turned for counsel and for guidance, so that inadvertently he should not be guilty of anything that would give offence or wound the delicate susceptibilities of the fairies, his new-found friends. And Tu-raki-hau kept her shining orbs

always upon him, deprecating by a movement or giving a nod of approval as circumstances seemed to require. Thus a link of intelligence came to be established which, as time went on, developed into a bond. Suddenly the sun went down, and with it the fairies disappeared.

It may well be believed that when Tura sought his arbor he had little chance of slumber. Thoughts of his strange experiences with a wonderful people and their beautiful fairy queen haunted him all through the night. The conviction forced itself upon him that he loved Tu-raki-hau with a singular affection such as he had never entertained for his wife nor for any other human creature. A fairy necessarily was very different from mortal creatures. Fairies possessed a keener intelligence and a much more extended knowledge; they were not oppressed with any—save one of which Tura at that time could not guess—of the sorrows and pangs, the daily desires and necessities, and the constant fears with which humanity was afflicted. Their lives were essentially happy, free, and gladsome, so that wherever they went joy went with them. Tura, when he thought more particularly of Tu-raki-hau, realised painfully that compared with her he was a clod —a low, dull, bestial, senseless thing—she, a beauteous spirit of the spheres, freed from the mean animal desires and the common cares that ever follow in the footsteps of mortal existence. He dared not to hope to approach to her nearer; he must be content to worship her as one afar off, the bright particular star and only solace of his wrecked and desolate life.

In the morning, when he fain would have slept, the Te Aitanga-a-Nuku-mai-tore burst in upon him with noise and glee. Tu-raki-hau was at their head, and she called him to her. Away they sallied along the shore, the golden sunlight robing them in a yellow glory; the foliage, refreshed by the dews, emitting a subtle, scintillating perfume. Their presence cheered the drooping Tura; they raised his spirits; they infused into him a share of their happiness; their joyous society was delightful. Then away they ranged into the forest, ever joyous and gleeful. Tarrying a moment by rippling stream or bosky dell they showed to Tura their favourite haunts, and Tura remembered that in his boyish days in Hawa-iki—ah, now forever lost—he had had pointed out to him similar places, whilst he was told mysteriously that there it was where fairies dwelt. And so throughout the livelong day they flitted and skipped and laughed—playing all sorts of fantastic tricks upon each other. But they played not any tricks upon him. No doubt, he reflected that if he had not been under the special protection of Tu-raki-hau, their queen, they would have given him a sad time. So these were the beings that

with their gambols and ingenious fantasies all too frequently baffled the comprehension and the designs of wise *tohungas*, great chiefs and men. This thought made Tura cling more tenaciously to Tu-raki-hau, and he waited upon her with his eyes, obedient as a dog, and ready to fulfil her every wish before ever it began to find expression. Tura, too, discovered many ways of rendering himself of service to the fairies, his great physical strength aiding him in this regard. He removed impurities from their streams and greatly improved the surroundings of their fairy dells, so that he won perfectly delightful encomiums from their queen and rose greatly in their appreciation.

And so months passed in peace and happiness. Tura forgot all about his wife and his dear little son Ira-tu-roto, concluding—not without some show of justfication—that he would never behold them more.

It happened one day when out with the fairies romping around the hill-tops, shrouded then with mist, that Tura slipped over a cliff. In falling he clutched at the herbage that grew along the edge, whilst with wild peculiar cries, which he had learned to distinguish, the fairies flew to his assistance. Of course, they could easily have extricated him from his peril if at the moment they had been within reasonable distance; but before they could reach him the treacherous herbage to which he clung yielded at the roots, and down he fell. Tura was dangerously mangled and hurt, the sharp edges of the rocks on which he fell cutting and bruising him severely. Quick as thought the fairies conveyed him to his sylvan bower, and promptly took every necessary measure for his relief. Undoubtedly, under the care of such infallible physicians and such nurses, Tura would have at once recovered, but as he lay there helpless in his bower his human despondency had again returned, and he did not wish it. He did not care to live; his desire was to die and be forgotten. This miserable weakness upon his part counteracted the efforts of the fairies, who could not comprehend the failure of their power.

The Te Aitanga-a-Nuku-mai-tore are a changeful race—inconstantly they flit from flower to flower, from dell to dell—so when they found the exercise of their charms proved of no avail upon the condition of Tura, off they ran on some more successful quest. But it was not so with Tu-raki-hau, who was assiduous in her attentions to the sufferer. Constantly she waited upon him, and though, to her surprise, her arts failed to produce the expected results, she was not in the least discouraged. One morning when she came to Tura's bower, finding him no better than previously, she exclaimed, "O Tura, I know not how it is that thou dost

not get well. My power fails, and I grow impatient to have thee with me again in the forest."

"Canst thou not perceive," said Tura, "that I am resisting thee; that thy arts and skill prove ineffectual when employed upon a hostile nature; that because of thy charms thy charms resultless fail.

"O Tura, I know not what these words may mean," replied the fairy maiden. "Why should'st thou resist me—why should'st thou not let my charms do thee good?"

"Thy charms have subdued me, and so I wish to die," answered Tura.

"My charms do not ever produce such a result. I cannot understand," remarked Tu-raki-hau vaguely.

"O Tu-raki-hau," exclaimed Tura, "dost thou not understand that the result of thy charms is that I love thee; that no charms thou now canst possibly exercise will remove the soreness inflicted upon my heart by thy charms in the first instance? Even now, were I blind, and never more could behold thee, the remembrance of thy charms would live in the memory and endure for ever. This is the mischief thy charms have wrought, which now no charms can cure. I must die.

"Say not so," pleaded the fairy queen. "O Tura, Tu-raki-hau would have thee live."

"For what purpose should I live? What has life now to offer to such as I?" murmured Tura.

"Live to be happy, as once thou wert," replied Tu-raki-hau quickly.

"Is it to be happy when hungering thou walkest along the shore and see'st the fish thou canst not eat—to roam through the forest and behold the fruit of which thou canst not partake?" asked Tura.

"And where is the fish and where the fruit of which thou may'st not eat, O thou famished mortal?" cried Tu-raki-hau.

"It is here!" exclaimed Tura, jumping up and clasping her in his arms.

Of course, it will be understood that as soon as the desire to live returned to Tura the charms of the lovely Tu-raki-hau at once operated, and immediately endowed him with a strength equal to the performance of any lively evolution.

Tura and Tu-raki-hau became man and wife, to the great joy of all the fairies. Almost as quickly as the eye could wink Tura's bower was enlarged and marvellously beautified. Lovely pearls and shells—pink, blue, yellow, and red—ornamented, whilst luscious flowers and sweet-perfumed shrubs enclosed, this delightful habitation. It was such a dwelling as only fairy fantasy could conceive, and only fairy hands were capable of working out to perfect fullness and fruition.

Here, lulled to rest at eve by the music of the rippling ocean, and awakened at early morn by the carols of an infinite number of bright-plumaged birds, Tura and Tu-raki-hau spent their lives in an atmosphere of sweet unblemished felicity. Otea was as a blissful paradise to the loving couple; they had no wish that was not capable of being instantly gratified; but ah, there was that one sorrow, of which Tura as yet knew nothing, to which all fairy life was subject in Otea. But he was soon to know. Tu-raki-hau was about to become a mother. This was an additional happiness of which Tura had not thought, and now the cup of his bliss was full to overflowing. Returning one day to his dwelling, to his surprise he found Tu-raki-hau showing visible signs of distress; she evidently had been weeping.

"O my beloved," cried Tura, as he folded her in his strong arms, "what ailest thou?" But no answer did Tu-raki-hau give. With her arms around his neck she hung her head upon his breast and wept.

"O thou soul of my being," again cried Tura, "look up and tell me what is the source of thy trouble?" But Tu-raki-hau spake no word, she only wept.

"O Tu-raki-hau, wife of my heart, life of my life, joy of my joys, thou precious casket that holds all our future bliss, wilt thou not confide in thy husband?" again cried Tura.

"O Tura, I must die," sobbed Tu-raki-hau.

This simple sentence fell upon the heart of Tura like a knell, a thunderbolt. However, he felt it was a great thing to have got his wife at last to speak, so he did not wholly despair. By the employment of many endearing expressions, such as are now but rarely used by those who are married—if indeed they have not gone quite out of date—and the exercise of a patience such as is now never witnessed, Tura succeeded in drawing from Tu-raki-hau a full confession. It appeared that in fairy-land, in Otea, what is known as the Cæsarian operation was the universal practice on certain occasions; and with only sharpened flints for surgical instruments it can be easily understood that few fairies ever survived to experience the joys of motherhood. Indeed, it can readily be concluded that it is wholly due to the practice of this operation that the race of fairies has now wholly disappeared.

"Why, is that all?" cried Tura, so cheerfully that his drooping wife, through her tears, gazed at him in amazement.

"Is it not enough," she cried, "that I must leave this blissful world where I am so happy and—die?"

"Pooth!" cried Tura, "you will not die. Were there any danger of that I too would mourn and weep far more than thou dost."

Then again he folded her in his arms and, wiping her tears away, he told her some stories and made some jokes, all more or less silly, until presently Tu-raki-hau began to laugh. Then Tura was content, and the lovely bower became quite gay again. Tura did not for some days again leave his home; he watched his wife and attended to her. One day he saw three or four of the fiendish fairy mid-wives approaching. Tura stood grimly in the portal of his bower awaiting them.

"Ho!" he exclaimed, "what want ye here, ye hags?"

"We come to perform a certain operation," answered the eldest of the women.

"I have no need for any operation," replied Tura.

"Oh, we don't propose to perform any operation on thee," answered the woman again with a sniggering laugh.

"On whom then?" demanded Tura, who was not in any disposition for humorous display.

"On Tu-raki-hau; she needs our services, of course," said the younger of the women.

"Oh, no, she does not," replied Tura, "I myself will attend to my wife. Whatever assistance she requires I will perform."

"It is the custom of our people," urged the youngest of the women.

"We have brought these with us, behold!" said the eldest of the women; and she showed the flint knives she had brought with her. At the sight of them Tura seemed to grow larger, as if dilating with fury.

"Ho!" he shouted, "my people too have a custom, and if ye be not gone from here in a few seconds I will show you an operation that will astonish you—such an operation, indeed, as has never been seen in Otea until this day."

Still the fairy midwives would not depart. They argued and pleaded, seeking to overcome Tura's resistance. At length, when the old woman again produced the knives, and the youngest woman endeavoured to push past him as if she would force an entrance into the dwelling, Tura lost his patience. Grasping a stout stick which he had provided ready to his hand, he rushed out upon the women, striking at them with all the strength of his arm. Down the hill and along the beach they fled, Tura hotly pursuing and belabouring them with all his might. They shrieked, and fell, and got up again and ran, but Tura abated not until his strength was entirely exhausted. Then he returned to Tu-raki-hau to recite to her the story of his conflict with the infamous fairy mid-wives. To this day the story of the beating which Tura inflicted upon the midwives is remembered in Otea.

So the child of Tura was born to him by Tu-raki-hau in the manner customary amongst his own and several other peoples, and many other children came to gladden the bower

and bring joy to the bosoms of husband and wife. And so in love and peace the happy years glided away until very many had passed.

One day, when Tu-raki-hau was busily engaged in combing her husband's hair—her custom usually of an afternoon—lo, she found a hair that was white—perfectly white.

"Ah, my beloved!" she cried, "what is this?"

"Why, it is a white hair, my dearest," answered Tura.

"A white hair. Ho, I have never seen such a thing before," said Tu-raki-hau in tones of amazement.

"They are common enough amongst the people of my race," said Tura.

"But how is it that I, combing your head so frequently, have never noticed this one before? It must always have been there."

"Oh no, it hath grown white. It is a sign sent by the gods," replied Tura.

"It hath grown white; it is a sign sent by the gods," echoed Tu-raki-hau. "And what doth the sign portend—I trust it is a good omen?"

"It is an indication given to our race to warn of failing strength, of infirmity, and of the body's approaching decay. All things must die and pass away into dust; but if man attains to a certain age the immortal gods in their goodness send to him grey hairs, to warn him that he hath passed his utmost height, and that the course upon which now he is hastening leads to the tomb, which lies but a little way ahead."

Thereupon Tu-raki-hau began to weep.

"O, my husband, my beloved, can it be that we must part?" she sobbed.

"Not at once—not immediately—there may be many years of continued happiness yet before us. But oh, my wife, this grey hair speaks to us of the time when we must inevitably part."

Then, as Tu-raki-hau still wept, he went on, "It was wrong of me to seek you as I did. I should have remembered that a time would come when I must die. It had been better we had never wed."

"Oh, say not so, my husband," exclaimed Tu-raki-hau. Better—a thousand times better—the dull constant pain which feeds on memory than lose the joys which we have shared. We have been happy, and, as you say, there may be many years of happiness yet before us: why should we regret? The pain of parting, when it comes, will never wipe away the joys that once have been."

Thus with fond words and many tender embraces did Tura and Tu-raki-hau seek to comfort each other, and chase

away the sad thoughts called into being by the discovery of a single grey hair. A grey hair held between the fingers and thumb is an infinitesimally trivial thing, yet it conveys to the mind of man the lesson of an everlasting truth. From this incident is derived the Maori proverb, "*Ka tata ki a koe nga tara o Tura*" (The weeds of Tura).

But it was destined that there should come another parting between Tura and Tu-raki-hau before that of the irrevocable and final one effected by death. They continued to dwell together in happiness and peace, the number of Tura's "weeds" steadily increasing, until he became quite aged. In the meanwhile their numerous children developed into men and women; they married and came to have family ties and family cares of their own. The old man with increasing feebleness went from one home to another of his children, seeking to have extended to him some of that sympathy and love which throbbed in his own breast. They, filled with their own concerns, had none to give to him. He had ceased to be useful; he was an incubus—a bit of a trouble; presently his presence came to be regarded as a nuisance. Ah, the pity of it; what a shameful thing it is that one should grow to be old! Tura could remember the days when he was young and strong, when he could bound along the mountain-tops and catch the birds as they flew, when he could leap the streams and strongly swim the sea, when he was first in the island of Otea; now, "none so poor as do him reverence."

But Tura, with his heart once more desolate, suffering bitterly and keenly from a sense of wrong, still had some remaining spirit. He left the families which no longer respected him, and, wandering away into a secluded and desert part of the island, built for himself another bower. Here he sadly dwelt, solitary and alone. Then, in the summer evenings, as he sat moodily watching the broad globe of day sinking below the sea-line, tender thoughts would come to him of old Hawa-iki; of the scenes of his childhood and of his youth, when he gaily sported upon the yellow sands of the shore; of the happy hours when, full of life, his heart bounding with exaltation and high hope, he went awooing; of the faithful and true wife torn from his loving arms by the unscrupulous Whiro. Ah, his wife, his wife—what was the fate that had befallen her? And then his son—the darling of his heart that used to playfully pull his locks and gambol about his knees—who now, save for accident, must be well advanced in years. The tears of Tura, it may well be believed, fell copiously and fast when his mind dwelt upon these things—of the insults that had been passed upon him, of his utter and neglected loneliness, of his despair.

Whiro, when he arrived at Va-vau, left there Tura's wife and child whilst he sailed away to roam the seas amongst the islands of the Pacific. Ira-tu-roto grew up to be a strong and resolute man. Before his mother died she confided to him the story of his father's betrayal, and how he had been left to perish on the lonely island of Otea. Ira-tu-roto never forgot that story, but he wedded, his family grew up, and years passed before he was able to do anything. Then there came a time when there were troubles and dissensions and inter-tribal warfare in Va-vau, and so at last Ira-tu-roto decided to remove his family back to the old land, the land of his birth and of his fathers. And so it came to pass that, procuring a canoe, he sailed away for Hawa-iki. Then, nothing was more natural than that he should call at Otea. Here he might perchance discover traces of his father; perhaps find his bones, which he could carry away with him. Ira-tu-roto called at Otea accordingly. Here, sitting lonely by the shore, he found a poor decrepit old man, nearly blind and deaf and wandering in mind, whose long scanty white locks — his "weeds"—fell down upon his thin shoulders. This was his father—the father from whom he had been ruthlessly parted on that shore long years before when he was a child.

Gently and tenderly the half-unconscious Tura was conveyed on board the canoe and taken back to Hawa-iki, where Ira-tu-roto and his family arrived in due course. Here, shortly after his arrival, Tura fell asleep, passing quietly away without a groan or a struggle, and his bones were carefully treasured by his descendants after the manner of their people.

Thus ends the story of Tura.

THE LEGEND OF WAI-HUKA.

Wai-huka was a noble chief who dwelt in Hawa-iki, and who had for brother Tu-te-amo-amo, a base scoundrel, as will presently appear. Now, Wai-huka was passionately attached to his wife, the lovely and extremely fascinating Hine-te-kakara, whom everybody with any pretension to feeling or taste admired. Hine-te-kakara, it should be stated, no less fervently loved her husband, and proved her devoted affection in every way, as a good wife should. All went happily with this fond and confiding couple until, in an evil moment, the infamous Tu-te-amo-amo conceived a wild, mad passion for the wife of his brother—the beautiful and charming Hine-te-kakara. He resolved to possess her. He began his advances cautiously, but whenever they became clearly revealed to the virtuous Hine-te-kakara they were at once rejected with scorn. But Tu-te-amo-amo, however, was not

a man to be easily turned from his purpose, and he was not likely to be daunted by the resistance of a woman to his desires. He persisted in pressing his attentions upon the faithful Hine-te-kakara, to whom, now she knew the motive underlying them, they grew more and more hateful. At last, losing all patience, she threatened that if he did not desist and refrain from again troubling her she would acquaint Wai-huta of his brother's evil designs and treacherous proceedings. Tu-te-amo-amo was a coward at heart, as such villains usually are, and this threat filled him with fear. He knew not, indeed, at what moment Hine-tu-kakara might not even then betray him, and in that case he felt the consequences would be very terrible for him. The constant recurrence of this thought irritated him exceedingly. Then it was that a truly diabolical scheme entered into the head of Tu-te-amo-amo. He would destroy the brother he feared, and then appropriate the woman he loved. But there must be no failure in the carrying-out of his plan; it was essential that it should be attended with success, otherwise death for himself would inevitably be the penalty.

The design adopted by Tu-te-amo-amo was not striking for its originality; indeed, it was an artifice the narration of which is not infrequently to be found in Hawa-ikian legends. Calling one sunny afternoon upon Wai-huka, he told him he was going out in his canoe to fish, and asked him to come. To this proposal Wai-huka readily agreed; so the brothers, getting aboard of the little craft, paddled away. Going some distance from the shore the anchor—a big stone—was thrown overboard, the lines were got out, and they fished away with such success that it was beginning to grow quite dark before they thought of returning. When Tu-te-amo-amo started to pull up the anchor he artfully pretended that it had got locked in some rocks forming part of a low reef that ran out to sea near to where they had been fishing. He seemed to be hauling and tugging, exerting all his strength at pulling the rope, when, as a matter of fact, he was doing no more than keeping the line taut. Then, giving the work up as one apparently impossible of accomplishment, he asked Wai-huka to dive down and extricate the anchor from the impediment which held it. To a strong swimmer and accomplished diver, as Wai-huka undoubtedly was, this was a very simple matter, so, throwing aside his mat, over the side-board he went and disappeared. No sooner had Wai-huka left the canoe than, with the sharp edge of a cockle-shell, which he had provided for the purpose, Tu-te-amo-amo cut the rope attached to the anchor and quickly paddled away. Indeed, so full was he of satisfaction at the thought of the complete realisation of his amorous desires, and so indifferent was he as to the fate of his

brother, whom he had every reason to suppose would be inevitably drowned, that he never even troubled to look once behind him.

The cutting of the rope of course at once apprised Wai-huka of the full nature of the foul treachery which had been practised upon him. When he rose again to the surface he beheld his brother paddling away from the scene of his abominable crime with all the energy and strength of which he was capable. Wai-huka did not shout or call to Tu-te-amo-amo, because he knew that such a course would only serve to exhaust himself at a time when he needed all his patience and the full exercise of all his powers of endurance. Instead, therefore, of calling to Tu-te-amo-amo he uttered an incantation and a supplication to the gods. Hua heard his prayer and sent a strong tide, which served to bear him towards the shore. Then it happened that a great sea-monster (*taniwha*), which from time immemorial had been peculiarly attached, not to say devoted, to the members of Wai-huka's family, chanced at that particular moment to be engaged in playfully disporting himself in the waters neighbouring the reef, and this sea-monster, with a promptitude and consideration which reflect upon it the highest possible credit, at once hurried to Wai-huka's assistance. Unobserved by Tu-te-amo-amo, carefully borne up by the monster, and swept forward by the strong tide, Wai-huka in no long time reached the shore, where, it is scarcely necessary to say, he speedily recovered from the effects of his temporary embarrassment.

As has been narrated, Tu-te-amo-amo paddled away for the land, which in due time he reached. Pulling his little canoe up on the shore and hiding it under some bushes that grew near by, he proceeded to the home of Wai-huka. He found the lovely Hine-te-kakara standing outside the portal of her dwelling. Tu-te-amo-amo had well thought out the part which the circumstances required that he should play. Assuming an air of the most abandoned grief, he lamented and sorrowed and wept. The wretched girl at once divined that her husband was dead, for nothing short of such a calamity would justify the appearance and aspect of her brother-in-law. Then she too wailed and lamented, the flood-gates of her woe being most pitiful to behold. In broken utterance, in spasms of words in his pretended grief, Tu-te-amo-amo recited to the overwhelmed woman how, through an accident, the canoe had upset; how both he and his brother in the water had tried to right the vessel, but through the balers being lost they could do nothing; how, exhausted by his efforts, Wai-huka had sunk and was drowned; how by the exercise of prodigious efforts and the favour of the gods he had been enabled to reach the shore in an utterly exhausted

condition, and how his heart was crushed and broken through such a dire misadventure.

One has to be a perfectly accomplished actor to play with entire success such a part as Tu-te-amo-amo attempted to perform. Possibly there was a false note in his voice, a false quantity in his utterance, a shake of insincerity in his lamentation; any way, Hine-te-kakara dried her tears and again attained her feet. Then Tu-te-amo-amo, becoming impatient, approached as if he would console her.

"Stand back, Tu-te-amo-amo!" she exclaimed, with eyes flashing through her tears and outstretched hand. "I know you, and what you mean. If my husband is dead, leave me to my grief."

"Your husband is dead. I am his brother, and so related to you. I would sorrow with you," pleaded Tu-te-amo-amo, again advancing.

"My sorrow is my own. I will not share it with you. Get back, I tell you—go!" cried Hine-te-kakara.

But Tu-te-amo-amo would not go back; on the contrary, he advanced still nearer with outstretched arms as if he would embrace her. But Hine-te-kakara was too quick for him. With a sudden movement she darted into the house and bolted the door. Tu-te-amo-amo stood there for some time irresolutely. The fires of passion surged in his breast. Was he to be baffled by this obstinate girl? On the other hand, was he to assault her home and force an entrance; had all sense of prudence forsaken him? Thus he deliberated. After a time he concluded upon his course—he would wait. So he moved slowly and reluctantly away.

Arrived at his home Tu-te-amo-amo found there was no rest there for him. The burden of his fratricidal crime lay heavy, and he was eager to grasp the prize for which it had been perpetrated. He raged and fumed and tossed about, the scorching flame of his passions growing more ungovernable. In the middle of the night he arose and went again to the dwelling of Hine-te-kakara. In the darkness he approached and knocked at the door, but no answer was vouchsafed to him. Again and again and again he knocked, but still no answer came. He shook the place, as if he fain would pull resistance down.

Then Hine-te-kakara, despairing of his going away, and beginning to be fearful of his violence, asked, "Who is there that knocks so long and so loud?"

"It is I, Tu-te-amo-amo!" was the response.

"O, Tu-te-amo-amo, go away and I will speak with thee to-morrow."

"Nay, I will not go away; I must speak with thee to-night," insisted Tu-te-amo-amo.

"That thou can'st not do, for I will not open the door," replied Hine-te-kakara.

"Then will I pull the house down," shouted the furious and inflamed Tu-te-amo-amo; and he shook the dwelling again as if he intended to carry out his purpose at once.

"For what purpose would'st thou speak with me?" inquired Hine-te-kakara, thinking it best to temporise in such threatening circumstances.

"Well dost thou know of what I would speak with thee," answered Tu-te-amo-amo; "well dost thou know how I regard thee."

"O, stay awhile," pleaded Hine-te-kakara, "let me lament for my husband—the husband whom I love."

"Hine, Hine, Hine-te-kakara—open the door!" cried the infatuated man.

"Go away, go away; there is plenty of time yet for thee, Tu-te-amo-amo," answered the disdainful woman.

Behold, these words, "*He roa te tau ki a koe, e Tu-te-amo-amo*" (There is plenty of time yet for thee, Tu-te-amo-amo), passed into a proverb, which proves beyond doubt that the whole of this veracious narrative is indubitably true.

Tu-te-amo-amo then became as one quite mad. He started to wreck the structure which protected, frailly enough, the woman from his outrageous passions, and there was every prospect of his speedily enforcing an entrance. Then it was that Wai-huka appeared upon the scene. When Wai-huka discovered the work upon which his would-be murderer was engaged his rage became furious and endowed him with a giant's strength. On the other hand, the perfectly unlooked-for presence of Wai-huka at such a moment filled the breast of Tu-te-amo-amo with fear. He knew that Wai-huka must be aware of the deliberate attempt he had made upon his life—that it was impossible for him to explain away the circumstances connected with that attempt—and now he was caught red-handed in the commission of another outrageous crime. His heart sank within him as he turned to face Wai-huka. The struggle that ensued between the brothers was desperate but brief. Wai-huka caught Tu-te-amo-amo by the throat and never relaxed his grasp. The guilty man fought and struck and struggled, but he could not free himself from that tenacious, iron grasp. Gradually he weakened; he grew black in the face, his eyes started from their sockets, his tongue protruded; he was dead when at last Wai-huka threw him from him, and, his head falling upon a stone, his skull was fractured. Such was the violent end of Tu-te-amo-amo.

The joy of Hine-te-kakara at again beholding her beloved husband it is impossible to describe. Her grief was turned to raptures of delight. Hearing the noise of the panting, strug-

Carved Pataka or Storehouse.

gling men, but never dreaming of the possible return of her husband whose death she mourned, she had cautiously opened the door to see who her deliverer might be. Then, advancing a little, she reached the scene of strife just as Tu-te-amo-amo lifeless fell. Then she too fell—into the arms of her husband.

Hine-te-kakara and Wai-huka both attained to a good old age, and their years were full of peace and happiness.

THE LEGEND OF THE REVENGE OF RUA-TAPU.

Away back in very ancient times there dwelt in Hawa-iki a mighty great chief whose name was Rua-tapu. Now, it happened that Rua-tapu's elder brother, Kahuti-ate-rangi, had a very fine comb, of which he was very proud to be the possessor, as no doubt he had a right to be, for in those days it was a great matter to be the owner of so simple a thing as a comb. It may seem ridiculous that a young chief should prove to be a bit of a coxcomb, but it is the truth that there is nothing in the world that Rua-tapu liked better than to get a hold of this comb of his brother's and to use it, although all the time he knew very well that, his brother being an *ariki*, the comb was sacred to him.

Rua-tapu, unfortunately, happened to be of inferior birth to Kohuti-ate-rangi on the mother's side. Uenuku, the father of both the young chiefs, was at first only much annoyed by Rua-tapu's want of respect in the matter of the comb, but one day, when he learned that Rua had again been using it, Uenuku burst into a furious passion of rage and called Rua all sorts of opprobrious names, demanding, among other things, "Who are you? what are you?" and so on. These questions the angry father answered, apparently to his own entire satisfaction, by declaring that Rua-tapu was "a nobody." Then every one in Hawa-iki, when they saw Rua, repeated the words "a nobody," and laughed at him in his humiliation. These foolish words burned into the heart of Rua and filled him with hatred and a fever for revenge. Revenged he determined to be, regardless of all consequences.

Whilst wandering moodily by the shore one lovely morning, what Rua considered to be a happy thought suddenly occurred to his mind. He went to his canoe, the name of which was "Pakawai," and carefully drilled a hole in the bottom. This hole he stopped up with a kind of bung, to which he attached a string. Then, by a plausible pretext, he induced his elder brother, Kahuti-ate-rangi, and a number of young men—no fewer, it is said, than one hundred and forty—all of them of the very first families, the *crême de la crême* of Hawa-ikian

society, to accompany him for a sail in his beautiful canoe. When their own pleasure was concerned the high and mighty ones did not stay to reflect then that Rua-tapu was "a nobody." When the canoe had been sailed well out into mid-ocean Rua pulled the string, out came the bung, the water rushed in, the canoe slowly sank, and, excepting Rua himself and a youth named Paikea, every soul on board perished. This deed became famous as Puru-unuhia.

Paikea even at this time was a big chief in Hawa-iki, but subsequently he rose to the position of a very celebrated demi-god and hero—although it must be confessed that some of the legends recited about him are somewhat confusing, not to say wholly unsatisfactory. Paikea was the ancestor, so it is said, of all the New Zealand Maoris.

Returning to the story, it is asserted that the accomplishment of this sweeping deed of vengeance left Rua-tapu still unsatisfied. He had brought desolation and mourning into many homes, but he felt that his work had been lacking in the great elements of comprehensiveness and thoroughness. He had only destroyed a portion of the people, when his desire was to destroy them all. But he would do nothing hurriedly; he would give due notice, so that it could not be charged against him that he had been guilty of any act of base treachery. Accordingly, through Paikea, he communicated to the people the cheering intelligence that their hour was come, and that in a very short time all should die. A few sensible people probably took the hint and removed to some safer locality; no doubt there were some who sat down and gave their minds to the study of the questions, From what quarter shall danger come? and What shape shall destruction assume? But the mass of the people shrugged their shoulders, planted their kumeras, and went their way as usual. By incantations which no deity known to men could resist, Rua-tapu caused the waters of ocean to suddenly rise. With an immense sweeping rush—a tidal wave—on came the billows, carrying everything before them like sticks and straws, overwhelming the land, covering high hills and drowning every living creature—some few who succeeded in making their escape to the lofty peaks of Hiku-rangi being alone left to tell the tale. This wholesale murder subsequently came to be known as Te Puru-unukia. Paikea was again fortunate in escaping a terrible catastrophe. He was lucky enough to be able to affect a landing at Mercury Island.

It is a glad thing to be enabled to relate that the survivors on the elevated mountain-tops of Hiku-rangi were not left to perish through hunger and exposure, for it is said that Moakura-manu—a sister of the vengeful Rua-tapu—happened to be out on the hills on that eventful morning. When

Moakura-manu beheld the desperate plight of the few escapees, her tender young heart being moved to pity, she immediately drank up all the waters of the remorseless flood. Now, this every one will recognise was exceedingly good of her; indeed, it is simply impossible to speak too highly of such thoughtful, prompt, and most considerate action.

Another version of the legend affirms that shortly after Rua-tapu had destroyed all the young nobles of the land by his successful performance of the bung-hole trick his body burst asunder, and it was in this way the great flood was caused. This, however, is manifestly absurd, besides being highly objectionable in other ways. It will be rejected by the discriminating.

This legend clearly demonstrates the folly of tampering with sacred things the property of others. It further tends to show the grievous mistakes which people—even parents—make when, giving way to violent outbursts of feeling, they give vent to utterances which provoke to painful consequences—consequences, indeed, in which the perfectly innocent suffer as well as the guilty.

By yet another legend it is affirmed that prior to the vengeful deeds of Rua-tapu the people of Hawa-iki had given themselves up to the practice of a number of abominable and shameful offences; that Para-whenua-mea and Tupu-nui-auta preached a crusade against the wickedness then universally prevailing, denouncing more particularly and emphatically the way in which the sacred doctrines as to the separation of Rangi and Papa (heaven and earth) and the teachings of Tane and other gods were being openly derided, but their preaching proved all in vain. Evil men cursed Para and Tupu. Therefore these two evangels, with their all-too-few disciples, took their stone axes and, proceeding to the forest, felled a number of trees. These they dragged to the source of the Tohi-nga River, where, with ropes of vines and supple-jacks, they bound the trunks into a very wide raft, on which they built a house. Having stored a great quantity of provisions on the raft, they repeated incantations and entreated the gods to make manifest the power of Tane, and so prove the necessity for the observance of ceremonial rites. The two evangels named, with Tui, Reti, a woman of position named Waipunahau, and a number of other women, having gotten on the raft, the sacred staff for rain was set up, and by Tui, the priest, the incantations were chanted. Then, down came the rain in torrents. For five days and nights without cessation it poured. The waters rose, the land was flooded, the mountains at length were covered. Then it was the rain ceased. Down the River Tohi-nga the raft safely floated, and entered upon the waste of waters, where all things that

once had life had perished. The raft having floated for seven months, on the eighth the people were informed by Tui that he knew by the signs of the staff and of the altar which he had erected on one side of the raft that the waters were about to subside. And so they did. The people again landed at Hawa-iki. It is recorded that they had an idea some human beings might even yet be found alive, but that impression was quickly dispelled. All was changed. The earth was soaked, in places it had cracked, land-slips were many—indeed, it looked as if the land had been turned upside down—death and desolation everywhere prevailed. The people then engaged in the performance of sacred ceremonies. An altar was raised, but, having no living thing to offer as a sacrifice, sea-weed had to be presented instead. No doubt it was felt to be sadly inadequate as a thanksgiving. To all the gods incantations were repeated — Tane, Rangi, Rehua, &c. Then the females saved were not forgotten. Sacrifices and thanks-offerings on their behalf were made to Po (the dark spirit world), Ao (the daylight), and to Kore (the void). All the incantations and ceremonies they could think of were repeated, so that no duty should be left undone. Then, casting their adoring eyes upwards, behold, they saw Kahu-kura (the rainbow) and Rongo-nui-a-tau (arbiter of peace and war—a duty he shares with Kahukura) shining in the sky, and immediately they were inspired with hope, and began the duties of life again.

THE LEGEND OF KAUWHANGA.

Some time before the land of Ao-tea-roa had been discovered by Kupe, and before any one had given thought to emigrating to that country, there was an island that stood not far from the shores of Hawa-iki. It was a large island, and its name was Kauwhanga. The tribes that peopled this island were known in Hawa-iki as the Manga-manga-ia-Atua, the Tini-a-Pou-ua, the Tini-a-Te Whetua, the Tini-o-Paranui, and the Te Aitanga. Now, whether it was because the people on Kauwhanga thought that there were already on the island as many as the land could support, or whether they thought to please their *atuas*, or whether for some other reason the truth in regard to which will never be known, it is certain that they took to killing their children. A kind of madness seemed to have suddenly taken possession of this people, so that great numbers of the poor helpless children were killed. Now, when the god Rongomai knew what had been done by the tribes to their children he exclaimed, "Behold, these people are not fit to live." Thereupon Rongomai whispered the

matter to Mata-aho, the god of earthquakes and volcanoes, and asked that some punishment be sent upon the people of Kauwhanga for the evil things which they had done.

"Yes," said Mata-aho, "I will send them some severe earthquakes, and that will frighten them out of their evil courses."

So Mata-aho sent earthquakes to Kauwhanga, and the island was shaken, and the land rocked to and fro, so that the people of all the tribes were greatly frightened. After a little while, however, when the earthquakes had ceased, they forgot their fears, and again began to kill their children. Then Rongomai called to Mata-aho—who apparently had gone to sleep after his exertions with the earthquakes—telling him that the people of Kauwhanga had not stopped killing the children, and that something effective must be done. Then Mata-aho got very angry, and declared he would burst a volcano on Kauwhanga, so that all the people should perish in fire and smoke.

"Nay," urged Rongomai, "do not torture the people with fire and smoke, but send again your earthquakes and shake Kauwhanga so that it sink into the sea; in that way let the people perish."

Mata-aho preferred his own plan of using a volcano to destroy the island, but he yielded to the persuasion of Rongomai, and sent a series of such violent earthquakes that suddenly almost the entire island went down into the sea, and with a great rush the waters swept over it, so that but little of Kauwhanga was ever seen again by the eyes of men. Every living thing that had been on Kauwhanga perished.

But all of Kauwhanga did not disappear. Mata-aho caused a portion of the volcano known as Haruru to be left, showing itself above the water, in order that it might serve as a warning to the people of Hawa-iki of what would happen to them if they ever again did evil as the tribes of Kauwhanga had done.

THE LEGEND OF RUAPEKAPEKA.

Once upon a time there dwelt in Hawa-iki a great chief or *tohunga* whose name was Ruapekapeka, who had heard such a great deal about the new land of Ao-tea-roa that he became inflamed with a desire to go there. The tribes that Ruapekapeka desired should go with him were known as the Hapuwai Tribes, and they occupied the plains called Te Rehuroa, Te Paparoa, Te Hunga-hunga, Maruaroa, Para-nga-rehu, and Mata-aho. Through these plains ran a high ridge or range known as Mangaroa, and there was also a big mountain known as Haumia. So Ruapekapeka called a meeting of the chiefs

of the tribes of Hapuwai, and when they were all gathered together at his *pa* he told them all he had learned from Kupe and others that had gone to Ao-tea-roa and returned again. He spoke about what a beautiful land Ao-tea-roa was—of its clear bright springs and never-failing waters, of its forests affording shade and shelter, and of its sun which never blistered and scorched like the sun of Hawa-iki. They should all go to this new land and dwell there in peace and security, and for that purpose they should build large canoes.

For a time the chiefs listened to Ruapekapeka in silence, and after a while, when he had finished speaking, one said, "It will require many big canoes to take to Ao-tea-roa all the people of the tribes of Hapuwai."

An old chief said, "I have many grandchildren and great-grandchildren; I cannot go without them, and if they go I too must go."

Another chief said, "It will take a long time to build these canoes in the forest and bring them to the water."

And yet another said, "When we have built these many canoes, which will take a long time, and stored them with provisions, and put to sea with all the people of the tribes of the Hapuwai, what if the canoes get separated and some of our people land in Ao-tea-roa at one place and some at another, so that they have no strength to meet their foes and may never see each other again?"

And yet another asked, "And what if not any of the canoes ever get to Ao-tea-roa at all?"

Then Ruapekapeka spoke to them again, telling them there were no difficulties such as they spoke of. Kupe had gone to Ao-tea-roa and had come safely back again, and Ngahue had done the same. What others had done they could do.

But the chiefs would not be persuaded. They left the *pa* of Ruapekapeka very discontented, and when they were by themselves they talked the matter over again, each finding some new difficulty or raising a fresh objection. Finally they declared that they would not leave their people nor abandon the land of their ancestors, however fair any new country might be.

Ruapekapeka, too, was very discontented at the failure of his efforts to lead the chiefs to his way of thinking; however, he resolved to try again, and in another way. After a time he set out to visit the chiefs one by one at all the different *pas* of the Hapuwai and tried to induce them to agree to go to Ao-tea-roa. But everywhere he found the old objections urged, with a lot of new ones which he did not anticipate, so that by the time he got back to his *pa* he was very angry. Thereupon Ruapekapeka bitterly cursed the chiefs of the tribes of the Hapuwai, they and all their people. Repeating a power-

ful incantation, he invoked the *atuas* to blast the people for their obstinacy and short-sightedness; finally he besought Mata-aho, the god of earthquakes, to lay all the plains where dwelt the tribes of the Hapuwai completely under the sea, so that they might serve as a mat whereon the dainty feet of Hine-moana might rest.

The invocation of Ruapekapeka was heard by Mata-aho, for lo, all that land—the plains, the range, the mountain—went down suddenly under the waters; the sea in great waves swept with a mighty rush over the vanished land, carrying with it the trees of the forest, the *pas*, and the habitations of the people, of whom not one escaped. Thus the land and the tribes of the Hapuwai disappeared, in punishment for the very great obstinacy they had displayed in refusing to hearken to the voice of Ruapekapeka.

THE LEGEND OF RURU-TE-INA.

Ruru-te-ina was in Hawa-iki a gallant chief whose fame undoubtedly deserves to be perpetuated. Now, there happened to be a maiden of rank, the story of whose exceeding great beauty and wondrous grace had spread through all lands; indeed, nothing but the rare loveliness of Roa-nga-rahia—for so was this maiden called—was talked of in that part of the country where Ruru-te-ina dwelt. And so it fell out that, from much talking and the excitation of feelings of curiosity, the brothers of Ruru-te-ina resolved to visit this fair lady, not without some hope that, if all of them wooed, one of them might chance to win her. Ruru-te-ina, being the youngest, was not regarded as of any importance in this connection, so they consented to take him with them as an inconsiderable trifle.

Arrived at the place where the beauteous Roa-nga-rahia lived, the welcome usually accorded to visiting chiefs was most hospitably and generously extended to Ruru-te-ina's brothers. They found that the loveliness and the charms of Roa-nga-rahia had been, if anything, underrated, and each and all of them immediately became her most devoted admirers, paying to her the most warm and assiduous attention.

It was impossible for any female bosom to remain long untouched by this homage. Roa-nga-rahia had local lovers by the score, but this company of brothers had come a considerable distance to see her, and that entailed sacrifice of time and labour. Besides, they had brought dainty gifts, which, as well as their hearts, they laid at her feet. How could she fail to be moved by this consideration? But, then, the brothers were all much alike. What one said the others said; what

one did the others hastened to do likewise as if fearful of missing a point. Each seemed to spend his thoughts and his time in devising a means to please her, and no sooner did he discover it and put it into practice than all the others followed in the same track. One thing was certain—she could not be wife to them all. And which to choose?—that was the difficulty. But who was this handsome youth who stood modestly by, yet said nothing? Admiration and devotion were in his eyes, but apparently he had been treated with such a want of consideration, approaching to contempt, that he dared not presume to enter into a competition with his elders.

"Poor lad!" thought Roa-nga-rahia, and she sighed.

That was the beginning of it. When a young girl looks upon a handsome youth and sighs with commiseration at his hard fate, it is exceedingly probable that she will soon be in a bad way.

Roa-nga-rahia quickly realised that it was a duty incumbent upon her to cheer the drooping spirits of this sad youth and to lend him a little encouragement. Gay and sprightly herself, it naturally depressed her that any one should be miserable, and on her account too! Therefore did she speak kindly to Ruru-te-ina, and he cheered up surprisingly. Her first few words were attended with entire success; therefore did she try again. It is marvellous what an effect a few simple sentences will produce. Ruru-te-ina became wholly changed; he seemed magnetised into life and enthusiasm: but he did not follow any of the methods of his brothers. Soon Roa-nga-rahia concluded it was necessary for her to check the ardour she had called into being, and when she did so she felt angry with herself for her bad performance. She had been harsh, rude, cruel; she must make amends to Ruru-te-ina; she must show him that she did not mean anything like what she had said. And so all her thoughts came to be concentrated upon the youngest and least appreciated of the brothers, until presently there was no beauty anywhere if Ruru was not near; all voices were discordant and out of tune but his.

Ruru and Roa became wedded man and wife. He had won her, and was entitled to wear her. All the brothers took her decision good-naturedly, and, however the vanity of each might be wounded, they acquiesced in her choice. Here the story well might end, but it does not.

When the brothers, with Ruru and his bride along with them, were returning in their canoe to their own part of the country they landed at an island to cook and eat some food. Now, near by where they chanced to go ashore there dwelt a sorceress named Nga-rara-hua-rau; but at the time it must be said the voyagers were by no means aware of her bad charac-

ter. To the house of this sorceress Ruru was sent, suspecting no evil, to obtain some fire. Obviously the procuring of fire would save them a great deal of time and trouble. No sooner had the young, brave, and handsome Ruru crossed the threshold of the house than the sorceress fixed her basilisk eyes upon him. As has been indicated, Ruru was a youth very pleasant and agreeable to look upon. Immediately Nga-rara-hua-rau beheld Ruru she conceived for him a wild, mad passion. She protested she adored him. Ah, what a dire and fateful love was hers! Ruru resisted her and treated her with scorn. Then with artful amorous design she threw her long skinny arms around the young man and held him in a close embrace, apparently resolved never more to part with him. Ruru struggled and fought to win his freedom, but the magic force of the sorceress was stronger than his power.

It is difficult to imagine what might have happened if the brothers of Ruru, wondering at his prolonged absence, had not approached the house. When they beheld him, nearly dead, hanging limp in the arms of the wicked Nga-rara-hua-rau, they of course immediately rushed to his rescue. It was a work of some time and no little difficulty to extricate the almost senseless youth from such terrible embraces, but the task was accomplished at last. When they had borne him outside they piled the dry branches of trees and brambles round the house and set it on fire, and so Nga-rara-hua-rau the sorceress perished in the flames, a fate which every one will agree she well deserved.

In due course Ruru and the lovely bride he had won, accompanied by his brothers, with mingled feelings of thankfulness, joy, and pride, arrived at his own home, where the whole company were warmly welcomed by the entire population. Ruru showed Roa-nga-rahia to all the people, upon whom a great spirit of admiration fell. They lived long and happily, and gave many children to the land. Thus in peace and love ends the story of Ruru-te-ina.

THE LEGEND OF PATUNGA-TAPU.

Tama-nui-a-Raki, a chief of Hawa-iki, was a very ugly man. Now, ugliness is one of those misfortunes of which it is given to very few to possess any genuine knowledge. Many there be who are not pleasant to look upon, but if they are entirely unconscious of the fact it does not pain them at all. The real misery is when one is ugly and knows it. Tama-nui-a-Raki knew it. If he had not known it previously he speedily became acquainted with the horrid fact after he wedded the beautiful Ru-kutia, who was just as lovely as he

was the reverse. Indeed, Ru-kutia was very explicit in conveying her sentiments in the matter, so that Tama-nui-a-Raki devoutly wished he were otherwise than he was, if only for her dear sake. It was bad enough to be ugly from the first inception, but to the luscious, melting eyes of Ru-kutia it seemed that her husband grew uglier and uglier every day, and than that no offence could be greater.

Tama-nui-a-Raki was perverse in his ugliness. His misfortune in this respect was the source of continual wrangling between him and his wife, whom indeed he fondly loved. Then, as if the grief engendered by a sense of his deplorable ugliness was not sufficient for him to bear, there came upon the scene one who was as perfect in face and form as an Apollo. Tama-nui-a-Raki could not help but admire him; neither could his wife. The bitterness of their original discussions about his ugliness was now acidulated by reference to the nobility and physical proportions of this stranger. Tama-nui-a-Raki's home was full of wretchedness.

Under these painful circumstances no one will be surprised to learn that when Tama-nui-a-Raki came home one evening from snaring birds he found his house deserted. Disgusted with a husband who steadfastly refused to improve in his personal appearance as the years rolled by, Ru-kutia, taking her daughters with her, had fled, and fled, too, with the handsome man whose beauty had so excited her imagination.

Tama-nui-a-Raki entered his dwelling, now deserted and desolate, and, sitting down, pondered deeply his lonely and most unhappy condition. Then he gave way to grief. Ru-kutia was a lovely woman—she was the mother of his beloved children, and his wife—now she, all were gone. His home was abandoned, his heart was desolate. He wept.

As his mind continued to dwell on the circumstances of his bereavement and consequent wretchedness his sorrow turned to anger. A desire for revenge possessed him. Besides, in active exertion he might find a solace for the pain that was eating at his heart. Therefore did he set out to discover, if possible the whereabouts of his faithless and runaway spouse. Not far had he proceeded when the thought occurred to him that it would serve his purpose best to assume some form of disguise. Then arose in his mind the question of what form of disguise he should choose. He decided this in favour of the representation of a crane, and by reciting an incantation he changed himself into a crane accordingly.

Now, there are few, it is to be hoped, who are not disposed to agree that a man in the form of a crane represents the embodiment of most effectual concealment, and in Tama-nui-a-Raka's case this disguise had this advantage, that the long thin legs and comparatively small body of a crane enabled him

to stalk over the country at a great rate. Tama-nui-a-Raka made quite astonishing progress in his search for the fastidious and extremely high-toned Ru-kutia, until, as will presently appear, his disguise brought him into very serious trouble. All one warm morning, with his wings outspread, he had been hurrying at quite a wonderful speed over a wide plain, so that he grew very hungry and thirsty, so much so indeed that he ran into a stream when he came to it without observing that hidden by some bushes near by were a number of women. If the crane did not see them they saw the crane, and were immediately filled with a desire to have a bit of sport.

"Ho," cried one, "there's a fine crane; let us capture it."

"Just the thing," exclaimed another; "we can catch it as it comes from the water."

"Let us make a noose on this rope and throw it over his neck," suggested a third.

This practical idea at once commended itself to all. A noose having been made on the rope, it was confided to the hands of the most skilful thrower amongst them, who concealed herself in the bushes near where the crane was most likely to pass. The operations of the women were attended with the most complete success. The crane, having caught two or three fish and refreshed itself in the water, came slowly forth, when whish! went the noose, swinging airily over its head, and in a moment it was helpless. Of course, had it been a genuine crane it might not have been so easily trapped, but being only a stupid man, unsuspicious of the wiles and arts of women, there was no difficulty in the matter at all. Then all the women gathered round the captured fluttering creature in ecstasies over their prize, and there would probably soon have been an end to Tama-nui-a-Raka and this story had he not promptly restored himself to his proper form. The amazement of the women may be imagined when, instead of a beautiful bird, they found they had captured only a man, and such an ugly one at that. Handsome, noble-looking men were common enough, and they had more of them than they cared to be troubled with; but a beautiful crane was a rare thing, and so they were grievously disappointed when they beheld what was in the noose. The women crowded round Tama-nui-a-Raka nevertheless, chattering and jabbering all at one time, as women will when filled with curiosity and fluttered with excitement.

"What did you change yourself into a crane for?" cried one.

"What did you transform yourself into a man for?" shouted another.

"You might have made a reasonably presentable man of yourself when you were about it," suggested a third.

"You are a horrid, ugly old fright," denounced a fourth, but she was a young and comely woman.

Tama-nui-a-Raka, when he could make his voice heard, explained that he could only change himself back into his original form; that he was deeply sorry if they were not pleased with it; that he really could not help it, as it was the best he had ever had, except that in process of years it had become a little tarnished and the worse for wear. If he had ever possessed any claim to comeliness, which was much more than doubtful, then family troubles and cares were responsible for the loss of it.

"There is nothing that so quickly changes the appearance of a man," declared Tama-nui-a-Raka positively, "as family troubles and domestic unhappiness. To have a disappointed, nagging, quarrelsome wife takes the spirit out of him, makes him sick, so that soon he begins to stoop. Then follow wrinkles and grey hairs, and if his teeth do not perish through constant grinding he is entitled to be regarded as extremely lucky." So he went on.

The women, hearing Tama-nui-a-Raka so express himself, crowded more closely around him, and began to pour in upon him such a multitude of questions that in order to satisfy them fully he was constrained to narrate to them the whole of his pitiful story, beginning, of course, as he was bound in candour to do, with a description of his own inherent and abominable want of good looks, and the painfully contrasting splendour of his wife's beauty.

They sympathized with him greatly; they were indeed very much touched. When he concluded by telling them that the faithless Ru-kutia had forsaken him and gone off with another more handsome and more fascinating man, they were moved to such an extent that alluring offers of consolation might have been made to him had not one withered old creature interfered. She, older, presumably wiser, and quite passionless, observed sagely enough, "You seek your wife; you would find her and have her restored to you. But if you found her, what would be the gain if your appearance remained unchanged? She would still be disgusted with you and ready to fly off with the next handsome man that presented himself. No, first get yourself changed. Get yourself made truly beautiful to look upon; then when you have found your erring wife she will be pleased to see you; you will be an object of delight in her eyes; she will stay with you, and you will be happy."

"Ah," sighed Tama-nui-a-Raka dejectedly, "this advice is very good, but how am I to change myself—how is this great feat to be performed?"

"Go to your ancestors," replied the old woman; "Go to your ancestors."

It may be incidentally remarked that this advice "go to your ancestors"—sometimes given as a command—has been very frequently repeated to men since this occasion when it was first uttered.

Then all the women crowded round Tama-nui-a-Raka and sang, as in chorus, "Go to your ancestors, go to your ancestors."

Then Tama-nui-a-Raka, having relieved himself from the noose, departed from that part of the country, and went away in search of his ancestors. After much toil and trouble he succeeded in reaching them, and when they became acquainted with the source of all his woes they gladly agreed to assist him. Behold, they performed upon him the painful and dangerous operation of tattooing; and, when he had recovered from their achievement, Tama-nui-a-Raka became quite beautiful to look upon. Indeed, the exquisite lines and curves upon his face rendered it quite a thing of loveliness and delight. Toka and Ha were the ancestral spirits that gave beauty to Tama-nui-a-Raka.

Tama-nui-a-Raka, as might be expected, was profuse in his expressions of gratitude and thanks to his ancestors for the work they had so skilfully performed and the favour they had shown him, and then he bade them adieu. Again, and this time with infinitely more confidence and satisfaction, he set out upon his travels in search of the faithless Ru-kutia. Lo, one balmy afternoon he discovered her walking, quite affectionately, along the shore with her handsome paramour. They did not perceive him, no doubt being deeply interested in their conversation, nor did he affect to pay the very slightest attention to them, having in his mind a well-defined plan. When they were removed some distance, with their backs towards him, Tama-nui-a-Raka slipped down to where the waters rippled upon the shore, got into his canoe, and paddled away out to sea.

Now, it may occur to many ingenuous minds that this was rather a peculiar proceeding upon the part of a man thirsting for revenge, but a moment's reflection will make it clear that in such cases no general rule applies. Given half a dozen individuals seeking revenge upon the same kind of persons for the same kind of injuries, each may be relied upon to follow his own course in wreaking it, and then no two courses may be alike. Tama-nui-a-Raka had his own idea of how his revenge should be worked out to accomplishment, and if that idea does not commend itself to the mind of some readers that cannot be helped.

Having paddled out to sea for some distance, Tama-nui-a-Raka recited an incantation so terribly potent that under its magic influence Ru-kutia was compelled to quit her

handsome lover, throw aside her attire, and swim out to the canoe.

Now it will be seen how the far-reaching mind of this hero had calculated upon the falling-out of inevitable events. When Ru-kutia reached the canoe she naturally endeavoured to clamber aboard. Then it was that with his wooden sword Tama-nui-a-Raka struck her a hard, sharp blow across the back, completely severing the body into two parts, the upper portion falling on board, whilst the lower dropped into the sea. The bloody deed was done, the spirit of revenge was satiated.

Tama-nui-a-Raka rowed ashore, and in a secluded place, away from the busy haunts of men, he carefully buried the head and chest of his dead wife. Until the summer months had come and gone he dwelt sadly alone, brooding upon his unfortunate experiences. When the season came for the cleaning of the bones, Tama-nui-a-Raka, for the first time since the day of the burial, approached the grave of his once-beloved Ru-kutia. Now, as he stood there sorrowfully pondering, lo, he heard a voice, apparently quite near him, and coming from the grave, exclaim, "Oh, severed head!"

Tama-nui-a-Raka did nothing then. He went away quickly—probably very quickly. The next day, having recovered his composure, and possibly marvelling exceedingly, Tama-nui-a-Raka again visited the grave, and, lo, there, sitting upon it, he beheld his beloved wife, looking more entrancingly lovely than ever. Not only so, but love and joy were dancing in her beauteous eyes when she saw once more her husband, changed indeed—markedly changed—but oh, so much for the better. What could he do—what could any one do under such circumstances—but rush impetuously forward and clasp her in his strong enfolding arms.

After this eventful and wondrous scene the name of Ru-kutia was changed to Patunga-tapu, and so as Patunga-tapu she yet lives in story. Her son was Tu-te-hemahema; her daughters Merau, Ku-kura-manu-weka, and Ku-kuru-peti; and the recitation of these names must be accepted as abundant proof that for many years after her resurrection the couple lived together in absolute peace and love, each esteeming the other as the most perfectly beautiful object the earth contained.

THE LEGEND OF RUA-PU-PUKE.

Rua-pu-puke was a Hawa-ikian chief of ancient times. It is averred by tradition that when his son was bathing he was seized by the sea-god Tangaroa. Resolving at all hazards to recover his lost boy, Rua-pu-puke dived into the depths of ocean.

After wandering about and losing his way many times, lo, he met a woman named Hine-matiko-tai, who, having learned the object of his quest, good-naturedly directed him the shortest way to reach the abode of Tangaroa. Behold, what was the astonishment of the bereaved Rua-pu-puke when he found his son stuck up in place of a *te-ko-tiko* (carved image) on the gable of the house! The dwelling of Tangaroa at this moment was filled with sea-fairies, and the enraged father determined to put an end to them. By the simple expedient of letting in the light upon them they were immediately put to death.

Having succeeded in accomplishing the rescue of his son, Rua-pu-puke removed from the building the very beautiful and precious carvings, side-posts, ridge-pole, door and window frames, &c., and set the remainder of the structure on fire. Then he and his son, taking up the carvings between them, bore them away to the world of light, to which they safely returned.

Possessing these carvings from the house of Tangaroa as models, the art of wood-carving soon became general throughout Hawa-iki. The first carved house had for name Te Raweoro. It was set up by Hingangaroa at Uawa, but, as can readily be believed, no trace of it can now be seen.

THE LEGEND OF TUTAKA-HINA-HINA.

Tutaka-hina-hina was in Hawa-iki, as ancient legends tell, a very great chief indeed. As he was popularly supposed never to have had any parents, it may perhaps be concluded that his early bringing-up was somewhat neglected. He married, and no doubt enjoyed the period of blissful felicity usually following upon that auspicious event. When his son, Te Roi-roi-whenua, was born to him, Tutaka-hina-hina gave orders to his people to lay in great stores of firewood and provisions, and they did so. It must have been some considerable period after this that Tutaka-hina-hina died, and in due course he was buried.

Then occurred the startling events connected with this great chief, and through which he lives in story. A long-continued darkness settled down upon the earth. It overspread the heavens and sat upon the sea. So dark was it that no one could move about to procure any of the firewood or the provisions which it is to be supposed had continued carefully stored in anticipation of this fearful circumstance for many long years. Then, suddenly from out the black ethereal Te Roi-roi-whenua heard a voice calling to him mysteriously. His eager soul stirred to its inmost depths, intently he listened. It was his father's voice—he knew it.

[illegible] more intently still, he heard the words, "Here am [illegible] the earth heaves up." This was the portentous [illegible] which Te Roi-roi-whenua's dead and buried father [illegible] successfully burst the awful portals of death to deliver.

[illegible] what did Te Roi-roi-whenua do under such soul-[illegible]ing circumstances? It is said he groped about till he [illegible] the firewood; by friction, in the usual way, he made a [illegible] and then, most horrible! he cooked a portion of the [illegible] of his late beloved parent. It having been made [illegible] that through a failure to find the stored provisions [illegible] Roi-roi-whenua must most assuredly have starved, his [illegible] ghost had come from the grave to bid him eat his [illegible]

Then, another strange thing took place. Tamatea, the [illegible] in descent from Rangi, shook the oven where the re-[illegible] of the hapless Tutaka-hina-hina were being cooked, [illegible] far away in the dim distance appeared the first faint [illegible] of the rosy dawn. Soon afterwards the fateful darkness was dispelled.

Now ever since that eventful period the morning hath been [illegible] possession of Tamatea; previously, as everybody knows, it had been with Tangeroa. It is true that in Rarotonga a story somewhat similar to that of Tutaka-hina-hina is told, the moral of which has relation to the origin of pigs. It is alleged that they sprang from the corpse of Maaru, who had been buried by his son Kationgia; but, in addition to its extreme improbability, such a story is weak and obviously lacking in the essential elements, of dramatic power.

THE LEGEND OF A PET WHALE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Hundreds of people have pets. Some make pets of dogs or [illegible] others of horses or cows; Indians have been known to [illegible] pets of such ungainly animals as camels and elephants; [illegible] people have kept "tigers," and one lady—very well known [illegible] universally admired in her time—had a pet tiger that [illegible] about like a dog until it attained an age when [illegible] became suspiciously doubtful. There was no [illegible] in the world why Tinirau should not have a pet if [illegible] and he did wish. But in the matter of a pet [illegible] resolved to be different from anybody who had ever [illegible] or would in the future live. He would have [illegible] He tamed one accordingly.

[illegible] had the good fortune to have a man-child [illegible] born, and in consequence he was a very proud and [illegible]

A Maori Beauty

"Ho, ho!" cried Tinirau, "there never was another man like me."

The babe which brought such absorbing joy into the world was named Tuhuruhuru, a very soft and pretty name, as all will confess.

Now, desiring to have all necessary ceremonies and incantations duly performed, so that his son might grow up strong and handsome, and brave and wise, Tinirau sent for Kae, who enjoyed—and no doubt deservedly—the reputation of being the very greatest magician and *tohunga* that ever lived. In due time the great mystifier and sorcerer came to Tinirau's village, and everything requisite to insure that Tuhuruhuru should, as a hero, be simply perfect, and to render Tinirau entirely happy, was gone through in a manner at once satisfactory and complete.

At the time these deeply interesting events were taking place, Tutunui—that was the name of Tinirau's pet—was disporting himself gloriously not far from the shore. If any one can fancy what it is to be a whale, contracting and swelling, diving and leaping, to say nothing of a faculty for unrestricted "blowing," he may perhaps succeed in imagining the real and thorough enjoyment of Tutunui when off the coast of Hawa-iki.

But, alas! there comes a period when an end is put to all enjoyment, and a time of severe trial is initiated. That time had now arrived for poor Tutunui. Just at the moment when he had thoughts to briskly amuse himself by making vigorous love to an old cow, he received a call from his master, and was constrained to attend him on the shore. No sooner, however, was he arrived at the usual place of meeting than Tinirau, pulling out a sharp knife, deftly cut away a slice of his fat body. This might make the judicious grieve as being rather a rough way to treat a pet, but Tutunui did not appear to mind it a bit; on the contrary, he wagged his huge tail and, when bidden, went off to resume his wooing, apparently in quite a flutter of delight. The steak which Tinirau had cut off Tutunui was duly cooked, and, with all necessary condiments and embellishments, served up to Kae, who pronounced it to be simply delicious. Indeed—and his statement may be accepted with the utmost confidence—never in all his life had he partaken of a feast so delightful and so satisfying.

Soon after this it became necessary for Kae to think of returning to his own parish, where, he alleged, there was, unfortunately, quite a multitude of patients dying to see him. Te Tihi-o-Manono was the name of the place where his practice lay, and where, generally, he resided. Like the good host he was, Tinirau courteously ordered out a canoe to take home the great doctor; but when the canoe with all its cushions

and multifarious fixings was ready the great doctor wasn't. The truth was he had reflected upon that rich, juicy steak, and he deeply pondered the question where it had come from. There was an aromy mystery about it he was resolved to fathom. So he simply said that upon looking carefully over his list he found his cases were not so numerous as he had thought, and Ho-ho, who had taken temporary charge of his round, was a very excellent man who could well be trusted to look after them a little longer. The memory of a steak, it will be seen, had taken complete possession of Kae's mind.

For his part, Tinirau was not insensible to the advantages derivable from having so great a *tohunga* as Kae a resident of his village. Not only did such a circumstance add immensely to his *mana*, but he was not without hope that the wonderful healer, having little else to do, would take in hand several sick people he had in his district, and so restore them to health and usefulness. Therefore did Tinirau press him to remain and use his house as freely as he would his own. Of course he was aware that, as a regular practitioner of the very highest standing, Kae sternly set his face against the employment of all quack nostrums, and the universal cure-alls at this time coming into notice in Hawa-iki. These abominable frauds were making serious inroads upon the revenues, and playing havoc with the prestige of the profession, and Kae was entitled to honour for the stand he was making, not unsuccessfully, against them.

Whilst these and some other considerations weighed with Tinirau, Kae was sedulously studying how best to arrive at a solution of the steak problem. The steak he had had in his stomach he had now got upon the brain. Very artfully he led Tinirau to walk with him frequently along the beach; but travel where they might no whale's carcase from which the precious steak might have been obtained could be seen. Unable to repress his curiosity any longer, Kae was at length driven to put the question bluntly to Tinirau as to whence that steak had been derived.

"Oh, that steak," answered Tinirau carelessly; "why, I got it from Tutunui of course—where else could I get it?"

"Tutunui!" exclaimed Kae. "And who, pray, was Tutunui when he was alive?"

"Tutunui is still alive," said Tinirau. "Tutunui is my pet whale."

"Your pet whale!" cried Kae in amazement.

"Yes, my pet whale," replied Tinirau, smiling at the surprise of his friend.

"And where do you keep this pet whale?" asked Kae.

"Why, in the ocean, of course— where else? Would you like to see him?"

"Indeed I would; there is nothing I should like better,'" said Kae wonderingly.

"It is easily done," remarked Tinirau, as he gave the signal for Tutunui to approach.

Far out at sea Tutunui was at the moment friskily engaged in flirting with a fascinating young maiden recently arrived from the South Seas, but at once he forsook his pleasurable occupation and made haste to obey his master's summons.

"Is your pet whale a good whale?" inquired Kae.

"Oh, yes," replied Tinirau, with a doubtful shrug of his shoulders. "A little merry—not to say giddy—perhaps, but not by any means a badly-behaved whale, as whales go."

"I should be very sorry to partake of any whale that was not extremely proper in its behaviour," said Kae meditatively. "I once ate one that was——"

"Oh, Tutunui is very good," interrupted Tinirau; "and here he comes."

Just then along came Tutunui, rushing and splashing and blowing, manifesting every symptom of delight at again beholding his master, who good-naturedly addressed to him some words of an encouraging nature. The pet whale came as close to the shore as he dared without incurring the danger of stranding, so that his form could be very plainly discerned.

"What noble proportions! What a truly magnificent animal!" cried Kae. "Really, never before have I beheld such a splendid creature."

Tutunui blew a column of water into the air, as if he perfectly appreciated the doctor's praises.

"Yes, I believe he is very well bred," said Tinirau indifferently.

"What points he has!" exclaimed Kae in ecstasy. "Just look at the lovely curve of his back, and his tail—oh my, what a tail he can unfold! His fins, too, are fine, very fine. Have you looked at his mouth?"

"Oh, yes, of course, Tutunui has a good mouth," replied Tinirau.

"I suppose you have not yet entered him for any competition?" suggested Kae; "he should be a good goer."

Tinirau modestly deprecated the idea of subjecting his pet to any such trial.

"I suppose you exercise him a good deal to keep him in such splendid condition?" remarked the enraptured doctor.

"No," said Tinirau, "I do not find him much given to blubber, but I do take him out for a spin sometimes."

"Oh, it must be simply glorious to have such a splendid beast between your legs," cried Kae, now thoroughly enraptured.

"Tutunui goes along very smooth and steady, but sometimes he takes a header, and then, by Tane, you have to hold on for all you're worth."

"Can he jump?" asked the doctor excitedly.

"Jump?" said Tinirau, "steeples is no possible name for it."

"Oh, I should dearly like to have a run," exclaimed the doctor.

"So you can if you wish," complacently answered Tinirau.

This is what the clever doctor had been aiming at all the time, and he was immediately in high spirits at the realisation of his wishes.

A few days afterwards Tutunui was called again to the shore, and Kae achieved the seat he coveted on his back. Tinirau had previously given him many instructions as to how he was to manage the beast, but now as he was about to depart he bestowed upon him a final one. "When you approach so near the land that Tutunui touches the shore you will find him give you a shake to apprise you of the fact. Then, without any delay, be sure you jump off on his right side. Tutunui cannot stay long in such dangerous proximity."

Kae expressed his thanks and bade farewell, and away he went at a great rate. It is matter for deep regret that the particulars of this eventful ride have not come down to posterity. No doubt the famous doctor had some singular experiences in the air and under the water, so that it would not be at all surprising to learn that, when off the shore at Te Tihi-o-Manono, his full-dress suit, in regard to which he was usually very particular, was in a very limp condition. But if for the time being Tutunui kept him moist and cool, he was inwardly resolved ultimately to make it hot for Tutunui. When opposite Kae's village of Te Tihi-o-Manono the whale touched ground, and at once began to shake, as whales invariably do under such inauspicious circumstances. It was no use, however. Kae did not jump down and wade ashore, as was expected of him. On the contrary, he stuck fast to the back of the whale, and, treacherously muttering an incantation, pressed the unfortunate animal farther up upon the shore and firmly upon the ground. Tutunui, apparently thinking his rider had fallen into some mistake instead of into the sea, shook himself and shook himself, but, firm as a limpet to his side, Kae still adhered to his back. Mortal fear now took possession of the whale. The rider on his back had ceased to concern him; he struggled for his life, and the more he struggled the more desperate his circumstances became. He lashed the waters into foam; he made a hole in the sand, out of which he could not extricate himself. With the seething wash he madly sent heaps of sand into the air, which,

falling, stopped up his blowholes, so that he was unable to breathe. For a long time this wild and frantic struggle was continued, until at last the thoroughly exhausted animal gave up hope and died.

Then with long ropes did Kae and his people drag the body of the hapless Tutunui high upon the shore. They cut it into pieces, flung the pieces into ovens, covering them up with the fragrant leaves of the koromiko, and awaited the satisfying feast that was to prove the generous recompense of their labours. Lo, the fat of Tutunui adhered to the leaves of the koromiko, and from that hour to this they continue to be greasy. Now, if a bough of koromiko be placed upon a fire so that the oil exudes, it is as the proverb of Hawa-iki hath it, "There's some of the savouriness of Tutunui."

As may well be supposed Tinirau, as the hours went by without any sign of Kae's return, began to feel anxious, and at a later period anxiety gave way to alarm. Could it be possible that the great doctor and wonderful magician had met with an accident? Hardly, for a man of his god-like attainments could achieve anything. Then Tinirau speculated upon Tutunui having swallowed Kae, as a similar animal had swallowed Jonah; it did not at first occur to him that Kae might have swallowed the whale—a far more reasonable suggestion. Pursued by distracting thoughts, Tinirau went down to the beach and called his whale. Again and again he called, but alas, no Tutunui came rushing through the sparkling waters to greet him.

"My whale would surely come to me," he said, "if a thousand Kaes were on his back. I wonder where he can be stopping. Something serious certainly has happened."

It is night. Lo, in the moonlight, across the bosom of the softly sleeping waters, there comes wafted upon the gentle summer air a scintillating perfume that stirs to attention. What can it be? Stronger, more pronounced it grows. Every sense is strained, especially that of smell. Noses are turned in the direction from whence this pleasant odour comes, and behold all noses are discovered pointing towards Te Tihi-o-Manono. Involuntarily faces are turned towards each other, and eyes, with earnest, steady, searching glances, would seek to penetrate the hidden mysteries of the soul. Indubitably the odour is that of whale's flesh when it is cooked, and it comes from yonder—Te Tihi-o-Manono.

Tinirau was very generally and greatly beloved, especially by the women of his people, and the women it was who now hurried to avenge him. The beautiful Hine-i-te-iwaiwa and the merry Raukatauri were the principal of the leaders. Many women of birth and note eagerly hurried to take part in the enterprise, among them being the

high-spirited Raukatamea, the light-hearted Iti-iti, the passionate Rekareka, and the voluptuous Rua-hau-a-Tangeroa; but indeed, in such a case as this, it is invidious to mention names. An old and very large canoe, which was the personal property of one of Tinirau's wives, and which had been carefully stowed away under shelter, was readily obtained for the purpose of the contemplated expedition. As the presence of men might lead the people of Te Tihi-o-Manono to suspect the amiability of their intentions, nothing masculine was permitted on board. Forty was the number that embarked. Tinirau and all the members of his family, together with the entire population of the village, came to the beach, and there was much excitement, many witty good-natured remarks, some singing, together with a good deal of pleasant cheering. Just as they were about to push off, Tinirau's sister, from the stern sheets, called to her brother to know by what means they would be enabled to identify Kae when they got to Te Tihi-o-Manono.

"Oh, you cannot possibly mistake Kae," said Tinirau, "his teeth are remarkably uneven, and each tooth overlaps another. You may be sure that the man with the overlapping teeth is Kae."

Then, with much chatter of merry voices and swelling sheets, the big canoe glided away into the night.

In the large house occupied by Kae, in Te Tihi-o-Manono, a fire was lighted, and many people were assembled. They were having a smoke concert. A crowd of visitors occupied one side of his dwelling, Kae, his family, and leading members of his tribe occupied the other. When the news arrived that a great number of lady visitors had come to the village in a canoe, all hurried immediately to the shore to welcome them. Tinirau's women received a cordial greeting from the assembled population, who, having been lately feasting to their heart's content upon the fat of poor Tutunui, were very fairly entitled to be considered great swells indeed. Escorted by a greasy, shouting, surrounding crowd, the ladies were taken to the residence of Kae, where visitors and tribe immediately ranged themselves on each side of the building just as they were before the feminine strangers from over the sea arrived. At the foot of the post which principally supported the roof of the house sat that arch old schemer Kae himself. He was surrounded by his mats and things. The women at once suspected that this was he of whom they were in search, but they were anxious to insure that no grievous mistake should be made. They were determined that the most certain evidence of identity should be afforded before any action of a definite character was taken. This was very proper, as huge consequences from little causes spring.

Of course, it will be understood that it was not in accordance with the etiquette of high society in Hawa-iki to make formal presentations or introductions; the fame of every chief was supposed to have travelled far abroad and permeated into all lands, so that not to know a chief upon sight was very shocking, and stamped the offender as either lamentably ignorant or imbecile. The ladies therefore knew, or pretended to know, everybody they came in contact with in Te Tihi-o-Manono just the same as if they had been born in that beautiful place and had grown up with them from their school-days.

And Te Tihi-o-Manono was a beautiful place. A low range of dark hills, from which on the right and left two bold headlands or spurs projected, constituted the background. In the bay thus formed by the spurs, and on the gentle aclivity of the hills rising from the shore, nestled the village, shining clear and white like a pearl in the soft moonlight. When the morning sun fell upon such a spot, clothing it with a radiance of gold and revealing the yellow sands and the manifold tints of the wonderfully varied foliage, such a landscape must have seemed truly lovely; but in the moonlight it appeared chastely cold; hills and headlands were dark and weirdly gloomy, and, save the beach and the white ripple of water that lapped its sands, a uniform darkness prevailed.

After some discussion it had been agreed by the women when coming across to Te Tihi-o-Manono that they would endeavour to make every one laugh. This course would not only prove the pleasantest way of spending their time, but it would, by causing people to show their teeth, aid them in Kae's detection. So now that they were in the cunning magic-healer's house they at once proceeded to act upon that policy.

"Behold!" exclaimed Hine-i-te-iwaiwa, "in me you see the great story-teller, the reciter, the mirth-provoker of Hawa-iki. La, I will recite a legend that will amuse you."

And thereupon Hine-i-te-iwaiwa went on to tell them a story so indescribably funny that with one accord all burst into loud guffahs of laughter. But scant was the notice bestowed by the women upon Kae's visitors; keen and searching were the glances they cast upon the members of his family and tribe.

The little man sitting on his mats at the foot of the pillar had not laughed.

"Behold!" cried Raukatauri, "we are the tinga-ringa; we are the merry ones, the fascinators, the bewitchers; la, I will show you some tricks." And she did show them some tricks—tricks the like of which had never been seen in Te Tihi-o-Manono previously, and which there are the best of reasons for believing have never been shown there since.

The people opened wide their mouths, and, holding their sides, roared with laughter. Never had been witnessed anything half so comic.

But the little man at the foot of the post sat still and close.

Then, to keep the fun going, Rekareka started to sing, which she did very sweetly, keeping time with castanets made of bone, and she played upon the flute and the putorino, so that all were very much amused, and they applauded demonstratively. Instinctively feeling that this was too tame, Raukatamea jumped up and initiated a game of *ti*, in which many ridiculous movements are made with fingers and hands, the players at the same time all singing. Then followed that variety of *ti* in which, whilst the players sing, they with great rapidity throw sticks at each other.

This game was productive of the most hilarious laughter, but the little man at the bottom of the post did not laugh.

This was very provoking; what could they do next? There was a momentary putting of heads together, a whispered word; eyes already bright and mischievous sparkled brighter and more mischievously, and suddenly all the women burst into a song so extremely humorous—so irresistibly droll—that all in the house rolled about as if unable to contain themselves.

Then it was that the little man at the foot of the posts laughed.*

They were watching him. His mouth was not pretty to look at; the teeth were uneven, they overlapped each other; it was indeed the redoubtable Kae. Now were they satisfied, and with that satisfaction came a sense of the strain which had been put upon them to keep up their exhausting efforts. Their natural desire was to close the show at once, but this they felt would scarcely be discreet. So they continued their performances a little longer, but the entertainment flagged, and gradually grew more and more languid. Then, suddenly Iti-iti discovered that the fire was nearly out, which was a very good reason for desiring to go to rest.

The ladies had every reason to be satisfied with the success which so far had attended the execution of their design, but it must not be forgotten that Kae was a very great magician, and therefore not likely to be easily deceived. Of course, as he did not imagine that at this time Tinirau's people could know anything of what had happened to the pet whale, his

* Owing to the great difficulty experienced by the ladies in provoking Kae to laughter, when any Maori, listening to a story in course of relation by another, bursts into a fit of merriment, some one of the bystanders is pretty sure to jocosely remark, "Ah, there is Kae laughing" —the inference being that the story is so good that it would have succeeded even with Kae.

mind was perfectly easy on that score; but what were these high-born ladies wanting at Te Tihi-o-Manono? What was the object underlying the visit of this surprise party? What was the purpose sought to be achieved by these performances, however creditable they might be? These and other questions troubled him, and he grew suspicious. He resolved that whoever was deceived it should not be him. As he must needs sleep, he fastened in front of his eyes round pieces of mother-of-pearl shell, which he always kept by him for the purpose, so that when any faint light fell upon them it would appear as if they were the whites of his eyes, and give the impression that he was still awake. This was one of Kae's very cunning dodges, and so successful had it been that many people—intimate friends of his—firmly believed the great *tohunga* never slept.

When silence, unbroken save by a stentorian snore, reigned throughout the building, then one by one the ladies arose. Although none of them could pretend to a knowledge of the higher accomplishments of the black art, still they had amongst them those who were well acquainted with its fundamental principles. They began their enchantments by fastening upon the slumberers a sleep still more profound and deadly. Lifting here a sprawling, massive leg, and there a brawny, muscular arm, they would let it fall with a thud upon the floor. In vain—the slumberers could not be moved to any consciousness by this testing manipulation. Then upon Kae their magic spells were concentrated. They were not deceived by his pearl-shell goggles. The sleep into which they threw him grew so en-trance-ing that gradually he became as stiff and rigid as an iceberg. Now was the time arrived for action swift and energetic. Stealthily opening the door, they stole into the moonlight, and quickly formed lines, two and two, from the building to their canoe, which lay moored safely close to the shore. Then Hine-i-te-iwaiwa and Raukatauri gently lifted up Kae, wrapped him up carefully in his mats as they would a most precious thing, and bore him to the door. Down the lines from two to two was the enchanted body passed, until, lo, it was securely deposited in the stern-sheets of the canoe.

The object which had animated and inspired completely attained, not a moment was now to be lost. Like dark phantoms of the night, whose every movement is grace, the ladies quickly hurry to get on board. Every one is in her place; the sails are raised, and, like a spirit of the night, slowly and silently the canoe vanishes into the ocean mists.

When the ladies arrived at their own village the carefulness which throughout had distinguished their proceedings was not in any degree abated. From the canoe lines were

again formed to Tinirau's dwelling, and the body of the entranced doctor once more was passed along from two to two. Kae's house at Te Tihi-o-Manono was a circular one, the central pillar supporting the rafters which sprang from the low walls. Tinirau's house was of much the same size, but it was a parallelogram in form, the central post supporting the middle of the ridge. At the foot of this post the doctor's mats were spread for him just the same as they had been at Te Tihi-o-Manono, and here his body was laid. Then were the enchanting spells removed, so that a natural slumber should be restored during the period of his rest.

It is not to be supposed that, with forty women outside, the doors of his establishment thrown open, and the body of a sleeping man brought in and deposited in the centre of his house, Tinirau could remain ignorant of what was taking place. He came forward, gazed upon the sleeping form of the devourer of his whale, went outside and, in gently modulated tones, warmly thanked the ladies for the very great trouble—the very arduous labours—they had cheerfully undertaken in order to deliver his foe into his hands. Then, a happy thought occurring to him, he suggested to the ladies that when they returned to their homes they should tell the members of their families to be alert in the morning, and when they saw him coming up the main street they should all unite in calling "Here comes Tinirau! here comes Tinirau!" and other similar cries, so that there might be some more fun with the doctor. This they all joyously agreed to do, and departed for their homes.

Brightly the morning sun was shining as Tinirau passed through the village. The news of the successful termination of the exploit of the ladies the previous night had spread, and here and there were little knots of men eagerly and excitedly discussing the details. Some were laughing delightedly—probably at the narration of some of the tricks of Raukataura: some with arms in their hands were scowling ferociously—probably at the thought of what they would like to do with Kae. However, as Tinirau came along, obedient to the instructions which had been given to them, with one accord they all united in crying "Here comes Tinirau! here comes Tinirau!" as if he was quite a stranger in the place. The shouts awoke Kae from his slumbers, and he sat up on his mats, feeling somewhat stupid and confused. He had no reason to doubt, however, that he was just in the same spot he was in when he lay down in his own house at Te Tihi-o-Manono. "Here comes Tinirau!" again are the words which greet his ear. Surely this must be his former friend come to pay him a visit? Now, how about that confounded whale?

"Salutations and greetings to you, O Kae!" It was the voice of Tinirau, who, having seated himself comfortably in front of the house, was looking in upon him through the window.

"Salutations to you, O Tinirau!" gruntily replied the doctor, who had really no particular desire at that moment to see him he thought his visitor; "and what, may it please you, brings you here to Te Tihi-o-Manono?"

"Nay," said Tinirau, "I have not come to Te Tihi-o-Manono."

"Not come to Te Tihi-o-Manono!" exclaimed the great *tohunga*, apparently disgusted with such obvious prevarication. "Well, never mind about that; what is it brings you here?"

"Nay, rather," replied Tinirau, "what is it brings you here?"

"I am all right," asserted Kae; "I am in my own house at Te Tihi-o-Manono."

"Are you, indeed?" inquired Tinirau. "Just look around and see."

The magic-worker looked at his mats—yes, they were all right, they were his certainly; then at the post which rose up to the roof—assuredly he was in his own house.

"I repeat," he said, "that I am all right. I am in my own house at Te Tihi-o-Manono, and I want to know what business brings you here."

"Where was the window of your house placed?" asked Tinirau.

This pertinent question gave the doctor a sudden start. Eagerly now he gazed round the building and noticed that it was very different from his own, the walls of which went round. He recognised that he was in the dwelling of Tinirau. He started to his feet, and gave vent to a cry of surprise, of fear, of dismay. Then, bowing his head, paralysed, he sank to the ground and abandoned himself as one who knew he was utterly lost. At a signal given by Tinirau the people rushed in; they seized the hapless doctor, they dragged him into the sunlight, and there they slew him. Thus perished Kae, the great magician.

In a very short time the news of the fate which had befallen their wonderful *tohunga* reached the people of Te Tihi-o-Manono—who were the descendants of the great chief Poporokewa—and they immediately prepared for war. In due time with an overwhelming force they assailed the village and *pa* of Tinirau, which they completely destroyed, slaying many people, amongst the killed being poor Tuhuruhuru, Tinirau's son, the requisite incantations over whom had led to the visit of Kae and the initiation of all the trouble.

THE LEGEND OF THE EMIGRATION OF MANAIA.

One day it entered into the head of Manaia to have a great number of spears made. Manaia, it must be confessed, was rather "faddy" on the subject of spears. He already had a tolerably large collection, and nearly every particular spear had a history or a story connected with it which Manaia would faithfully recite when he showed it, in its turn, to admiring friends. But this stock did not suffice him. What he had were each and all especial spears—spears that were traditional and historical gems—spears which it would be a desecration to put to any ordinary killing purpose. He desired now to have a lot of spears that, without offending high-toned susceptibilities, could be put to practical purpose, and which might have extended to them a protracted future in order to work up reputations for themselves. No doubt the idea was good as it was far-sighted. Accordingly, Manaia sent round invitations to his friends and neighbours to come to his dwelling and assist him at a great spear-making bee.

In due course, Manaia's messenger came to the *pa* of Tupenu, who was a great chief. Tupenu listened stolidly to the invitation, and, when the messenger had finished, said it was good, and his people might go to Manaia's for the purpose indicated. Some chiefs, indeed, sent excuses for their want of sympathy with Manaia, but when the day appointed for the holding of the bee arrived a considerable number were present. Some of the visitors, no doubt, were people sent by their chiefs, and were there sorely against their will. They did not see why they should help to make spears which possibly in time might be used against themselves, and for a man, too who had already quite a sufficient supply.

Manaia was well pleased to greet his friends, and he and his beautiful young wife, Rongotiki, exerted themselves to the utmost to minister to their comfort. Their anxiety in this respect led to the direst results, for it occurred to Manaia that a dish of fresh fish cooked as Rongotiki alone knew how fish should be cooked would be highly appreciated by his company. Accordingly, leaving Rongotiki to prepare the ovens, and taking with him his servants, he went down to his canoe, and put to sea to capture the fish. Rongotiki, it has been said, was beautiful; she was in truth the very loveliest girl in all these parts of Hawaiki, and she was as graceful and fascinating in manner as she was charming in appearance. Manaia being gone and Rongotiki being busy outside among the ovens, an evil thought entered the mind of one of the discontented—a thought shameful, cowardly, treacherous. This thought, finding expression, passed round among the workers, and the abomin-

able suggestion was accepted. Rongotiki was assaulted, and neither her entreaties, her cries, nor her struggles could move the hearts of her assailants.

In the meantime Manaia, unconscious of evil, had his canoe paddled out to sea. When the fishing-ground was reached the paddles were shipped, the anchor was cast, and fishing operations began. Plenty of fish were caught by Manaia's people, but, for himself, he could not succeed in getting a single bite. This was very aggravating, but Manaia persevered. At last, just as they were upon the point of giving over fishing, he felt that a fish was nibbling at his bait, so he gave a sudden jerk to his line in order to hook the fish and rapidly began to pull it up. When Manaia got the fish to the side of the canoe, lo, the fish had not swallowed the bait, but the hook was found fast imbedded in its tail. Then Manaia knew at once what had occurred. For ages it had been regarded as a certain sign that the wife of him to whom such an experience happened was being insulted. Manaia at once suspected that his friendly workmen, taking advantage of his absence, had assaulted his young and helpless wife. Immediately he ordered the anchor to be raised and the canoe to be paddled to the shore with all speed. Before the landing-place was reached Manaia had taken the fish he had caught, and with the hook still fixed in its tail he fastened it to the thwarts of the canoe where very readily it could be seen. This done, he desired his people to refrain from touching it and to leave it just as it was.

The canoe at length reached the shore, Manaia at once leapt out, and, ordering his people to pull the canoe up to the shelter of the place where it was usually kept, proceeded to the principal village of his people. There he learned that his friendly workpeople had departed from his home. Doubtless feeling conscious of the iniquity they had perpetrated, they had not awaited the return of the injured husband with the fish he had caught for them. Learning of Manaia's approach, Rongotiki arose and made haste to roast some fern-root for her husband, who, she well knew, was likely to return hungry as well as tired from his labours.

When Manaia reached his home he found the fire blazing cheerfully and Rongotiki sitting beside it busily engaged in roasting the fern-root. He sat down moodily beside her. Rongotiki was sorely distressed, and quite at a loss to find words in which to express herself. She had recourse to signs to convey to her husband a knowledge of what had occurred in his absence. Under ordinary circumstances these signs might have been quite unintelligible, but as Manaia knew what had transpired they were easily interpreted.

"Mother," said Manaia, "go, fetch me the fish I have left hanging by the side of my canoe."

"Husband," answered Rongotiki, "I go"; and she went accordingly.

When Rongotiki reached the canoe, lo, she found but one fish hanging to the thwarts, and that was suspended by a hook which had fastened in its tail: then she knew that her husband had become acquainted with what had transpired when he was fishing out at sea.

She took the fish home to Manaia, and when he saw her with it he said: "That, my wife, is the fish I intended you should bring. Now will you know that I was well acquainted with the treatment to which you had been subjected before that I returned to my home."

Tradition does not relate what further occurred between Manaia and his wife, but it is clear that it was impossible for Manaia, as a Maori chief, to sit down quietly under such an injury as that which he had suffered. Long he pondered various schemes of revenge, ever seeking that which was likely to prove most crushing and complete. He gathered the people of his tribe around him, and related to them the outrageous wrong which had been inflicted upon his wife and himself. Loud and savage were the manifestations of feeling which Manaia's story called forth, and general was the demand that a vengeance thorough and satisfying should be wreaked upon the perpetrators of so diabolical a crime.

But, prior to any further action being taken, Manaia thought it well to visit the people of Tupenu who had been the chief actors in the shameful scene of outrage, and when he got to their village he said, "I hope that when next you undertake the work of making spears you will make them stout and strong. I know a good spear when I see it. The spears you made for me were weak and rubbishy, not fit to be handled by a strong man. Make your next lot a great deal stronger, so that you may get credit for your work. Brave warriors should know better than to make such trumpery things as you have left behind you."

There were two purposes sought to be achieved by this speech. The first was to lull his enemies into a false security by leading them to believe that he did not know anything of their proceedings, and when he came fearlessly among them they concluded that Rongotiki had not told him what had occurred. The next was to induce them to make their weapons so cumbersome and heavy that they would be comparatively useless in parrying the blows which he contemplated his people would soon rain upon them. In both these objects Manaia succeeded completely. All that was wished for now was a favourable opportunity for making an assault.

The time came when Manaia learned that Tupenu, attended by his principal people, amongst whom were all the leaders in the outrage upon Rongotiki, contemplated making a journey to a place at a considerable distance from their fortified town. Manaia thereupon led his warriors to intercept Tupenu and his party. In the scrub which lined both sides of the track, which he knew his enemy must follow, he artfully concealed his braves, making them lie down in the bushes so that their presence should not be perceived.

By-and-by along the track confidently came Tupenu and his people, never dreaming of danger. As they were approaching, Manaia with his elbow gave a nudge in the ribs to his son Tu-ure-nui to arise, rush forth, and slay the first man. But Tu-ure-nui lay still; he was not eager to distinguish himself by such an undertaking. There was, however, another young man who was burning with desire to achieve fame as a warrior. The father of this young man had never been known, so that he passed as a person of little consideration. Bounding from his place of concealment he slew the first man, and as he brandished his weapon when his enemy fell he exclaimed, "The first slain belongs to me—to me, Kaka-kaka-nui, the son of Manaia!"

Then it was that for the first time Manaia knew that Kaka-kaka-nui was his son—his last-born son—Kaka-kaka-nui's mother having, until just previously to her son's going upon this expedition, concealed from him the knowledge of his parentage. Manaia had previously believed that Tu-ure-nui was his only son, but when he heard Kaka's shout a light dawned upon him, and he knew him as his son. When, too, he was witness of Kaka's bravery he admired him very much.

Following Kaka-kaka-nui the people of Manaia rushed forth upon their foes, who, unprepared and taken by surprise, fell almost without offering resistance. All were speedily slain. Tupenu, however, fled. He gained the beach of Piko Pikoi-whiti, along which he ran. Manaia pursued the flying chief, but was not swift enough of foot to overtake him. Realising that Tupenu must escape unless he was by some means stayed, Manaia called to Rongotiki, who had loyally accompanied her husband on his mission of vengeance, whereupon she poured forth the incantation known to all the world as Tapuwae. Rongotiki also performed other potent enchantments, the immediate effect of which was to render Tupenu faint, weak, scant of breath. Manaia gained on Tupenu, reached him, slew him. Thus perished Tupenu and all the party of his people.

Although not one had been spared to carry intelligence of this slaughter to Tupenu's tribe, it could scarcely be that they

would long remain in ignorance of what had occurred. The tribe was called together, and Tupenu's son addressed them. He said, "My father is no more; your chief is dead; your relatives and friends have been swept away. Not in fair fight, but taken by surprise and at advantage they fell. Will you tamely consent to bear such injuries or will you arise and avenge their deaths?"

With one accord they resolved to be revenged, and thus it ever is that one wrong leads on to many. The people of Tupenu collected an army and went to war. Long and bloody was the strife that ensued. Manaia's people were the less numerous, therefore the weaker, and they suffered severely. Gradually their number dwindled, and their lands were taken from them.

Manaia himself fought bravely. He led his people with great discretion, seizing every advantage which circumstances afforded but at length it was forced upon him that if the war continued he and his people must inevitably be wholly destroyed. So it came that he was induced to reflect, and his thoughts took this turn: "Ah, my warriors are diminishing. No longer can I lead into the field the number of braves I did in the old time. Now a dozen, now twenty, now thirty, they disappear, and I am driven back. Smaller and smaller becomes the heritage of my people. Presently I, too, shall be slain, and my tribe be reduced to slavery. Far better for me to lead what remains of my people to the new land of which we have heard so much; there let them live in peace and happiness."

Having come to the conclusion that to abandon Hawa-iki was the right course to pursue in order to the preservation of his people, Manaia did not lose any time in inaction. There was in the possession of his tribe a large and old canoe which had breasted the waves gallantly in many a tempest and storm. It had been kept carefully sheltered from the sun and rain, and only needed a few unimportant repairs to render it perfectly fit for a long voyage. These repairs were speedily effected, and once again the "Tokomaru" was launched upon the waves. Soon too was she provisioned with water and an ample supply of the life-sustaining fern-root.

When every preparation for departure had been completed, Manaia invited his brother-in-law to accompany him on his voyage. He said, "Dear my brother-in-law, will you put off with me to sea?"

"Whither goest thou? I see great signs of preparation, and surely you intend your voyage to be a long one," replied his brother-in-law.

"I go," answered Manaia, "to a more peaceful and a better land, even to that new land of which we have heard from

Interior of a Maori House

Kupe, the land of Ao-tea-roa, which is fruitful, and where the sun never scorches nor burns. I pray you to go with me."

"Nay," said Manaia's brother-in-law, "I will not leave Hawa-iki; I will not accompany you to the new land of Ao-tea-roa."

"Very well," responded Manaia, "do you stay here in Hawa-iki, and await the fate that full surely will overtake you."

When Manaia, his wife, his children, and all the members of his tribe that were left to him had gotten on board the "Tokomaru," behold, Manaia's brother-in-law was seen standing upon the bank watching their departure. Then it occurred to Manaia that if his brother-in-law were left behind he would certainly be slain or reduced to slavery by his enemies, and it would be better to despatch him at once than that this should be. So he said to the warriors who stood near him in the canoe, "Let now my brother-in-law be slain as an offering to the gods that they may be propitious to the 'Tokomaru' in this our voyage. Lo, I will bring him to the side of the canoe, and when he is in water so deep that his feet can scarcely touch the bottom do you seize him by the head and kill him."

Then, turning to his brother-in-law waiting on the shore to bid farewell, Manaia cried, "Brother-in-law, we are about to part; I am about to leave you for ever. Never shall we meet again. Yet before I go there is something I would say. Just wade out here that I may communicate it to you."

Unsuspectingly Manaia's brother-in-law waded into the water, which naturally became deeper as he proceeded. Soon it was up to his knees, soon up to his waist, soon up to his neck, so that it was difficult for him to keep his feet, so he called to Manaia, "I say Manaia, do you shove the canoe in closer to the shore; I shall be swimming directly."

"Oh, come on, my brother-in-law," said Manaia, encouragingly, "the water is but shallow here." At the same time he seemed to comply with his brother-in-law's wish by pretending to shove forward the "Tokomaru" with a pole, but the canoe remained stationary.

The doomed man was swimming when he reached the side of the vessel, when Manaia, dropping his pole, stooped down to speak with him. Suddenly Manaia grasped him by the hair and with one blow of his stone battle-axe cleft his skull in twain.

The too-confiding victim's dog had swam out with his master to the canoe, and when this treacherous murder took place was swimming alongside. It was caught and taken aboard. After these events the sails were set, and Manaia

and his people departed from Hawa-iki in search of the new land which was to be their future home.

Onwards the "Tokomaru" sailed, and, after her people had been at sea many days, the dog, which had been the last living thing to come aboard, began to howl loudly. He struggled and tugged at the cord that held him, and tried hard to get into the water. This singular behaviour occasioned much surprise.

"Why, what can possess the dog?" asked one.

"He is grieving for his murdered master," answered another.

"He surely cannot contemplate suicide," remarked a third.

"He thinks the canoe is no longer safe, and his conduct bodes us no good," gloomily muttered a fourth.

"Better let him go and be done with the howling brute," concluded a fifth.

The dog continuing to struggle and howl, the matter was referred to Manaia.

"Let the dog loose," sententiously ordered the chief.

This was done, and immediately the dog regained its freedom it plunged into the sea, howling still as it went over the side. The dog being a strong swimmer and the canoe a slow sailer, it soon happened that the "Tokomaru" was labouring along in the ocean-track left by the dog. This continued through the afternoon and evening, the dog giving an occasional impatient bark, and acting as pilot-fish to the canoe. When night fell the "Tokomaru" still followed in the wake of the swimming animal, its presence being known by the low faint howling to which, at times, it gave utterance. Gradually, however, these sounds became less distinct and less frequent, until at last they altogether ceased; then it was concluded that the dog, becoming exhausted, was drowned.

When at length the morning dawned behold, they saw the land on the starboard bow. When the "Tokomaru" reached the shore her people were delighted to find lying upon the sands the body of a stranded whale, and there, sitting quietly beside it, was the dog. The dog raced and gambolled about as if well pleased to see them, but, indeed, he could not have been more rejoiced than were the weary sea-wanderers to reach the land they had sought for so many days to behold him once more, and to find ready to their hands a thing so precious as a whale. They speedily drove stakes into the ground and secured the whale to them with ropes, lest it should be carried out to sea again by the tide. This work completed, Manaia gave orders that the first thing to be done was to erect temporary sheds, which would afford them shelter, and immediately all the people set to work to collect the necessary

materials and put up some kind of hut or shed. The next question was the site upon which their large house and the village which should subsequently arise in connection with it should be situated. Some of the people chose a site and began to clear the ground, but this site was objected to because the water was not good enough, so the objectors went higher up the river and, choosing a site which they thought better, began to clear the ground there. This site again was objected to because of its liability to floods when, through rains, the river rose high, so the objectors went further and chose another site.

Disputation in regard to the proposed sites increased, one declaring, "Here is the proper place for our village; let us build our whares here."

Another cried, "No, no, it is too exposed; higher up the river let us go."

When they went higher up the river one exclaimed, "Here, here is a good place, let us build here"; but a shout still further inland proclaimed, "Here, here is a still better place!"

In this way they were gradually led some distance from the shore, and they scattered about exploring the country, so that when at last a site had been found to their liking, and the ground cleared for their future habitations, a considerable time had passed. The result was that, when the people of the "Tokomaru" returned to the place where they had landed they found several other canoes anchored off the shore, and a large number of voyagers, adventurers from Hawa-iki, gathered upon the land. Other stakes had been driven and other ropes than theirs bound the whale. Further, they discovered that, during their absence, the new-comers had taken possession of their huts and temporary sheds, and now claimed them as their own. Indeed, the new-comers were disputing among themselves as to who had the best right to the property of the people of the "Tokomaru." So, too, it was with regard to the body of the whale. The people of each canoe claimed it.

"The whale is ours, because we arrived here first," vociferated the people of one canoe.

"And when was it you arrived here?" demanded the people of another canoe.

"Oh, we came here a long time ago, and found the whale stranded on the beach."

"And we also came here a long time ago," responded the people of another canoe.

"We too, we also came here a long time ago," exclaimed other disputants.

From which it will be evident that the first-comers to

Ao-tea-roa were as good liars as any the country has ever known since.

"We arrived before you did."

"Nay, that you did not; we were the first to arrive."

And so the clamour went on, each party carefully refraining from stating the actual period of its arrival, knowing full well that if they committed themselves to a date the others would claim an earlier period, so they would be out of the competition.

"But what proofs have you to offer of your first arrival?" demanded Manaia.

"That is all very well," responded the others, "but what proofs have you to offer of your first arrival."

"My proof is here; this whale which I found stranded on the beach," replied Manaia. "This whale is mine."

Upon which all the people laughed exceedingly. "Why, we all arrived first, and we all found the whale," they shouted derisively.

Manaia was disposed to get angry at this. "I say that whale belongs to me," he cried. "Look you, there are the pieces of land which my people cleared on their arrival; there are the sheds and the temporary places of shelter which they erected."

There was more laughter. "Nay, nay," they shouted, "we cleared these places and these are our huts; we erected them. Why you must be mad to say such things. Let us go and examine into it."

Returning to the place where first they landed and where lay the whale, Manaia, whose temper had been sorely tried, said, "Behold, those clearings were made by my people; these sheds were erected by my people; we were the first to arrive at this place; we found the whale and it is mine."

This was met by a flat denial. All the disputants claimed to have arrived first, to have found the whale, to have made the clearings, to have erected the sheds. Manaia could do no more than reiterate his statements.

"Very well," said Tama te Kapua, of the "Arawa," "if you were the first to arrive, will you show us your sacred place?"

Now this was in the nature of a trouble to Manaia, for, through the eagerness of his people in putting up shelters and disputing over sites, they had quite overlooked the erection of an altar which should have been their first duty; therefore he was reduced to the expediency of answering them as they had answered him.

"Where, then, is your sacred place? Show me yours?"

"Come along and see it," replied Tama te Kapua; and he led Manaia and all the people to where, at the instigation of

Ngatoro-i-rangi, the "Arawa" people had built a sacred place. It is true the altar and all its surroundings was quite green and new, but that did not matter much; the "Arawa" people had an altar to show as evidence. The "Tokomaru" people had no altar.

In his heart Manaia was convinced that he and his people were the first to set foot on that part of Ao-tea-roa, but he could raise no word against this seemingly superior evidence. He was beaten, and he knew it, and the consciousness that he had been outwitted provoked him deeply. He professed to believe that the "Arawa" people arrived before him, and withdrew his claim; but he would no longer remain in that neighbourhood. He ordered his people aboard the "Tokomaru," and departed from Whanga-paraoa to find a home in some other locality.

The "Tokomaru" coasted along the eastern shores, doubled the North Cape, doubled Cape Maria Van Diemen, and came down the west coast to Taranaki. Her people landed at Tongaporutu, situated between Pariwinihi and Mokau, and remained for some time in that locality. It was there they left the god they worshipped, the name of which was Rakiei-ora. Deciding that they would not make that place their home, they went back on their former course, some of the people travelling along the coast-line examining the country, some sailing in the canoe, but the parties keeping in sight of each other. In this way they arrived at the mouth of the Mokau River, where those on board the "Tokomaru" came ashore again. It was on the north side of the entrance of the river that the stone anchor of the canoe was left, and it is to be seen lying there to this day. The "Tokomaru" was then paddled back to Tongaporutu, and she was left on the beach there whilst exploration was made of the country.

Manaia's people penetrated to Pukearuhe, and from thence they went on to Papatiki. From Papatiki a descent was made to the beach at Kukuriki. Travelling along the shore the River Onaero was reached. Fording the river the plain of Motunui and Kaweka and Urenui was crossed. Then they came to a river which, it is alleged, had a primeval name when Manaia and his people reached it, but Manaia called it after his son Tu-ure-nui. Fording the Tu-ure-nui the adventurers proceeded onward until they reached Rohutu, at the mouth of the River Waitara. There it is said they found people living, who were the aboriginal inhabitants of the land, but, coming upon them suddenly from the interior of the country, Manaia and his people fell upon them and destroyed them utterly, so that there never should be any to dispute possession of the land with them. Here, at the mouth of the Waitara River, Manaia and his people made their home.

It is related in tradition that one of the great battles fought by Manaia in Hawa-iki was called Kiri-kiri-wawa, where there was great slaughter. Another of his celebrated fights was the bloody conflict of Rotorua, where the field was heaped with the slain. At these battles the fame of his spears was made — their names were Kihia and Rakea. There also at these fearful encounters was revealed the prowess of his son Kahu-ka-ka-nui-a-Manaia, the brave youth who was baptised with the baptism of children whose fathers are unknown, and whose fame spread through all Hawa-iki.

According to another tradition, the chief who navigated the "Tokomaru" to Ao-tea-roa was named Rakei-ora, but this does not seem to be so well authenticated as the story which has been given here, which is the more generally accepted. It will be noted that the name of the god carried by the "Tokomaru"—or "Tonga-maru," as she is sometimes called —was Rakei-ora, and between the names of the god and the commander some confusion has arisen.

The "Tokomaru" brought to Ao-tea-roa the ancestors of the Taranaki tribe, who, as has been narrated, occupied the country about the Waitara River. She also brought the ancestors of the Nga-ti-tama and the Nga-ti-mutunga tribes. It is alleged—but of this there appears to be some doubt—that she also brought the ancestors of the Nga-ti-rua-nui and the Nga-ti-awa.

ALL ABOUT A DOG.

On the abduction of the great *tohunga* Kae, the wars which ensued in Hawa-iki were very bloody and of long continuance. This was in the days of Whaka-tauihu, of Tawhaki, and of Tu-huru-huru. The war continued until the troubles that arose through the outrage upon the wife of Manaia, which was the occasion of fresh strife as already related. Now, again, trouble arose about a dog. This animal, which was named Potaka-tawhiti, belonged to Houmai-tawhiti, and was a very great pet with his family; but, having no more discretion than naturally belongs to a dog, it licked up the matter that sloughed from the body of Uenuku. This was an act of desecration of the most culpable character, and such as could not lightly be overlooked. In consequence of this very dreadful performance, when one day Potaka-tawhiti, wagging his tail, came running the way of Toi-te-huatahi that chief promptly killed it, and, what is more, he ate it without the least compunction.

When Potaka did not return to his home, as was his usual custom, he was much missed, and, his absence from his

general haunts continuing, after a time a search was instituted with a view to his recovery. No doubt Toi-te-huatahi considered himself quite safe, as no one would ever suspect him of being guilty of such a mean thing as the killing and eating of his neighbour's dog. This is the advantage of having a high character, but no man can tell in what way his particular sin will find him out and stand revealed before the world. However these things may be, when Houmai-tawhiti, accompanied by Tama te Kapua and Whakaturia, came along to where, leaning carelessly against a tree, Toi-te-huatahi was standing trying to look as innocent and unconcerned as possible, he asked him if he had seen anything of his dog.

"No," replied Toi-te-huatahi; "I have not seen anything of a dog. What should bring your dog here, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Houmai-tawhiti; "he might as well have come in this direction as anywhere else. There's no harm in asking a simple civil question, I suppose?"

"Oh, not the least," answered Toi-te-huatahi; "but I know nothing about your dog, or anybody else's, for the matter of that."

Now, it is probable that Houmai-tawhiti might have gone his way on his search quite satisfied that the man leaning against the tree had not seen his dog had it not been for Potaka-tawhiti who, inside the belly of Toi-te-huatahi, hearing the sound of his master's voice, began barking furiously. Then Houmai-tawhiti, Tama te Kapua, and Whakaturia knew at once what had happened, and naturally they got very angry. This barking of the dog inside the belly of Toi-te-huatahi gave rise to the well-known proverb, "*I huna iha koe ki roto ki te hopara nui o Toi,*" which means, "You hid yourself in the big belly of Toi."

"Potaka! Potaka!" called Whakaturia, upon which the dog howled "Ow, ow, ow."

"Why did you kill the dog?" demanded Tama te Kapua.

"Why did you not bring the dog home to me so that my heart would have been satisfied, and we might have remained good friends?" demanded Houmai-tawhiti.

But Toi remained silent. He had set his teeth and compressed his lips as tight as ever he could, so as to prevent, if possible, the sounds of the howling dog from emanating from his body.

"Now, I will tell you, O Toi-te-huatahi, and you, O my relations, the time is coming when more will be heard of this. This day is fraught with evil." Thus spoke Houmai-tawhiti, and he and his relatives departed.

Shortly after their return home Houmai-tawhiti and his brother Whakaturia set to work to devise a scheme through

which they might retaliate upon the people of Toi-te-huatahi for the loss of their dog. The plan adopted was to rob them of their fruit. In pursuance of this idea they made stilts for Tama te Kapua to use. When the making of the stilts had been completed, the three heroes, Houmai-tawhiti, Whakaturia, and Tama te Kapua, in the darkness of night, started off for the village of the people of Toi-huatahi and Uenuku. Near to the village grew a beautiful poporo-tree, the many branches of which were laden with foliage and fine fruit. Into the masses of foliage and fruit stalked Tama te Kapua on his lofty stilts, and from this hidden security he threw down the fruit for his companions to eat. Tama te Kapua was young, ardent, and not at all scrupulous, so he quite enjoyed the adventure. When the three brothers could eat no more they returned to their own place.

The next night they came again and repeated the performance, and again, night after night, they came, so that the poporo-tree visibly presented an aspect of depletion.

The people of Toi-te-huatahi's village at first wondered what could have happened to the tree, but when the matter was brought under the notice of the chief he at once concluded that his people were being systematically plundered, and he ordered a watch to be kept, so that the thieves might be detected.

Accordingly, one night when Tama te Kapua and Whakaturia came stealing along in the darkness a large party of Toi-te-huatahi's and Uenuku's villagers lay in hiding round about the tree, awaiting them. The party in concealment were considerably amazed when they beheld the immense figure of Tama te Kapua, perched high on stilts, come striding onwards, followed by his brother, Whakaturia, who was also a big man. Both had gotten to the tree when a rush was made at them. Whakaturia made a desperate struggle, but he was overborne by numbers. Making good use of his long stilts, Tama te Kapua made off whilst the people were struggling with his brother, but the direction he took to escape led him to the sea-beach, where his stilts sank deep into the sand, so that his progress could not be fast. Soon his enemies were upon him, grasping his stilts, whilst he, towering above them, could scarcely keep his balance.

Suddenly a voice called, "Ho, there! Some of you chop down his stilts with an axe, so that he may fall into the water and perish there!"

This, no doubt, was a capital idea for Tama te Kapua's foes; but, as may be guessed, a remarkably unpleasant prospect for him. However, he was sufficiently ready-witted for the occasion.

"That is right," he cried, "let me fall into the water,

where I shan't be hurt; if you drop me on the ground I shall be killed.

Those who were running along the shore to join the party gathered round the stilts, heard his words, and quickly concluded that it would be best to keep him out of the water. Therefore were the stilts of Tama te Kapua chopped so that he fell upon the sand, down upon which he came with a heavy thud. In a moment, however, he was upon his feet and, dealing out blows with his long strong arms upon those who tried to arrest him, he sped along on the hard sand by the water's edge, with the impetuosity of a dog released from his chain. When the people who had sought his destruction recovered from their consternation, they followed after the flying man who had been their captive, but soon they assumed a pyramidal form, of which the most fleet formed the apex, the older and less agile spreading out to a wide base. Tama te Kapua easily outran his pursuers and escaped.

Returning, those who had captured Tama te Kapua with those who had chased him rejoined their people in the village where was Whakaturia. Some were furious, and clamoured for the captive to be put to death at once. As has been said, it was night, so that the faces of the clamourers could not be seen; it is ever under such circumstances that the voices of the most cowardly and the most brutal are loudest. Things which dared not for shame be expressed in open day are foully spluttered forth under the protection of the mask which the blackness of night affords.

"Hit him on the head!" cried one.

"Down with him, slay him at once!" shouted another.

"String him up to a tree!" piped a third.

All these clamourers, it will be seen, were very anxious that somebody should do the dirty business; the task was not to fall upon them.

"Oh no, don't do that," said another; "do not slay him at once. That would be putting him out of his misery too quickly. Let us rather sling him up in the rafters of Uenuku's house, where he will have an opportunity of seeing how we enjoy ourselves."

This suggestion immediately caught the people's wayward fancy. Whakaturia should suffer, and his pangs should be aggravated by witnessing their delights. The prisoner was thereupon taken to the large house of Uenuku, and there suspended among the rafters in such a way that there could be no danger of his immediate death. Having thus taken every precaution to secure his life, a fire was lighted to insure that he should be nearly stifled by the smoke.

Whakaturia suffered through inability to change his position and from the weight of his body upon the cords that

bound him ; he also suffered acutely from the clouds of smoke which ascended into the roof nearly suffocating him, but otherwise he was safe enough. Then the people in the house began to dance and sing, but their dancing performances were neither graceful nor pleasiug. Raura, a beautiful young girl with large flashing eyes, attempted a voluptuous dance very popular in those days, but she was simply indecent. The singing, too, was defective to an equal degree. Whakaturia, up in the rafters, looked upon these proceedings with feelings of the utmost scorn.

Soon a report of what was taking place every night in the house of Uenuku reached the ears of the people in the villages of Houmai-tawhiti, and they became filled with wrath.

" Why do not our chiefs do something ?" they said.

Then the matter was put so plainly to Tama te Kapua that there could be no mistake. " There's your brother hanging up like a fish in the great house of Uenuku and being gradually smoked to death—is this a right thing?"

Tama te Kapua felt that there was no escape from this pointed reference, and that it was incumbent upon him to attempt the liberation of his brother. He pondered over different lines of action, each of which was beset with danger and difficulty, but finally resolved to visit the village of Uenuku and make an effort to see his brother. Disguising himself as best he could, and assuming a great stoop to conceal his stature, in the black darkness of the night he stole to the village of the people of Uenuku. Without challenge he passed among the dwellings, where all were wrapped in slumber, and reached the great house. The utmost caution had to be exercised, for the slightest mistake would lead to the betrayal of his presence. With the stealthiness of a cat he climbed up on the roof of the building, and when he had gotten to that part of it which, according to his reckoning, should be right over where his brother was suspended he softly whispered : " Ho, Whakaturia, are you here ? "

" Yes, I am here," answered the captive.

" It is I, Tama, your brother," intimated the hero.

" I am glad you have come—but what can you do for me ? " asked Whakaturia.

" I am glad that you are alive. I mean to rescue you if I can," said Tama te Kapua.

" I am very glad, but I do not see what you can do," responded the captive, whom confinement had rendered very weak.

" Tell me, do these people sing and dance here as I have heard ?"

" Yes, they do ; they dance and sing here every night until they are tired," answered Whakaturia.

"But are they good dancers and singers?" was the next query.

"Oh no, they are simply abominable," replied Whakaturia. "If they tried to dance badly they could not dance worse. Even the very bystanders laugh and jeer at their performances."

"Good!" said Tama to Kapua. "Now do you laugh and jeer at them too. Tell them that they ought to be ashamed of themselves for not being able to dance and sing better, and that you never either saw or heard anything so bad. By-and-by they will probably be provoked into asking you if you can dance and sing better. Then do you answer, 'Certainly, that I can.' This may lead to them taking you down, which will be a relief to you if nothing else be gained."

"It is only a prolongation of my sufferings, for they will surely kill me in the end," murmured Whakaturia.

"Wait a bit," went on Tama te Kapua, "they will surely want to see your superior dancing and they will ask you to sing. Then do you say, 'See, I am covered and am filthy with soot, and my voice is husky with the smoke. Give me first a little oil, let me dress my hair, give me some feathers with which to ornament my head, and then will I dance for you. I will show you such dancing as never before you saw.' They will be sure to agree to this, for it is quite reasonable. Then, when all these things have been done and again they ask you to dance, do you tell them that you still painfully realise your dirty condition and say, 'First lend to me the red apron of Uenuku that as my own I may wear it; also lend to me his two-handed sword so that I be attired as becomes a warrior; then will I dance to you.' Having already yielded so much it is not likely they will refuse to grant to you this last demand. If they do all things do you dance and sing for them as you promised. Then, behold, I, your brother, will be there. I shall seat myself outside the doorway, and when the time comes that you spring forth I shall be ready to shoot the bolt in door and window so that those inside the house may not follow you. Should we be pursued we are long of limb, light of foot, and we have our weapons."

"Very good," said Whakaturia; "all may not go as you seem to anticipate. When I speak they may not pay any attention to me at all, and in that case failure is certain; but it is worth trying. I will do my best. Be sure you do not fail me at the door."

The brothers then, with exchanges of good wishes, parted. Tama te Kapua slid down gently from the roof, stole through the sleeping village, and in the early morning got safe to his home.

When, as usual, the people were assembled in the large

house of the chief the following night Whakaturia suddenly called to Uenuku, "O, listen to me, Uenuku, and all you people who are pretending to dance and sing. O listen to me!"

The captive up in the roof had remained so long silent and motionless that his existence seemed to have been quite forgotten. His voice now struck them with surprise.

"Silence, silence!" cried several voices at once.

When some degree of quietude had been obtained Uenuku cried, "Make no noise, you good people, for a moment. Let us hear what this fellow hanging up in the roof has got to say for himself. For my part I thought he had been stifled by the smoke, and was dead long ago."

Then a number of the people called out, "Ho, you fellow hanging up in the roof, what have you got to say? We will hear you."

"I have got to say this," answered Whakaturia: "that you people don't know how to dance, neither can you sing. If there be in Hawa-iki worse dancers and singers than you are, I have never heard of them." At which the people laughed consumedly.

"Are your people then remarkably famous for their dancing and singing?" a voice asked.

"I should think so," replied Whakaturia. "The songs and the dances of my people are all perfectly beautiful—very different from yours."

"And can you dance and sing as you say?" demanded Uenuku.

"Of course I can," promptly came from the man in the roof.

"Let him be brought down then," said Uenuku. "We will get him to give us a sample of how his people perform."

Thereupon Whakaturia was at once released and brought down to the floor.

"Now, dance away, dance away!" exclaimed Uenuku. "Let us see some of this wonderful dancing of yours."

"Nay," said Whakaturia, "not yet. First make a clear, bright fire, giving no smoke. It will enable you to see well my movements."

"Now dance away, dance away!" cried Uenuku.

"Nay, not yet; behold, I am filthy with grime and smoke." And Whakaturia asked for the oil and feathers, as Tama te Kapua had bidden him.

The oil and feathers being given, very leisurely Whakaturia proceeded to clean and ornament himself, the people looking on curiously.

"Now, dance away, dance away!" repeated Uenuku impatiently.

"Nay," said Whakaturia, "I cannot effectively show you how gracefully my people dance unless my toilet be complete. I am a warrior, and can only dance as a warrior should. Lend to me your red apron, Uenuku, and your two-handed sword, then will I dance."

Completely overcome by his impatience, and not pausing to think of a possible imprudence, without hesitation the chief handed over the things desired.

Whakaturia was a really handsome young man. He was of large and powerful build, but the eminently graceful outlines of his figure to a great extent concealed his true proportions. As he rose up to dance he seemed a veritable god, bright, and beautiful as a star, and many were the glowing eyes that gazed upon him with admiration. Grasping with both hands the terrible weapon which Uenuku had weakly confided to him, he swept it through the air in such fashion that all in the house hurriedly drew back to the walls so as to be safely out of its reach. All admired the way in which he lightly and artistically flourished his sword, making it flash and glitter in the fire-light. Then right gracefully he began to dance, and all the women were delighted, whilst all the men grew envious. Having danced some time Whakaturia skipped to the end of the house where the door was, wheeled round upon his toes, and skipped to the opposite end. Here for a moment he paused.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "I am hot! I am just dying with the heat. I pray you, slide back the door so that I may have a little of the cool night air, then I will show you something else—something the like of which you have never seen before."

In obedience to his wish the door was slid back at once and left open, but Whakaturia did not seem in any hurry to resume his dancing; he had seated himself with an air of the utmost indifference. Then the people assembled in the house began to grow impatient; they were eager to witness this something he had promised them, the like of which they had never yet seen."

"Come on," cried some, "you have rested enough."

"Dance, why don't you dance?" exclaimed others.

"The night air has made him cool enough by this time; he should give us some more dancing," shouted others.

Whakaturia, in the meantime, sat waiting until from the far end of the house he caught a glint of the figure of his brother beyond the doorway, and presently he saw Tama te Kapua in the gloom of the night with two sticks in his hands ready to fasten the door whenever he should emerge. Then it was that, in compliance with the general demand, Whakaturia rose to resume his dancing. Proudly and gallantly he went round the room. Then, beginning again, he turned

himself to those on the right side and shot out his tongue making the most hideous grimaces and contortions, his eyes wildly glaring, his sword flashing, and his red apron showing—altogether a very terrible sight was this assertive warrior, Whakaturia. Then, turning to the left, he repeated this defiant performance for the benefit of those on that side of the room. Thus, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, shooting out his tongue and contorting himself as was the custom in this particular dance, down the room he went until he had gotten himself near to the door. Then he wheeled himself about, facing the people, where he appeared to stand a moment as if preparatory to going back up the room again. With a sudden spring he shot through the doorway. The door closed instantly as if by a powerful piece of mechanism, and was fastened by Tama te Kapua with the strong sticks he had provided for the purpose. Immediately he got outside Whakaturia wheeled to the left and bolted the window, and this done the brothers sped away as fast as their long limbs would carry them.

Inside the building the sensation created by the sudden and unlooked for disappearance of Whakaturi was immense. This then was the wonderful performance which they had never seen before which had been so confidently promised to them. They had been tricked and beguiled and Uenuku's great sword and red apron were gone along with the captive—captive now no longer. Angry exclamations arose on all sides. Chattering and gesticulating, striving to force the door and the window, each reproaching and threatening, the place became a perfect pandemonium of wrath and confusion. Presently, a stranger who chanced to pass, hearing the clamour, opened the door for them and out they came pouring, a heaving, turbulent mass. By this time, however, Whakaturia and Tama te Kapua had gotten by far too great a start to render attempt at pursuit of any avail.

When daylight broke upon the village Toi-te-huatahi and Uenuku felt sore ashamed at what had occurred. If they had had the sense to kill Whakaturia, who had plundered them of the fruit of their poporo-tree, when they might have done so, they would not thus have been befooled and made to look ridiculous. Now both Tama te Kapua and Whakaturia had slipped through their hands, and well they knew that revenge would be sought for the indignity suffered by the latter in hanging him up in the roof. That was an outrage worse than death, and the kind of thing which no chief would be likely to forgive. War, therefore, being inevitable, Toi-te-huatahi and Uenuku prepared for it as became prudent chiefs.

In due time they were ready for hostilities, and, assuming the aggressive, they took the field. Many fell on both sides,

but the advantage lay with Toi-te-huatahi and Uenuku's people. At length the time came when they besieged Houmai-tawhiti, his sons, and people in their principal fortified town. A breach having been made in the defences an assault was ordered. The forces of Uenuku advanced with a rush, and, sweeping away fences and other skilfully designed obstructions, they entered the town in several different places.

"O Hou," cried one body of the defenders, "here is the enemy pressing in this way!"

"That is all right," replied Houmai-tawhiti; "let them come on till they reach the very threshold of my house."

"O Hou," cried another body of the defenders, "here is the enemy coming furiously in this way!"

"Let them come," exclaimed Houmai-tawhiti," "let them come on till they reach the threshold of my house."

A third time was Houmai-tawhiti appealed to that the enemy were forcing themselves in and gaining ground, and a third time the same answer was given: "Let them come to the threshold of my house."

At last the people of Toi-te-huatahi and Uenuku gained the threshold of Houmai-tawhiti's house. Here stood the chief with his brothers, his sons, his principal warriors, resolved to make their last stand, their final desperate resistance. The conflict that ensued was long sustained and most bloody. The number of the slain was fearful, but gradually the warriors of Houmai-tawhiti beat back their foes. Giving way before the despairing valour of the defenders the retreat gradually became more and more precipitate until at last it became a panic flight in which few escaped. Victory remained with the people of Houmai-tawhiti. All through this great struggle Whakaturia and Tama te Kapua had borne themselves like heroes.

Then, indeed, was a great blunder perpetrated by the people of Houmai-tawhiti, for they cooked and devoured the bodies of the slain. Nay, it has been stigmatised as a crime, for, through Tama-tea-Kai-ariki, the people of Uenuku were nearly related to the people of Houmai-tawhiti. It was not until after the deed was done that the consciousness of having eaten of their own blood fell upon the people of Houmai-tawhiti, and a great sadness afflicted them. This remorse was followed by cowardice and fear. The knowledge of their fault unmanned them insomuch that, whereas they were formerly very brave and heroic, they lost all heart and failed to be able to hold their own. Then Houmai-tawhiti and Whakaturia died, and Tama te Kapua was left to continue the struggle alone. With failing resources he could see that the end could only be utter extinction or slavery, so he concluded that it would be wisest to make

peace, and so save the remnant of his people. Peace was made accordingly.

The war, however, had decimated the people and devastated the land. Ultimately it led to the departure of many chiefs and numbers of the people—some of them being of the highest gentility—from Hawa-ika. They took canoes and emigrated to Ao-tea-roa, and they were among the first dwellers in that beautiful country.

As for Toi-te-huatahi, who ate the dog and lied about it, he came to no good, nor does it appear that he ever again had any happiness. The name of his wife, who was a very lovely woman, was Kurae-moana, and his son was called Raura. Well, it happened that Puhao-rangi who, as a descendant of Rangi, was quite a heavenly and irresistible personage, seeing Kurae-moana, fell desperately in love with her. Raura had not long been born when down from his heaven swept Puhao-rangi, and, seizing the beautiful wife of Toi-te-huatahi, bore her right away. Subsequently Kurae-moana had four children of whom Puhao-rangi was the father. Their names were Oho-mai-rangi, Oho-ta-retare, Ta-whiri-oho, and Oho-mata-kamo-kamo. It is said that Puhao-rangi was the original owner of the "Arawa" canoe. Again, it is asserted that among the builders of the "Arawa" canoe were Rata, Wahieroa, Nga-hue, and Parata.

The "Arawa" canoe is referred to here because it will be found intimately associated with the life of Tama te Kapua, one of the heroes of this story. The "Arawa" (the shark), it is affirmed, was constructed at Rarotonga, a place situated "on the other side of Hawa-ika" (*no tua atu i Hawa-iki*). The "Arawa" was constructed out of totara trees which grew in the forest known as Ta-whiti-nui. She was a very large double canoe, and had a house on deck. She carried fore, main, and mizzen sails (*ma ranga to te ihu te wa enga to te kei*). When the construction of this famous vessel had been finished in the forest she was dragged to the River Hau-hau, and by the river she was brought to the sea.

Now the morals inculcated by this story, if not many, are simple and important. Never steal your neighbour's dog. If you do steal your neighbour's dog, refrain from eating him because of possible consequences; do not let him lodge in your interior lest the "bark" comes off. Wherever you or they may chance to be do not concern yourself unduly about your neighbours or their dogs. Do not tell lies about dogs, or, for that matter, about anything else. Do not get upon stilts or steal your neighbour's fruit lest in another way you be hoisted. Lastly, learn to dance and dance well. It is a graceful accomplishment, affording much harmless pleasure, and, as Whakaturia found, a time may come in your life as in

Lake Rotomahana from Tarawera.

his when a knowledge of dancing proves of immense importance. Having satisfactorily mastered these reflections, it is time to take up the story of Tama te Kapua and the "Arawa" canoe.

THE LEGEND OF THE "ARAWA" CANOE.

"I say, Ngatoro, just step this way and perform the necessary incantations and ceremonies over my canoe for me. We can't put to sea very well without them you know."

Standing up in his canoe, the "Arawa," it was Tama te Kapua who spoke these words. Tama te Kapua had been a great chief and a very big man—he stood 9 ft. without stockings—in Hawa-iki, but now his canoe had been scraped and painted, stored with comestibles and provisions, and all his people were aboard preparatory to making their departure for the fair, bright land of Aotea-roa, the fame of which had filled the minds and stirred the hearts of all.

Close by the "Arawa" lay the "Tai-nui," a very fine canoe, also in great measure ready to depart for the new land, and it had been designed by her owners that the navigation of her should be intrusted to that very well known, highly appreciated, and skilful *tohunga*, Ngatoro-i-rangi.

Hearing the voice of Tama te Kapua, Ngatoro looked across at the "Arawa" and cheerfully replied, "All right, my boy, wait a minute and I will be over directly."

Presently, without any fuss or ceremony, Ngatoro pulled himself over to the "Arawa" and stepped lightly aboard.

"Why, where is Kearoa?" asked Tama te Kapua with an air of surprise, "Havn't you brought her with you?"

"You never said you wanted her," answered Ngatoro.

"Of course not," said Tama te Kapua. "I thought you would understand. She is needed quite as much as you are, for the "Arawa" has not yet been made clean and common so as to be freely handled by my people, neither has the seaweed* been offered, nor the fish, and we only stay until these things are done."

"Oh, I didn't know," replied the unsuspecting Ngatoro; "I will send for her at once."

Ngatoro sent for his young wife accordingly, and presently she too tripped aboard the "Arawa" looking as bright and beautiful as ever did daughter of Eve. Very courteously Tama te Kapua led the young priest and his lovely wife down into the saloon where, after a few minutes spent in conversa-

* Seaweed was offered to the god or protecting spirit for the males and the second fish caught was offered on behalf of the females sailing on board a canoe.

tion about the weather, the comparative merits of the canoes, the course to be sailed, and, of course, the new land, Tama te Kapua framed an excuse and went on deck. He went straight to where a young man named Ruaeo was standing gazing with admiration at the beautiful lines of the "Tai-nui."

"Oh, Rua," exclaimed Tama te Kapua," "I have forgotten my axe Tutauru. I pushed it under the sill of my window so that I might know where to find it, then came away leaving it behind. You might, like a good fellow, just run back and fetch it."

The charming wife of Ruaeo was on board.

No sooner did Tama te Kapua see Ruaeo fairly started on his way to the village than his amiable humour changed suddenly to resolute determination.

"Up with the anchor, let fall the sheets," were the orders he conveyed in energetic tones.

As the gentle evening breeze caught the sails which had been quickly spread with a slow, almost imperceptible movement, the "Arawa" glided from her moorings out to sea. The leading chief on board the "Tai-nui," seeing the "Arawa" depart carrying with her Ngatoro-i-rangi and his wife, at once gave orders to weigh, and she too put out of the harbour. With a frowning brow Tama te Kapua at first watched the movements of the "Tai-nui," but as the distance between the vessels increased he grimly smiled again.

The swish of the water at the "Arawa's" sides as she began to gain in speed was at length noticed by Ngatoro and he sprang upon deck.

"What's this?" he cried, "you have deceived me! Why have you put to sea before my wife and I returned to the 'Tai-nui'?"

"Calm yourself, my good man," replied Tama te Kapua coolly, "there has been no deception in the matter. We had to avail ourselves of the favouring wind of course."

"But it would not have taken a minute to send us aboard our own canoe," urged Ngatoro.

"Oh, yes it would," retorted Tama te Kapua, "besides there are sometimes circumstances in which a minute involves a great deal."

"And your circumstances were such?" said Ngatoro.

"My circumstances were such," said Tama te Kapua.

Thereupon the two men turned their backs upon each other. Ngatoro stood looking back upon the following "Tai-nui;" Tama te Kapua stood gazing out to sea. After some time had passed Tama te Kapua went forward and gave instructions to the chief second in command. He was to keep the "Arawa" close up to the wind, and let her go as fast as

she could travel. Then, returning to Ngatoro, he said, "Look here, my friend, it's no use making any unpleasantness over this business. As a matter of fact I was very busy, and quite forgot that you and your wife were on board when I ordered the anchor to be raised. But here is the 'Tai-nui' coming up, and when she comes alongside you and your wife can return to her."

Ngatoro eagerly embraced the hope held out in this promise, slight as it might be. In any case there was nothing now to be gained by exciting ill-feeling, so he said simply, "That is very good; tell the men to haul down the mizzen and main sails; that will allow the 'Tai-nui' to come alongside all the quicker."

"All right," replied Tama te Kapua; "in the meantime your wife is very likely sick, and may want some attention. Do you go to her, and I will join you as soon as I have the sails down."

Ngatoro then went down to look after Kearoa in the saloon, whilst Tama te Kapua went forward to urge upon his officers the necessity of, if possible, increasing the speed of the "Arawa." Kearoa was not at all sick, and, when Tama te Kapua joined her and her husband they partook of fern-root and fish together quite agreeably. Tama te Kapua exerted his conversational powers to the utmost to keep husband and wife in good spirits and while away the hours. At length, however, the time came when his tactics proved useless, so very reluctantly he followed Ngatoro on deck again. It was then quite dark, and not the faintest sign of the "Tai-nui" could be seen.

"Ho!" exclaimed Ngatoro, "you promised to have the sails taken down, so that the 'Tai-nui' might come alongside; now every sail is set, and my canoe is miles astern. What is the meaning of this?"

"I do not know," replied Tama te Kapua. "It is very probable that the 'Tai-nui' has passed us, and is now miles ahead. I will go forward and ascertain why the sails have not been taken down as I ordered."

Tama te Kapua then went to the prow of the canoe, and Ngatoro could hear his voice upraised as if he was storming at his chiefs and people; but all the while under his breath he was telling them how well pleased he was at the way they had carried out his instructions, and the progress that had been made. When he rejoined Ngatoro he told him that the main and mizzen sails had been taken down, but that Nga-ti-toa-whare-toa coming on deck, not knowing of any orders to the contrary, had caused them to be again hoisted. It was all a mistake. As for the "Tai-nui," his chiefs were of opinion that during the time the sails were down she had passed them

away to windward, in consequence of which he had given orders that the sails should he kept up, and every effort possible strained to overtake the flying canoe. He was very very sorry for what had occurred, but, of course, it could not be helped now. They must just make the best of it.

Ngatoro was too astute to be thus deceived. He had lost all confidence in Tama te Kapua. What was troubling him now was the motive underlying all this falsehood and deception. He knew the general reputation he enjoyed as a skilful navigator and as a very great *tohunga*, and it well might be that Tama, from prudential motives, had taken care to secure his services, which might prove to be of exceeding great value in an hour of need. This was the flattering view with which men so oft deceived themselves. "But," reasoned Ngatoro, "if he has taken me for the sake of my services why has he not used them?" (This was touching upon a slight omission on the clever Tama te Kapua's part.) "It is true the wind has been favourable since we started, so there has been no need of my aid in that respect; but I know infinitely more about the stars and the courses to be sailed than Tama does; yet, not once has he alluded to the navigation in my hearing. Then, there is my wife—ah, my wife!—young, beautiful, fascinating. Is it possible that the huge Tama can have designs upon her? Hardly; yet must I be upon my guard; precautions must be taken."

As morn was breaking the anxious Ngatoro mounted the roof which covered the house built across the two canoes—for the "Arawa," as everybody knows, was a double canoe—and long he scanned the horizon seeking to catch a glimpse of the purple hills of Hawa-iki, his native land, and of the "Tai-nui," which might give hope of rescue, but neither did he see. The people of the "Arawa" were alone upon the bosom of the wide deep blue sea.

The more Ngatoro pondered over recent events, the more keenly he noted the behaviour of Tama te Kapua, the more distrustful and suspicious he became. Every moment that passed widened the distance that separated the canoe from the shores of Hawa-iki, therefore the greater became his interest in the possible position of the "Tai-nui." Was it true that she had passed ahead, as Tama had said? Nay, that could scarcely be, considering at what a rate this vessel travels. What a vast space we have already traversed; how the "Arawa" speeds along! And if not ahead then the "Tai-nui" must be far astern. Depressed by such thoughts as these, whenever Ngatoro saw Tama te Kapua go forward towards the prow of the canoe he would climb to the roof of the house to gaze over the track which the "Arawa" scored upon the surface of the ocean, half hoping that it might be

his good fortune to distinguish the point of a mast or catch the glint of a sail that would tell of the presence, distant as it might be, of the "Tai-nui."

But if Ngatoro watched the proceedings of Tama te Kapua, the commander of the "Arawa" kept an eye upon the movements of the wise *tohunga*. Each was trying to outwit the other, and both were aware of the fact. Ngatoro was the first to resolve to change his tactics. Instead of continually jumping up and down to the roof of the house, he would stay there during the whole evening, and he would at the same time protect his wife by tying one end of a string to her hair, whilst the other end of the string he kept firmly in his hand. In this way he would at once secure the virtue of Kearoa and show his independence and contempt of Tama te Kapua. Whilst therefore his wife lay reposing in her berth Ngatoro dexterously tied the string and went to the roof.

Presently Tama te Kapua, noticing Ngatoro comfortably settled on the roof, sent along a chief called Tu-hou-rangi to keep him company and engage him in conversation, and when he saw them fully interested in their talk he went boldly to the couch where lay the sleeping Kearoa. Of course he could not fail to observe the string. He rapidly untied it from the hair of the young wife and no less quickly fastened it to one of the beams of the roof of the saloon so that Ngatoro, feeling the string tight, would continue in the belief that Kearoa had not been disturbed. It was then that Tama te Kapua committed an assault upon Kearoa.

Now Ngatoro, sitting on the roof talking with Tu-hou-rangi, felt the string all right, but something—a noise, probably—must have occurred to alarm him, for suddenly, careless of how he spoiled the deeply interesting story that his companion was spinning, he jumped to his feet and made haste to get below. When he entered the saloon Tama te Kapua was asleep, or pretending to be asleep, in his berth, but, lo, the string which Ngatoro had left fastened to his wife's hair was now tied to a beam. Refraining from speech Ngatoro sat down and waited.

Of course Tama te Kapua, had heard the sound of Ngatoro's footsteps on the roof, and, guessing he was coming, he left Kearoa, but he had no time to restore the string to her hair; he had in fact just time to throw himself into his bunk before Ngatoro appeared. Ngatoro waited patiently whilst Tama te Kapua pretended to snore. After a considerable time had passed, Tama te Kapua sat up in his berth, stretched his arms, rubbed his eyes, yawned.

"Ho!" He exclaimed. "I must have slept a long time."

"Not so very long," answered Ngatoro, "I came in here

just a few minutes after you, and since then I have been watching you *sleeping*."

Tama te Kapua did not like this at all, but he thought it best not to take any notice, so after a while he went out on deck.

"Oh, my wife," cried Ngatoro, as soon as they were alone. "Tell me what has happened. Have not you been disturbed in your berth?"

"Can not you tell what has happened," answered Kearoa. "see you not that the string you tied to my hair is now fastened to a beam?"

"Who—who could have committed this outrage?" asked the deeply agitated Ngatoro.

"Who—who indeed," responded Kearoa, "who could it be but Tama—you found him here."

"The wretched thief, liar, villain!" exclaimed Ngatoro.

"His immense hand firmly grasping my mouth and chin, so that I could neither call nor scream, awoke me from my slumber. I tried to struggle, to make a disturbance, to do something to attract attention, but I found myself powerless in his giant arms."

"Truly, you are a noble woman, Kearoa, to tell me this," cried Ngatoro. "Your truthfulness has brought joy to my heart, and in future times when men shall tell this story they will say that Kearoa did not deceive her husband, nor in the hour of her shame seek to fool him with a lie. I did think that, having stolen us from our friends, Tama might treat us fairly—perhaps even generously; but he has shown himself what he is—a sneak-thief, a dirty, cowardly, bawdy villain! But, Kearoa, my wife, we will be revenged. Aye, revenged, though both of us should perish. Not a soul on this canoe shall escape the direful consequences of this foul deed!"

Now would Ngatoro show the world what the wise *tohunga* had it in his power to accomplish. Going again to the roof of the house, he threw up his arms, gave utterance to an incantation, and called aloud to the heavens—which all on board could hear—to aid him in his efforts. His first achievement was to change the stars—the stars of the morning taking the place of those of the evening. The practical result of this was that Tama te Kapua and the other chiefs became completely confused in their navigation and their skill was baffled. They could not comprehend what had occurred. Then, by charms and spells, Ngatoro caused a head wind to arise, which drove the "Arawa" backward on her course. This amazingly erratic performance on the part of the canoe still further bewildered her navigators. They were all at sea. Backwards, now forwards, hither, thither, in an incomprehensible, brainless sort of way, the sails now shivering, now

filling, the "Arawa" tacked and drifted, whilst her commander stood apparently paralysed and helpless. Then, with a curious kind of swirl, the canoe suddenly steadied, and then, too, the new and appalling danger came to be realised. The "Arawa" was going round and round and round in a circle; she was caught in the great whirlpool known as "The Throat of Te Parata."* When the knowledge of this terrible fact burst upon their intelligence, fear—an awful, deadly, blood-curdling fear—shrivelled up the hearts of chiefs and crew alike. Round and round the "Arawa" coursed, her speed increasing, the radii of her circles diminishing. As she descended into the vortex her prow disappeared in mountains of spray, the apparent prelude to her final engulphment. The first bailing-place in the bows was flooded, and the labouring men could not relieve the canoe from the rushing, incoming waters. Soon the second bailing-place was in the same condition; the toilers, bail they ever so assiduously, could effect no visible improvement. Clearly, the "Arawa," with all her amazed and terrified people, was doomed.

Then the real cause of all this misfortune dawned upon the comprehension of Hei. He would go to the fountain-head and make an appeal. For this purpose he started up, but a mass of waters coming aboard tumbled him into the first bailing-place.

Ihenga, who was near the second bailing-place, had beheld Hei arise, he heard the rush of the mighty waters, he saw Hei fall, but seemingly he had caught Hei's idea, for he turned to the *tohunga* sitting composedly on the roof and called: "Oh, Ngatoro, seest thou not we are settling down head first! Oh, the pillow of thy wife Kearoa hath already fallen from under her head!"

But Ngatoro continued to sit abstractedly, taking no notice. The situation rapidly grew worse. The canoe was nearly full of water; provisions and utensils were floating and being dashed about; the despairing people could do nothing but hold on to the "Arawa's" sides and grasp for their lives; some already had fallen into the sea. It was pitiful, very pitiful, and Ngatoro felt it to be so, although he affected to be calmly indifferent.

"Oh, Ngatoro, Ngatoro, you sitting above there, hearest thou not? The 'Arawa' is now gone down so much by the bow that, behold, the pillow of thy wife Kearoa hath rolled away from under her head!" It was the voice of Tama te Kapua in entreaty. In the hour of peril the cunning, unscrupulous, haughty chief had been forced to make appeal to

* Known to the Maoris of New Zealand as "the steep descent where the world ends."

him, Ngatoro. His power had been recognised. If they were saved from the engulphing fate that all too certainly awaited them it would be entirely through his clemency. Then, as these considerations suggested themselves, there arose the cries and groans of men in their strong agony, the shrieks of women in their terror, and the pitiful wailing of children in their helplessness.

The heart of Ngatoro was touched; his anger melted; he relented. Rising up, Ngatoro put forth his hand and chanted an incantation. The effect was immediate and astounding. Instead of sinking deeper into the black vortex, gradually the noble "Arawa" began to rise into life and light again. Presently the waters ceased to come on board; the bailers made progress with their work. The chiefs and people, though awed as men brought face to face with death, in their silence grew calm; the women ceased to shriek, the children to wail. From the darkness, from the spume and the spray, from the noise of rushing, fiercely-whirling waters, the ascent was more than a relief, it was happiness; and once again in safety on the broad, bright face of the smiling ocean, with the clear sky shining above them—for by his incantations Ngatoro had again changed the aspect of the heavens—it was a perfect delight.

Soon all were busy restoring order where had been chaos. Much of what the canoe had contained was irretrievably lost, and from this circumstance is derived the proverb: "Oh, it is the half-filled basket of Whakaoki-rangi, for she only contrived to save a small part of her provisions"—a proverb which proves the whole of this story to be faithfully true. At length the strenuous efforts put forth began to show result. When everything had been put in its proper place, when clothes were dried and victuals went round, smiles, laughter, and general good nature prevailed. Soon the trials, sorrows, dangers incident to life are forgotten in its comforts, its pleasures, its joys.

Nothing further of interest took place on board of the "Arawa" during her voyage. The coast of Aotea-roa was seen at last, and there was much excitement and joy evoked as the canoe passed along the shores of the new land. Here for a time must a pause be made in order to take up

THE LEGEND OF THE "TAI-NUI" CANOE.

As has been stated, everything necessary for the voyage—provisions, stores, water—was aboard the "Tai-nui," and her people were assembled only awaiting the return of the commander, Ngatoro-i-rangi, and his wife, who had gone over on a brief visit to the "Arawa" in order for a start to be made. To

the astonishment of everyone, they beheld the people on board the "Arawa" haul up the anchor, drop the sails, and the vessel glide slowly out of the harbour, carrying Ngatoro and his wife Kearoa away with them. This sight naturally made Hotu-roa, the chief next in authority to the great *tohunga* Ngatoro, very angry. He resolved that the "Tai-nui" should at once follow after the "Arawa," and, if necessary, force should be employed to compel the restitution of their commander, than whom no superior could then be found in the world, or was ever known.

Briefly, then, Hotu-roa ordered all who were going to get immediately on board. When he had seen every one in his proper place, and he, last of all, was about to leave the people gathered on the shore, shouted—"Oh, Hotu, it is *tama-tea*" (meaning that it was the sixth moon of the year, at which time gales and bad weather are most frequent).

"It matters not to me," replied Hotu-roa. "I shall go and meet *tama-tea* far out upon the sea. There will I encounter him."

Evidently a very brave and spirited commander was Hotu-roa.

With incantations to the gods—with chants and with songs—Hotu-roa sought to control the powers of the winds and of the waves, so as to insure that the course the "Tai-nui" sailed might be calm and unbroken. From the roof of his house, built across the two canoes—for the "Tai-nui" also was a double canoe—long he watched the "Arawa" sailing lightly on ahead and, ordering out the paddles to assist the sails, he tried hard to come up with her. For a time he thought the "Tai-nui" was gaining, but found he was mistaken. The "Arawa" was the swifter vessel, and soon her sails showed only like a speck above the line of the horizon. Hotu-roa then gave up all hope of being able to overtake the "Arawa."

Sailing the rough seas in due time the "Tai-nui" reached the beautiful and fertile shores of Aotea-roa. There, with feelings of pleasure and delight, the people of Hotu-roa beheld the lovely red, glowing bloom of the rata and the pohutukawa (the baptismal offering held up).

Then it was that Tai-ninihi, when he saw those charming blossoms, casting his head-dress plume into the sea, exclaimed, "What a waste of care on my part to bring with me the kura" (a red substance used in Hawa-iki as an ornament for the head) "when there is already so much of it in these islands!"

Then was it that, by the idle waves, the kura of Tai-ninihi was thrown up on the beach at Whanga-paraoa (harbour of the whale), to be found by a man named Mahina. Hence

the proverb known to every Maori, "The red plume of Mahina which drifted." Tai-ninihi put the blossoms of the rata in his hair in place of the kura he had so precipitately thrown away, and very sorry he was afterwards when he found them quickly fade.

No doubt it will have occurred to the mind of the ingenuous reader that the man Mahina, who picked up the drifted kura of Tai-ninihi, must have arrived in Aotea-roa some time previously to the advent of the people of the "Tai-nui," but that is neither here nor there. Lo, the kura, that head-dress of Tai-ninihi, took root in the soil near the spot to which they had drifted, and, considering that he had worn them on his head ever since he left Hawa-iki, some seven or eight days previously, and, in addition, they had had a bath in the sea, their life-sustaining power partakes of the marvellous. There can, however, be no doubt of the facts related, for the kura is found thriving splendidly at Whanga-paraoa to this day.

When the "Tai-nui" reached the harbour of Whanga-paraoa, behold, the people on board of her found already there the "Arawa," the "Mata-tua," the "Kura-hau-po," and the "Tokomaru," and the people of these canoes had found stranded upon the beach the body of a dead whale. The crews of all the canoes claimed to be each entitled to the whale by reason of being the first comers, and in consequence there was much disputation and clamour. As a matter of fact it was the people of the "Arawa" who had first found the whale, but, covetous of the advantages which possession of the whale would afford, the people of the other canoes found little difficulty in trumping up evidence of some kind in support of their contentions.

The "Tai-nui," as has been seen, was actually the last to arrive, but that did not prevent Hotu-roa from also putting forward a claim. It was now resolved into a question as to which of the leaders was the cleverest, and Hotu-roa devised a cunning scheme to obtain the whale for his people. He sent them forth to gather leaves of the flax (Korai) which grew plentifully in Aotea-roa, and then he caused the leaves to be seared by fire so as to make them look old, and then he had them plaited into ropes. All this was done in the night so that no one outside the people of the "Tai-nui" might know of their proceedings. The ropes having been finished the whale was tied with them in such a manner that they were made to appear the ropes with which the body had been first fastened. They were squeezed in below all the other ropes, and were at the same time attached to stakes driven into the ground. Then Hotu-roa caused an altar to be erected and made to look as old and neglected as possible as if it were quite an ancient affair.

All this having been successfully accomplished in the dark, when day dawned the chiefs were gathered together to begin the disputation again. Then Hotu-roa spoke. He said: "Friends, hearken to me; let this dispute be ended now once for all. Ours was the canoe to first land upon this coast, which we did before any of you had seen it. But we are not disposed to enforce our rights. We are ready to submit to the weight of evidence. Let us all agree to abide by the evidence whatever that evidence might be."

Thereupon all the chiefs readily expressed themselves as being quite as ready to abide by the evidence as Hotu-roa was—he was not superior to them in that respect.

"Then," said Hotu-roa, "let us calmly proceed to investigate the evidence. Let an examination be made of the ropes which the people of the various canoes have fastened to the whale; and also let us examine the altars which have been erected—if, indeed, any have been erected other than mine—this will be the proof. The owners of the ropes which are the driest and most withered, and the altar the leaves of which are the most faded, will certainly be entitled to be considered as the people who first found the whale and to have the best right to it. Let us now go and see."

"That is right!" exclaimed Tama te Kapua. "Let us see."

"I am willing!" cried Rakei-ora; "let us settle the matter at once."

Hotu-roa, Tama te Kapua, Rakei-ora, Ruru-auru, and Rua-tea then went to the whale, and lo, they discovered that the ropes put on by the people of the "Tai-nui" had evidently been attached to it first, they being beneath the others.

"Here are the remains of my old altar," said Hotu-roa; "see you not these faded, withered leaves? Now show me yours."

The sacred posts of the altar of the people of the "Arawa" were quite green and fresh-looking by comparison. These chiefs looked on crushed and confused. They had nothing to urge against what they saw, the evidence seemed most convincing, and there was no escape from the terms of the contract to which they had agreed. It was settled then that the people of the "Tai-nui" had been the first to arrive, her people the first to land, and that of right the whale belonged to them.

In consequence of these events the place was called Whanga-paraoa—the harbour of the whale. Since that time it has been customary when the order of the first migration canoes is given to place them in the following order—namely, the "Tai-nui," "Te Arawa," "Mata-tua," "Kura-wau (hau)-po," "Tokomaru." In song the Tai-nui is invariably accorded first place in this connection.

Shortly after the "Arawa" had departed from Whangaparaoa the "Tai-nui" sailed, proceeding nearly in the same direction. In due course she reached the Gulf of Hauraki, coasted to Rakau-manga-manga (Cape Brett), and went on to the island called Motukokako, which has an arched passage through it. Thence the "Tai-nui" proceeded on to Whiwhia, to Te Aukanapanapa, and to Muri-whenua, country near the North Cape. Discovering that at the North Cape there was no more land to the northward, the "Tai-nui" went back on her course until Tamaki was reached. Here her people landed. Whilst exploring up the creek to Tauoma, now known as the Portage, they noted with surprise that flocks of seagulls and oyster-catchers were passing over their heads, coming from the west. This was a certain indication that the ocean was not far distant in that direction. Presently they found a large expanse of sea-water, and here, again, they found the people of the "Tokomaru" under Rakei-ora. A determination was arrived at to drag their canoes across the isthmus, so as to enable the west coast to be explored. The portage was called Otahupu.

Without much difficulty the "Tokomaru" was hauled over and launched on the vast sheet of water which lay on the west side of the isthmus. At Wai-whaka-ruku-rupuhanga, situated between the rivers Waihou and Piako, the anchor of the "Tai-nui"—a large pumice-stone, known to tradition as Te Punga-punga—had been left, and there, like the herbs of Tai-ninihi, it can be seen to this day.

It was when the "Tai-nui" was at Whare-kawa that one of the two women of high rank on board the "Tai-nui" earnestly desired that she might be put on shore. Hotu-roa agreed to comply with her request. Then it occurred to Marama—this was the lady's name—that the services of her man-slave were indispensable, for otherwise she would be without any one to wait upon her. This also was agreed to, and Marama and her man-slave were landed.

When taken up the river to Otahuhu everything on board of the "Tai-nui" was taken out of her, and an attempt was made to haul her across the isthmus. The effort failed. Again and again did the people exert their strength, but always with the same ineffectual result. Despite their utmost efforts the "Tai-nui" could not be moved. They were driven to their wit's end to account for this perversity, and did not know what to do. Presently the reason for this embarrassing want of success came to be understood. Marama and her man-slave were near, and soon both were seen approaching the canoe. When the lady had secured an advantageous position on the deck she burst into song:—

Drag "Tai-nui" till she reaches the sea;
But who shall drag her hence?
What sound comes up from the horizon?
The earth is lifting up.
The heavens rise
In company with feebler ones.
Welcome hither! Come, O joyous Tane!
Thou, the leader and provider (canoe).
Here are skids laid to the sea,
And drops the moisture now from Marama,
Caused by the gentle breeze
Which blows down from Wai-hi (spirting water).
But still "Tai-nui" stays,
And will not move.
Red, red is the sun;
Hot, hot are its rays;
And still impatient stand the host.
Take ye and hold the rope,
And drag with flashing eyes,
And drag in concert all.
Rise now the power
To urge. She moves and starts;
Move now the prow,
Urge, urge her still!

Inspired with these animating words, with a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together the "Tai-nui" was got to move, until finally she was dragged across the isthmus and relaunched upon the waters of the Manakau.

To the ordinary comprehension there will not be found one word in the chant of Marama of a self-condemnatory character, but with the voyagers it was very different. There were words in it or gestures accompanying it which confessed the fact that she had degraded herself with her slave. Now on the west coast, the "Tai-nui" proceeded to Awhitu where her skids were left. They were made of saplings of the karaka-tree.

Out to the open sea, and so south down the West Coast sailed the "Tai-nui" until she reached Hea-hea, in the Kawhia district, where the canoe being moored a landing was effected. At this place the good vessel lay until she turned into stone, and where to this day she, in her petrified condition, is still to be seen.

As has been said, Hotu-roa was the chief and navigator of the "Tai-nui," but Hotu-nui, Hotu-papa, and Hotu-matapu, chiefs of note, were also among the voyagers. Marama, already referred to, and Whaka-oti-rangi were the only women of rank that came to Aotea-roa in the "Tai-nui."

Shortly after establishing their settlement at Kawhia a dispute arose between Hotu-roa and Hape in reference to the posts of their altars. Hape claimed to have been the first to erect an altar, and most vehemently he objected to Hotu-roa charring the posts of his altar with fire. This difference gave rise to much bitterness of feeling.

Now, this story is all very well and it might be accepted were it not for the fact that the "Ariki-mai-tai" was the first canoe that ever came to Aotea-roa. This is a fact well established, since Turi, when he arrived in the "Aotea," found the immigrants from Hawa-iki, who had come by the "Ariki-mai-tai," already settled upon the land at Waitara. Some of these people are said to be the ancestors of the tribes that dwell at Waimate and Patea.

When the famous chief Manaia, of the "Tokomaru," arrived at the Waitara, he and his people are said to have slaughtered the aborigines they found there. Not one word is given of their having come into contact with the people of the "Ariki-mai-tai." It was all very well to seek to shroud their iniquity under the disguise of the unfortunate victims having been aborigines when the truth was they were the immigrants by the "Ariki-mai-tai." The omission to notice the early immigrants known to have located themselves at the Waitara is very suspicious, and it is very singular that, except at the Waitara—and there only on the evidence of Manaia's people—and at Rotorua, where there were "thorns and brambles" to be extirpated by Tama-tea's people, is there any mention in tradition of aborigines being found in Aotea-roa.

THE LEGEND OF RUAEO.

When Ruaeo, who had gone for Tama te Kapua's axe, returned to the shore, lo! the swift-sailing "Arawa" was already so far out at sea that her sails did not look much bigger than household flies. Then fell Ruaeo aweeping, for behold all the possessions he had in the world were on board the canoe, as was also his dear wife Whakaoti-rangi, whom the treacherous Tama te Kapua had carried off to be wife for himself. It was evening, so into the water Ruaeo threw himself in order to be cleansed for the effectual rendering of the incantations necessary if he would seek to recover his wife. Every care having been exercised to insure success, the incantations were duly sung or said. But it occurred to Ruaeo that it was little use to utter incantations, and then sit tamely down and wait for something to turn up. If he would succeed in recovering his wife, and wreaking vengeance upon the head of the false Tama te Kapua, he must be up and doing. Action —stern, resolute action—was required, and he must be stirring, and at once. He had been too late to secure a berth on the "Tai-nui"; but the very next canoe that sailed for Aotea-roa would find him a passenger. That canoe was the "Pukeatea-wai-nui."

The "Arawa's" people landed at Whanga-paraoa, where they built themselves some habitations and planted some

sweet potatoes. It was whilst some of the people were wandering idly along the beach, no doubt discussing the possibilities of the new land and indulging in speculations regarding old friends in Hawa-iki, that they discovered stranded the fresh carcase of a sperm whale. This was the whale over the possession of which there was subsequently so much contention, and of which the people of the "Tai-nui" cheated them. Disgusted with the result of that contest the people of the "Arawa" resolved to leave the neighbourhood of the people of the "Tai-nui"; so the women and children were put on board the canoe along with a sufficient crew, whilst the men—a hundred and forty strong under a chief named Taikehu—following the vessel travelled along the coast. The direction they took at this time was north-west. Subsequently, however, the Arawa people went to Maketu, at Tauranga. From here they sailed to Motiti. *Kei Motiti koe e noho ana* ("I suppose you are at Motiti, as you can find no firewood"). Motiti was so called because, like a place in Hawa-iki, no firewood could be obtained there. It was here that Tia, in order that his name might be remembered in after years, stood up, and pointing to the place now known as Rangi-uru exclaimed, "I name that place Takapu-o-tapui-ika-nui-a-Tia!"

"And I," cried Hei, jumping up and pointing to the place now known as Otawa, "I name that place Takapu-o-wai-tahanui-a-Hei."

"And I," shouted Tama to Kapua, starting up and pointing to the place now known as the Heads of Maketu, "I name that place Te Kuraetanga-o-te-ihu-o-Tama-te-Kapua."

"And I," said Kahu, pointing to another place, "I name that place Motiti-rui-a-Kahu."

Alas for the vanity of human wishes, not one of these names adhered.

Now, it was an evil wind for Tama te Kapua that blew the "Arawa" to Maketu, for Ruaeo was there. In Hawa-iki Ruaeo had got the "Pukeatea-wai-nui" canoe, and with 140 men on board had come on to Aotea-roa. He had been the first to arrive at Maketu. From his place on the shore he now saw the "Arawa," and, of course, recognised her at once. Then the idea seized upon him to play the people on board of her a notable trick, and no sooner was this conception clearly defined in his mind than he proceeded to carry it into execution.

When night had fallen, and it was so perfectly dark that the figure of a man could scarcely be distinguished more than a few yards away, Ruaeo led his men to the beach and got them to lay down lines of skids upon which to receive the "Arawa" when she came to the shore; then bidding them

rest whilst awaiting his return, he prepared for his adventure. Providing himself with several lines attached to strong hooks, Ruaeo got into a very small canoe and, as noiselessly as possible, he rowed out some distance to windward of where the "Arawa" lay. Then, hauling his paddles aboard, he allowed the wind and the tide to waft him down upon the big canoe. Slowly and silently, as a hawk seems to float upon the wing, Ruaeo came on in the darkness and stillness. At last the "Arawa" is reached. As Ruaeo anticipated, every soul on board is wrapped in profoundest slumber — some sprawling with faces upturned to the sky, others lying in all sorts of extraordinary positions; loudly they snore. Off the shore of that new and tenantless land there is no foe to be dreaded, and so in peace and, as they think, in safety they confidently sleep. Stealthily Ruaeo fastens his hooks to the sides of the "Arawa," and then, like a shadowy ghost, he allows himself to gently drift away. Soon, an active, energetic, directing spirit, he is on shore again in the midst of his own people. Then begins the most delicate operation of all, for success is not dependent upon the discretion and address of one man, but upon the faithful obedience and carefulness in manipulation of many. There must not be any jerking. The strain to be put upon the ropes must be gradually applied; it must be infinitely gentle, slow, and, above all, steady. This being perfectly understood the men begin to haul, and by an almost imperceptible movement the canoe is drawn towards the shore. As she approaches, behold, standing in the water there are two rows of black figures running out from the skids. As between these lines of figures, like a phantom ship, the "Arawa" passes, with strong, firm hands they grasp her sides to keep her from unnecessary movement. Ah! as the bows touch the skids there is a jar which causes every nerve to thrill, every heart to cease to beat. Happily it is so slight that it fails to arouse one sleeper. Up the gentle acclivity the vessel is slowly drawn, and now, at length, the seemingly impossible to accomplish feat has been achieved; the "Arawa" lies high and dry upon the shore, not one of all her sleeping freight having been in any way disturbed. With a movement of his arm Ruaeo indicates to his people that they may now return to their rest, and without the emission of a sound they disappear in the darkness of the night.

For some time Ruaeo stood alone by the side of the canoe which held his enemy and her who had been his wife. Perhaps his thoughts were wandering back to that warm, sunny land where he had sought and won the lovely and light-hearted Whakaoti-rangi, and where so many happy days of his life had been passed; perhaps, and most probably, he was simply speculating upon what next he should do. Presently he got

A Tohunga.

his flute and, sitting down upon the sand, began to play an air low, soft, sad, familiar to his wife in olden days. The charm operated as effectively as ever that exercised by the wisest *tohunga*. A head, in which shone a pair of large, shining, wondering eyes suddenly appeared above the side of the "Arawa."

"O, dear me, Rua," said a low voice, "is that you?" It was Whakaoti-rangi who spoke.

"It is I," replied Ruaeo, "he that was your husband."

"And how came you hither, and what is your purpose?" asked Whakaoti-rangi.

But it would be vain and profitless to follow the conversation that ensued between the couple that had lived together in the closest relationship known to human beings; it is sufficient that when a long time had passed Ruaeo said: "O, mother of my children, do you now return to him who is your husband, and presently, when I play upon my flute and putorino, so that you both do hear, say to him, 'O, Tama! lo, I had a dream in the night that I heard Rua playing upon his flute as in the old time.' This speech of yours will cause him to be so jealous that probably he will rise and strike you. Then, as if smarting from the pain and burning with anger, do you run from him and come to me."

Whakaoti-rangi agreed to obey the instructions given to her by Ruaeo just as she had been accustomed to do in the old time when she was his wife; and when she had lain down again by the side of Tama te Kapua Ruaeo resumed the playing of his flute. Everything happened as had been anticipated. When Whakaoti-rangi said she had dreamed of Rua playing his flute; Tama te Kapua burst into a violent fury and beat her, whereupon she incontinently fled.

In the morning, when it was yet early, Ruaeo performed sundry incantations, the potent effect of which was to prolong the slumbers of the people on board the "Arawa." This afforded him the time necessary to perfect his arrangements. The sun was high in the heavens when Ruaeo struck the "Arawa" a heavy blow with his club, so as, with a violent start, to awaken the whole of the enchanted sleepers. Their amazement was immense when they found the canoe lying high up upon the shore. Still more astounded were they to behold themselves surrounded by 140 armed warriors, all beautifully arrayed in feathers as if indeed they had dwelt all their lives on Gannet Island where, everybody knows, feathers are quite abundant. And there in the midst of them stood Ruaeo, whom they had left behind in Hawa-iki and who, they well knew, had no reason to love them.

But whatever fears they had were soon dispelled, for Ruaeo loudly called, "Come forth Tama te Kapua, let no man lose

his life but either you or I. You and I alone shall fight this battle. If you are stronger than I, well and good, so let it be; if I prove stronger than you, you must take the consequences. Here am I awaiting you!"

It was impossible for Tama te Kapua, in the sight of all his people, to refrain from the acceptance of such a challenge, so, grasping a long sharp-pointed two-handed sword, the handle of which gaily was decked with bright red feathers, forth he came. Ruaeo was armed with a weapon similar to that wielded by his antagonist, but it had not the showy feathers which rendered the sword of his adversary so conspicuous. Near where he stood he had planted an open vessel containing something which might be water for refreshment, and might indeed be something very different, the real purpose of which could not be guessed by the followers of Tama te Kapua.

And now began such a contest as since those days the world has never seen. It has been already mentioned that Tama te Kapua stood 9 ft., Ruaeo was 11 ft.—there were giants in those days. In later times the only man who approached these heroes in height was Tu-hou-rangi, who was 9 ft. high; 6 ft. he stood to the arm-pits, and his bones have been seen and measured by later generations, so there can be no doubt of the facts. Tama te Kapua began the fighting by making such a terrific blow at Ruaeo's neck that assuredly his head would have rolled away over the plain had not he guarded it. Then Ruaeo struck back with a mighty sweep which nearly proved fatal to Tama te Kapua, but he sprang back out of reach in time. Then they went at it hammer and tongs, as they say, the banging of their wooden swords making a great clatter. Those who looked on trembled with excitement at the exhibition of apparently superhuman strength which now they witnessed. Tama te Kapua being the smaller was the more agile, and he was the better swordsman. No doubt Ruaeo was well aware of his opponent's advantages which, from the beginning, had prompted him to rely for success on his superior strength. However this may be, the warriors, in their fighting, had drawn near to the place where stood the open bowl, when, suddenly, Ruaeo dropped his sword and threw both his arms around the body of Tama te Kapua, who was thus rendered incapable of using his weapon. Tighter and tighter grew the pressure of the swelling muscles around the helpless, palpitating form. In a grip so fierce and tenacious, Tama Te Kapu realised his powerlessness, and all his faculties he exerted to find some means of relief. Little time for thought, however, was he allowed. He found himself lifted from his feet and then thrown with a violent thud to earth. Quickly he sought to recover himself, but he had only half risen when the avenger was upon him

again. Again is he crushed within the straining muscles until not a breath is left within his body, and again is he hurled to earth. Once more he struggled to rise, and had almost reached his feet, when once more he found himself within that vicious grasp, to be once more dashed upon the ground. Dazed, breathless, and almost paralysed, Tama te Kapua again summons all his energies to meet his foe on fairly equal terms, but this opportunity will never be given to him. A fourth time has he to undergo that merciless embrace, and a fourth time he is flung with pitiless energy upon the earth, where sprawling he lay gasping and almost senseless. Then the purpose of the bowl which Ruaeo had provided became apparent. Dipping his huge hand into it Ruaeo grasped some of the contents and threw them into the face and eyes of Tama te Kapua. More of them he rubbed into the helpless man's head and ears, the rest he threw over his body. They are vermin, loathsome vermin, which thus liberally he bestows. With defeat, insult, shame is Tama te Kapua now completely covered, and deeply he felt his utter humiliation in sight of all his people.

"There," cried Ruaeo, "I have beaten you. You can keep the woman you stole from me—the woman that was my wife. In her embraces you may perhaps find a reward for the insults I have put upon you." Then he turned his back upon his foe.

Tama, it is alleged, did not hear a word of this speech, being too busily employed scratching and trying to free himself from the vermin. Further, it is alleged that had the people of Ruaeo attacked the people of Tama te Kapua they would have slain them all; but this clearly is one of those things that no man can say.

Ruaeo and his 140 men departed from that coast to seek another dwelling-place. Tama te Kapua and his people continued to live in Maketu, and in after years their descendants spread to other places.

The fate of Ngotoro-i-rangi, however, was otherwise. True to his reputation as a great *tohunga*, he travelled over the new land of Aotea-roa, and where he found the valleys to be dry he simply stamped upon the earth with his foot and beautiful springs of fresh water immediately bubbled up. The mountains also he visited, and there by his incantations he located the Patupaiarehe or fairies. After the performance of these and other beneficent operations, he returned with intent to spend the remainder of his days in Maketu.

It was shortly after the return of Ngatoro to Maketu that a dispute arose between Tama te Kapua and Kahu-mata-momoe, and in consequence of this disagreement Tama te Kapua, taking with him Ngatoro, went off to Tauranga to found a settlement there. Here they discovered Taikehu already established. Tai-

kehu and his people supplied the new-comers plentifully with fish, and for that reason the place, which lies beyond Motu-hoa, was called Te Ranga-a-Taikehu—which is to say, the fishing bank of Taikehu. Having tarried awhile, Tama te Kapau and his people went on to Kati-kati. It was at Kati-kati where, because Tama te Kapua, being probably deep in thought, was eating his food very slowly, whilst his people, being tired and very hungry, devoured theirs with great avidity, words were added to the name, so that it came to be known as Kati-kati-o Tama te Kapua—"The nibbling of Tama te Kapua." Pushing northwards a place was reached where it was proposed to rest and partake of food; but when the food was cooking they changed their minds and went on again; therefore was that place called Whaka-hau. Still following the line of the coast they came to a big river which they had to cross, and for that reason they named the place Whitianga. Then they went on—still northward. When they came to Tangiaro, Ngatoro stuck up a great stone, which stands there as a mark. Finally, they attained to Moe-hau (Cape Colville), and resolved to dwell by the shore of the Hauraki Gulf.

When Tama te Kapua lay sick unto death he confided to his children the secret of where he had hidden the precious eardrop known as kaukau-matua. It was stowed away under the window of his house at Maketu. With his latest words he commanded his children to return to Maketu and visit their relations in peace. So the famous Tama te Kapua died, as all men must, and he was buried by Ngatoro at Moe-hau.

THE LEGEND OF THE CURSE OF MANAIA.

Now, here it appears necessary to take the reader back for a brief period to Hawa-ika, where events were occurring calculated to exercise very considerable influence over the destinies of some of the characters of this story.

When from Hawa-iki the "Arawa" sailed away, bearing with her the great *tohunga* Ngatoro-i-rangi, that hero left behind him a sister who once had been young and beautiful—so beautiful, indeed, that the indomitable chief Manaia had thought her not unworthy to become his wife. He had wedded her accordingly. This Manaia is not to be confounded with the Manaia about whose emigration a story has been already related.

The canoes bound for Aotea-roa having all departed, and the memory of the exciting events connected with them having in great measure died away, Manaia bethought him of the existence of a *tapu* that required removing, and he set about

the necessary proceedings at once. Certainly no sensible reader will be disposed to refuse to Manaia all the credit that is due to him for this. A great meeting of Manaia's tribe was held, at which all the chief *tohungas* known to fame and a vast concourse of visitors were present, and all the ceremonies usual and all the incantations proper to the occasion were executed and discharged in due form and order. Then, as was customary, Manaia feasted the visitors who had honoured by their attendance, and all went well and merrily until when the oven of Kuiwai, the sister of Ngatora and the wife of Manaia, was opened and the contents served, lo, it was found that the food was only half-cooked.

Now, as every one knows, under the most ordinary circumstances there is nothing so absolutely distressing to a man when he is very hungry as to be served with soup, fish, or fowl that is not fit to be eaten. Everything, the atmosphere itself, grows foul, and existence itself seems scarcely worth tolerating. Here was Manaia with all his chiefs and *tohungas*, his tribesmen, his visitors gathered in crowds about him swelling themselves into rotundity with the good victuals his liberality had provided, and he alone of all the number had actually nothing to eat. The trial of temper proved too much for Manaia. His teeth became sternly set, his thick lips became compressed, his dark brows fell over his gleaming eyes, he rolled up his *serviette* savagely, and he went for the once lovely Kuiwai and thrashed her—thrashed her severely.

Now, it is generally held to be a cowardly thing for a man to strike a woman—particularly his wife; for, if the stricken woman were not his wife, probably some one would be found to take her part, and in that case other events of a striking character would ensue. Therefore, however great the provocation to which Manaia was subjected may be allowed to be, no defence of his conjugal behaviour upon this occasion is here attempted.

During the process of his experiments upon the back, head, and shoulders of the unfortunate Kuiwai—who certainly had bad luck that day—Manaia used expressions of a grossly uncomplimentary nature to his wife which, if they were ever wholly known, were treasured as amongst the close secrets of Hawa-iki. However, the following of his words were taken down at the time and duly noted: "Accursed be thy head! Tell me, thou wretched one, are the logs of firewood as sacred as the bones of your brother,"—this was a reference to Ngatoro-i-rangi, who, it is scarcely necessary to say, was not present—"that you show yourself so sparing of them as not to put them on the fire in which the stones are heated until they become red-hot? Will you ever dare to do the like again, you —, you —, you —? If you do, behold,

I will serve the flesh of your brother in the same way—it shall frizzle on the red-hot stones of Waikorora!"

Now, scarcely anything can be imagined more terrible, more heinous, than this. It will be evident that Manaia, in his secret heart, cherished some very bad feeling against his absent brother-in-law, for the reference to him is repeated, and in Manaia's overwhelming rage that feeling had found unguarded expression. Poor Kuiwai felt it the cruellest cut of all. She could not fight her brutal husband, and in the end she found herself thrown to the ground, a lashed, humiliated, mentally as well as physically pained, bleeding, palpitating lump. But there, on the ground prostrate, she vowed she would not stand such treatment; more, she would be avenged.

In the meantime there was work that had to be done—her hungry husband must be fed. So Kuiwai, sobbing bitterly, arose and tried again to cook some food; this time, it is to be presumed, with more success, for tradition does not aver that she was again beaten. Weeping she cooked the food; weeping she took it from the oven; weeping she served it in baskets to her surly husband—but what were her thoughts? Sobbing bitterly she stole away, and, eating nothing, hid herself from sight.

When night had closed upon the slumbering multitude Kuiwai came forth from her hiding. She cast aside the garments she had worn during the time of her humiliation, she arrayed herself in a beautiful new sash made from the fresh young shoots of toe-toe, she stood on the threshold of the house, and spread out before her the family gods, Kahukura, Itupawa, and Rongomai. Then she called to her daughter, the inheritrix of her old-time beauty and her charms, and also she called to her sister, Haungaroa. The three women having gotten together prayed most fervently for aid; they uttered incantations and worked spells, and lo, to their joy, it seemed from the appearances presented that the gods had heard their supplications, and were most favourably inclined to grant their desires.

The gods having been once more wrapped up in their cloths, and restored to the places they usually occupied, Kuiwai, turning to her daughter, said, "O, my child, your journey across the sea will prove most fortunate; therefore do you be of good heart and fear not. Now depart, and when you do reach your uncle, Ngatoro, and your other relatives in the land of Aotea-roa, say to them they have been cursed by Manaia because of the food in my oven not having been cooked upon the occasion of a great assembly of our people for the taking away of the *tapu*. Tell them that Manaia hath said, 'Are the logs in the forest as sacred as the bones of your brother that you are afraid to use them in cooking; or are the

stones of the desert the kidneys of Ngatoro-i-rangi, that you do not heat them; by-and-by I will frizzle the flesh of your brother upon red-hot stones taken from Waikorora.' Depart, my child, with this my message to your uncle and his friends. Haste ye. Behold, this is the season when blows the wind Pungawere, which will swiftly waft you across the wave."

It would appear that the family gods that graced the establishment of Manaia were not of a superlatively high moral tone, for they actually winked at their own abduction from the premises. At any rate there was not the least noise—not the remotest indication of the slightest disturbance—when the daughter of Kuiwai chucked Maru, Kahakura, Rongomai, Itupawa, and Hangeroa into a bag, knocking their heads together with very little ceremony. Indeed, so far from objecting to what might possibly be esteemed disrespectful—not to say rough—treatment, it would rather appear that they enjoyed it. Very probably, having carefully considered all the circumstances and decided to extend favour to the cause of the ill-used Kuiwai, they had concluded that a sea-voyage would do them good, and so were eager to be off, reckless of how they travelled.

In this connection it is worthy to be noted that the canoes which were among the earliest to leave Hawa-iki for Aotea-roa did not carry with them any gods as passengers. As it was obviously necessary to provide sustenance for the first people that took possession of the new land, the gods of the kumera and of fish had kindly consented to accompany the immigrants; but no gods of high standing—such as Maru, one of the gods of war—had hitherto lent the least countenance to the over-sea proceedings. They, no doubt, held that the knowledge of enchantments, and the incantations and spells which the first goers took with them, would prove amply sufficient for all reasonable purposes. Now, however, the gods which the daughter and the sister of Kuiwai took with them were deities of first-class importance; they were intimately associated with the lives of mortals; they were connected with the professions, and were stamped with the hall-mark of birth and gentility which somehow inspires the meanest and most brainless with a large measure of conceit.

But the gods the girls took with them were by no means of the brainless order of deities, and their power evidently was such that they were capable of overcoming the most tremendous difficulties. The first of these difficulties was the absence of a canoe. As it usually took not less than seven days to voyage from Hawa-iki to Aotea-roa, the gap to be crossed seems at first glance somewhat appalling. Pooh! The gods settled it. They simply carried the girls—there were five of them—over, and the thing was done in the twinkling of an eye. For

speed, comfort, and convenience no means of conveyance has yet been discovered in any degree capable of being compared to that in use by the gods in early immigration days, nor is there any hope that the secret so long lost will ever again be found.

It has been presumed that this aerial journey was made in the winter season, for the voyagers put in at the burning island of Whaka-ari, where they would have an opportunity of warming themselves. Again, some have thought that having caught some fish they stayed at Whaka-ari for purposes of refreshment, a fire being there all ready to their hands. At Whaka-ari they appear to have rested during the whole of the first night after leaving Hawa-iki, and when the rosy beams of early morn were tipping the waves, lo they were *en flight* again. They landed, never having suffered the least distress, at Ta-whiu-whiu. From thence they went gaily on by an inland route, the travelling entailing a great deal more physical exertion. Upon a hill, which commanded a good view of the plains, they stayed to rest, charmed with the lovely prospect. Having, as it was supposed, finished their repast, Haungaroa, who was somewhat impatient of delay, took the road again, eating as she went.

"Holloa, Haungaroa, havn't you finished yet? You don't take long with your eating!" sarcastically cried two of her companions who had followed her.

Haungaroa thereupon advised them to go back to Whaka-ari and warm themselves, but they wouldn't. On the contrary, being unrestrained by social amenities in a new country, they thought themselves at liberty to tease the sister of Ngatoro-i-rangi to their hearts' content, and they proceeded to do so. Thereupon Haungaroa slapped the faces of the saucy wenches, and as they gave her more impudence she quickly showed them she meant to take still stronger measures. Then, picking up their petticoats, away over the plains the girls scampered like a couple of deer. But vain their flight, they could not escape from Haungaroa, who possessed something of her brother's mighty power. Far better for them had they stayed and taken the punishment the sister of Ngatoro-i-rangi designed; for, as they fled, by an incantation at a breath she transformed the wretched creatures into ti-trees, and there to this day they stand awaiting the appearance of some *tohunga* with a knowledge of the gift of old Time to transform them back again into human beings. This, some time or other, will surely be done.

Two of the five women having thus been fixed for the finger of scorn to point at for many long years the other three continued their journey, no doubt upon the very best of terms with themselves and each other, and in high good humour.

This joyousness was maintained until, the summit of a hill being reached, they sat down to rest. Then what must Haungaroa do but start thinking of Hawa-iki and her mother. At such an inauspicious moment this could scarcely be considered judicious. It is bad to think of mothers under certain circumstances, although, undoubtedly, there be those who regard such a course as generally commendable. The more Haungaroa thought of her poor old mother the more miserable she became, until at last she fairly wept aloud. In consequence of this blubbering that place has ever since been known as Te Tangihanga, which means the place of weeping.

Haungaroa being at length fairly recovered the journey was pursued until, the top of another high hill being reached, they again rested. (It will be observed that the tops of hills were usually selected for sitting-places, they no doubt affording the most comfortable posture.) This hill they named Piopio. From its summit they were enabled to behold the lovely Lake Roturoa and all the beautiful country by which it is surrounded. Descending the hill, behold, they came upon the geyser which, in lofty streams, spouts up boiling water continuously with a perfectly sublime indifference to all considerations of expense.

What the ladies did here is not particularly recorded. Reaching the lake they wandered along the lovely shores perfectly enraptured with their beauty; then they made a bee-line for Maketu, steering by compass. Emerging from the umbrageous forest they struck the sea-coast, which at that time was in a very unimproved condition, but no complaint was then preferred. When the village of Tuhoro was reached all the people came running to meet the travel-worn strangers who, it may well be supposed, were delighted to behold the kind faces of their kind again.

"Whereabouts, can you tell us, does Ngatoro-i-rangi live?" called Haungaroa and her companions in one breath.

"You see that island over there? That is Motiti," responded one of the villagers.

"Yes," said Haungaroa.

"Well, do you see that great high store-house on the hill there? That is where Ngatoro dwells."

The niece of Ngatoro-i-rangi saw the storehouse and the paling fence which surrounded it, and a feeling of intense satisfaction took possession of her. This was but natural, considering the distance she had travelled and the trials she had endured to behold it. Recovering herself, she left her companions to enjoy the society of old and new-found friends whilst she caused herself to be quickly ferried across to Motiti. Arrived there, without any pretence to ceremony or recognised social law, the niece of Ngatoro walked straight on to her

uncle's establishment and clambered over the fence in the most approved hoydenish fashion. It will be recognised at once that if she had gone through the gate in the ordinary way then it would have been evident that she was not different from any other mortal, but by taking the high-jump course which she pursued attention was directed upon her directly as one who had established a claim to consideration. Obviously it is only the very privileged that are entitled to break down or jump over the barriers—social, or legal, or physical—which a properly high-toned society has set up.

In the home of Ngatoro there was a spot on the floor which had been rendered sacred through it being the place where the great *tohunga* was accustomed to sit. It was, so to speak, his old arm-chair which he loved with the passionate devotion attaching to old arm-chairs in general. Having successfully o'erleapt the wooden limits which could not hold her out, the niece of Ngatoro went straight on through the pa until she came to her uncle's house, easily recognisable, went right in as if it belonged to her, and sat herself with a perfectly beaming composure on the sacred spot.

Such behaviour was certain to cause a commotion. The people ran hither and thither very visibly upset. At last it occurred to some one still having a little sense that Ngatoro ought to be made acquainted with the high-handed proceedings which had taken place, and so a message was despatched to where he was complacently working in the fields.

"Sir," said the messenger, touching his top-knot, when he reached the place where Ngatoro stood wiping his brow, for the day was warm and the toil severe, "there is but now a female stranger come to Motiti. She carries a travelling-bag and a band-box as if she had come a very long way. She pitched her bag and boxes over the outward walls and followed after them like quick-sticks. Nay, more—but the rest I can scarcely put into words."

"Go on," said Ngatoro-i-rangi calmly, restraining the overwhelming tempest of his emotions.

"She had the daring effrontery to place her belongings upon the very sacred roof of your house."

"Go on; what next?" demanded Ngatoro, with the seeming indifference of a stoic.

"She had the cool audacity to penetrate into the interior of your sacred habitation and there—and there—and there!"

"Well?" said the dignified and imperturbable Ngatoro.

"She sat herself down in your sacred spot!" exclaimed the messenger, with the natural apprehension of one who expected the heavens to topple immediately.

"It is my niece," remarked the great *tohunga*. "Tell me, where is Te Kehu?"

"He is busily at work putting in some sweet potatoes in his plantation," answered the messenger.

"Go fetch him hither to me at once; and, hark you, fellow, mind you tarry not to gossip by the way."

So the messenger departed.

Of course, Ngatoro-i-rangi, as a great *tohunga*, knew from the first that his niece was coming, or had come, to Motiti; but, however vain people nowadays may be in displaying what they think is their superior knowledge, it was not so in the old time. It does not do to cast pearls of information extravagantly abroad. A wise old *tohunga* listened with marvellous patience until he had mastered a perfect comprehension of all the facts, and then possibly he might condescend to say that he knew all about the matter previously, and give a tip which would almost certainly run into first place.

When Te Kehu had joined Ngatoro they went together home, but the latter did not see fit then to communicate his knowledge of the nature of the message his niece would presently deliver. There is a proper time for everything. When arrived at his home, Ngatoro and Te Kehu, followed by a crowd, went into the house together. There, sure enough, in the sacred place sat his niece, looking as demure as an empty black bottle. She arose with a perfectly captivating grace as her uncle approached, when, taking her gently by the hand, he led her before the altar. Then did she deliver to him the gods which she had brought with her from Hawa-iki. As an embodiment of thoughtful, unselfish affection scarcely anything imaginable could be finer.

"Come," said the niece of Ngatoro, "now, and let us be cleansed. Let us get to where the running water flows, and let the ceremony of Whangai-horo be performed over us, for behold! you have been cursed by Manaia and his tribe."

Now, when all the people assembled heard this they were filled with dismay, for well they knew what the words foreboded. They cried aloud, they threw off their clothes, and with one accord they rushed to a running stream, into which they plunged. There they sought to cleanse themselves from the foul stain which had been cast upon them.

The ceremonies prescribed for such an occasion having been performed, and the incantations proper having been uttered by the priests, the crowd left the stream and proceeded first to the village and then to the pa, where ceremonies and incantations were repeated in order to purify the place from the pollution of the curse of Manaia. Next was a long pit excavated to symbolise the pit of wrath. Into this abyss would they seek to compel the spirits of their foes; there would they destroy the aforesaid spirits utterly. The pit being completed incantations and spells were again, of course, indis-

pensable, otherwise it would not be different from any ordinary hole.

All this having been done with much ceremony and impressiveness, it was supposed that the spirits of their enemies had been successfully dragged or inveigled into the pit, and there it was necessary they should be securely kept. Therefore was the pit filled up again, and beaten down with their hands so that the earth might press firm and solid and escape be rendered impossible. Then, finally, over the place where once the pit had been enchanted mats were laid cross-wise and woven baskets of flax were provided; these were designed to catch the spirits of the foe which had been metaphorically entombed.

All these proceedings were accompanied by the due performance of enchantments and magic spells of first-class potency.

When all had been finished, then the natural feelings of the man overcame the great *tohunga*. Ngatoro-i-rangi wept over his niece. This was most affecting and pathetic. Then it was realised that there were at least some who must be afflicted with hunger, and so food was spread before the travellers, for by this time Haungaroa and her companion had also arrived in the pa at Motiti. The feasting over, all, or nearly all, the principal people of Motiti began to assemble in the house of Ngatoro, and some gabbling old men, who had not previously had an opportunity of seeing his niece or Haungaroa, began to question them regarding the reason which had prompted the visit.

Then said the daughter of Kuiwai: "A curse hath brought us hither. Behold, from Hawa-iki we come. A curse—the curse of Manaia—hath brought us, for lo, when they had finished making clean his place for him, and the females were cooking food for the strangers, it was discovered that the food in the oven of my mother was not well cooked. So for this offence Manaia cursed my mother, Kuiwai, saying: 'Is firewood as sacred as the bones of your brethren that you fear to burn it in an oven? I will yet make the flesh of your brother to hiss upon red-hot stones brought up from Waikorora and heated to warm the oven in which they shall be cooked.' That curse it is which hath brought me here, for my mother told me to hasten so that you might know the truth."

Then arose Ngatoro-i-rangi, the great *tohunga*, in his wrath, and bitterly he cursed Manaia, saying, "Thus shall it be done unto you, Manaia: lo, your bones shall crackle and your flesh shall frizzle on the hot stones brought from Maketu, and you shall be utterly consumed, so that in shame you pass away."

After this there could be nothing but exterminating war between the people of Tama te Kapu at Maketu and the Tribe of Manaia in Hawaiki. The Arawas determined to assume the offensive: they would assail Manaia in Hawa-iki. At this time the old "Arawa" canoe had been destroyed through the treachery of Raumati, the story of which will be told later, therefore there was no other course for them to pursue but to build another one. The first thing to be done was to find a tree large enough, sound enough, and in all respects suitable. Roaming through the forest upon this quest, the daughter of Kuiwai found an immense totara-tree, which had fallen and by its great weight had half-buried itself in the soil. This was the tree chosen, and from it a canoe was shaped. It was named "The Totara-tree dug from the Earth."

When the great canoe was finished, it was hauled down to the shore and launched with all becoming ceremonies and observances. When the time came that the wind known as "pungawere" was strongly blowing—that being the most favourable wind—then the Arawa warriors, accompanied by their priests and *tohungas*, embarked and put to sea, their deeply-grieving mothers, wives, sisters, children assembling upon the beach to see them depart. For seven days and seven nights they sailed the waste of water which at that time separated Aotea-roa from their destination; but at length the shores of Hawa-iki were reached.

It was night when they arrived off the shores of Hawa-iki, and they landed in a little bay with which they were well acquainted called Tara-i-whenua. Here they drew "The Tree dug from the Earth" well up on a bank, where it was completely hidden by the bush, so that none might know that strangers were in the country.

The people of the Arawa being comfortably settled and resting from their labours on the sea, in the darkness of the night Ngatoro stole away to the nearest village of the tribe of Manaia, where, meeting with a man who little guessed who his interlocutor was, he learned that Manaia was at that time engaged in council with the chiefs. This emboldened him to proceed. Unaccosted he walked carelessly through the village until he reached the house where he knew his sister Kuiwai dwelt. Here for a moment he paused, until he heard a sound of movement within. Then softly he called.

It can be easily imagined that Kuiwai was somewhat alarmed; but when Ngatoro called a second time she recognised the voice of her brother, and came to the door.

"It is I, Ngatoro," he whispered, "come hither in obedience to your summons."

"You must not tarry here," answered Kuiwai, "for if you be discovered it is certain death."

"Nay, I will not tarry," replied Ngatoro; "but I thought it worthy of an effort to endeavour to see you, lest there might be something you would wish me to know."

"Nay, I have no wish," murmured Kuiwai sadly.

"Where is Manaia now?" inquired Ngatoro.

"He is with the chiefs and leaders of the tribe. They are assembled in the sacred place, to which they go every night for prayer," replied his sister.

"Ah!" softly breathed the *tohunga*; "for what do they pray?"

"They pray continually that the good gods will bring you and your people here to Hawa-iki dead. Perhaps, indeed, it is through their prayers and incantations you have come, and the end will be most bloody."

"Most bloody assuredly the end will be," muttered Ngatoro meditatively; "but, my sister, it was not through Manaia and his people the Arawa have come, but through your message. That alone has brought them. Tell me, where is the sun in the heavens when Manaia and the chiefs first go to the sacred place?"

"They proceed thither early in the morning," answered Kuiwai.

"And in the evening where are they?"

"In the evening the chiefs meet together to talk and pray; the people are all dispersed in the villages."

"And they pray the gods to bring the Arawa to them dead?" asked Ngatoro.

"Aye, that is their constant prayer," replied his sister.

"It is very good and thoughtful of them—particularly it is safe," remarked Ngatoro. "And now, my sister, I must go."

"Indeed, you must," said Kuiwai, "if you would live."

As Ngatoro-i-rangi was about to depart a thought appeared to occur to him, for he turned again and said, "When morning dawns climb you up to the roof of your house so that you may get a good view. There watch what you will see."

So saying Ngatoro left his sister. Assuming a lounging indifferent gait very unlike his natural manner he passed again through the village, and safely reached his own people. In the camp he gathered about him the leading chiefs, and narrated to them what had occurred between him and his sister.

"My counsel is that we attack and storm their pa this very night," impetuously exclaimed Tangaroa.

"Nay, rather let us attack their fortress early in the morning," said Rangitu.

Other chiefs spoke, some counselling one thing, others suggesting other possible courses.

Then arose Ngatoro-i-rangi and spake to them. He said,

"What has been spoken is good. No doubt if either of the plans proposed were adopted it would prove successful, but every one of the plans involves the loss of more or less of our people, and our number is few. We cannot afford to lose any of our tribe, therefore I do not agree with any of the schemes of assault suggested. What we should do is to go to the sacred place of Manaia's people. There let us strike our noses until they freely bleed. Then let us smear our faces and bodies all over with the blood as if we had been fatally wounded, and stretch ourselves upon the ground as if we were dead, each man carefully hiding his weapon beneath his body. When they behold this spectacle of our seeming lying dead they will surely conclude that their enchantments have brought us hither and slain us. Then shall we arise and surprise them."

Every one who listened was delighted with the words of Ngatoro, and his plan was immediately adopted. After a brief period devoted to rest the Arawas arose and followed their leader to the sacred place in the dark. Arrived there, somewhat to their surprise, they found a large number of ovens all ready prepared and lying open ready to receive food, the wood to heat the stones and the green leaves to cover the flesh being laid close to the ovens. So confident apparently were the *tohungas* of Manaia's people of being able by their enchantments to compel the Arawa people to come to their sacred place in Hawa-ika that they were determined no time should be unnecessarily lost in the making of preparations for the contemplated feast; hence the ovens, the firewood, the green leaves.

This anticipation of their fearful fate was in its nature somewhat appalling, but the Arawa were not a people to be lightly daunted. Obedient to the directions given by Ngatoro, they silently and stealthily laid themselves down in the ovens, and when there they beat their noses with such violence that blood flowed copiously. With the blood thus obtained, they smeared their faces and the front parts of their bodies, where it could most readily be perceived and, hiding away under them their axes and short clubs, stiffened themselves out so as to represent the remains of men who had been slain in battle. They did, indeed, present a most gruesome sight, and one well calculated to deceive. Their axes and clubs were made of jasper, and of basalt, and of the bones of whales, and they were very formidable weapons when wielded by strong and skilful hands. Whilst these proceedings were in progress, the priests accompanying the expedition had discovered the sacred place of Manaia's people. They entered it and hid themselves there.

All this was carefully performed in silence, and in the

darkness. When the golden beams of the morning began to stream across the heavens, there lay one hundred and forty bloody and seemingly dead men in ovens, awaiting the deft hands of as many hungry cooks. In accordance with well-established custom, when the sun appeared above the horizon, the priests of Manaia's people came forth to spread leaves and, in the sacred place, make the usual offerings to the gods. No doubt they were perfectly astounded to find the apparently dead body of an Arawa warrior lying in each oven, for though they had sought to persuade their people that by the power of their incantations and enchantments they could bring such a marvellous event to pass, they must have entertained very strong misgivings as to the practicability of their being able to give effect to the general wish. However, there could be no doubt that the Arawa warriors were there, and so the priests eagerly embraced the fact as an evidence of what it was possible for the stupendous power of the gods, in answer of course to their supplications, to achieve. Therefore, burning with excitement, joyfully they ran back to announce to their people the good news.

There was a great clamour, all the priests being anxious to be the first to tell the story, the burden of which was something to this effect: "Our prayers have been answered by the gods! At last they have heard us. Behold, here are the bodies of the host of Tama te Kapua and of Ngatoro-i-rangi lying heaped in the cooking-places, as we promised them to you. This has been accomplished by our gods, who slew the Arawa, carried them away, and lo, yielding to our solicitations, have brought them here—dead! Come and see, come and see—witness for yourselves!"

What else could the people do than rush to see the bodies of the dead which promised them a nice steak or chop for breakfast? Accordingly, helter-skelter, the whole populace of the village hurried to the ovens, where sure enough they beheld the bodies of the Arawa braves. They were perfectly overwhelmed with joy, and, throwing up their hands and arms, they pranced about among the ovens like so many maniacs. Then they began to appropriate the seeming dead.

"I'll have this head!" cried one demented creature.

"I'll have this leg!" shouted another.

"And I'll take this lovely shoulder" bawled yet another.

For a brief period the babel of voices was stilled, for the priests required silence, in order that thanksgiving should be offered to the gods for the signal service rendered in delivering their enemies into their hands. With loud ejaculations of mingled praise and joy the priests chanted thanks, much in the nature of grace before meat; but this exhibition proved too much for the priests of the Arawa tribe to patiently

endure, for—though it may be difficult to believe—in those days priests were as prone to fits of rivalry and jealousy and other small-mindedness as other ordinary mortals, so out they rushed from their hiding in the sacred place and slew the chanting priests of Manaia's people where they stood. The priests therefore were the first to fall as a fitting offering to the incensed gods.

This sudden attack, as might naturally be expected, filled the assembled people with consternation, all unarmed and unprepared as they were, so they quickly scattered in all directions in their eager haste to get away from such an unholy scene. But the legs and arms and heads so recently contemplated with such pleasurable and appropriating satisfaction were now in vigorous motion, for, starting to their feet and grasping their weapons, the one hundred and forty warriors of the Arawa fell upon their foes and slew them with a great slaughter.

Manaia himself was present when the assault upon the priests began, and of all the multitude of his people he alone escaped. As quickly as his legs could carry him he fled to the town,* but no sooner was the slaughter completed than the town itself was assailed by the triumphant Arawa. The people inside the town became panic-stricken; the panting Manaia could effect nothing in the way of preparation; the vengeful foe was upon them before they could recover from their surprise; breaches—great gaps—were made in the walls, no resistance apparently being attempted; the Arawa entered as easily as if they were passing through the open doorway of a house, and every living thing perished—except Manaia. He again escaped.

The first battle, which took place at the ovens, was called Ihumotomotototokia, which means "the battle of the bruised noses," and the name of the town which was carried by assault was Whai-tiri-ka-papa. From the easy capture of this town was derived a maxim of Maori warfare which passed into a proverb: "As soon as ever you have defeated the enemy in the field, storm their town."

The fighting over for at least a time, the priests turned their attention to the bodies of the slain. The bodies of those who had been the first to fall (the priests of Manaia's people) were called the holy fish, and were used as offerings to the gods. The prayers were said and the offerings rendered with due observance of all the usual rites and ceremonies. Then there was much cooking and devouring, for the warriors of the Arawa were very hungry.

But whatever Manaia's faults as a husband to Kuiwai and

* A pa, probably.

a brother-in-law to Ngatoro might be, there can be no doubt that in all natural respects he was a man of great resources and a most indubitable warrior. He had escaped from the bloody slaughter of Ihumotomotokia; he had fled from the comprehensive massacre at Whai-tiri-ka-papa; but he was by no means a man to be easily daunted or to sit down quietly under defeat. From town to town, from village to village, he sped, or to them sent messages with an energy which commands the highest admiration. He called the people to arms to sweep away the rash invaders of their land, so that the Arawas had scarcely finished their early and satisfying repast before Manaia found himself at the head of a force which he considered more than sufficient to effect the complete extirpation of his enemies. He accordingly advanced upon Whai-tiri-ka-papa at once.

In the meantime the Arawa had withdrawn from the town. Although the body of Manaia had not been found among the slain, Tama te Kapua and Ngatoro-i-rangi considered that the curse had been removed and the insult cast upon them and their people sufficiently avenged. Therefore, unaware that Manaia, with a considerable body of warriors, was close upon them, very leisurely they retired in the direction where lay hidden their canoe with intent to at once return to Aotea-roa. Between them and "The Totara-tree dug from the Earth" ran a pretty deep stream which they had forded the previous night, and now they forded it again, reaching the canoe in safety.

"Ah, now," said Ngatoro, "we have committed an error; we have been wanting in forethought."

"What is the matter?" asked Tama te Kapua.

"Before we set out last night we should have seen to it that all our water-vessels were full, so that there might be no delay in starting," replied Ngatoro.

"There is enough left of the water we brought with us to take us back again," asserted Tama te Kapua.

"Scarcely," answered Ngatoro. "At all events, here is one calabash quite empty."

"There is no water hereabouts," said Rangitu," who had overheard the conversation between the commanders; "but there is plenty in the river behind us. Let me have the calabash and I will go back and fill it."

To this course Ngatoro at once assented, so bearing the calabash Rangitu went confidently back to the stream.

Now Manaia and his pursuing warriors had by this time reached the river; but, following the tactics of those days, they were in a line concealed from view in the scrub. Entirely unaware of their proximity, Rangitu reached the river-bank and dipped his big calabash in the flowing waters, but being

light and empty it would not sink, so he would have to push the mouth of the vessel into the stream. He stooped for that purpose, but, detecting a suspicious sound behind him, suddenly sprang erect again. Whizz! A blow with a club was aimed at his head. Intuitively Rangitu held up the calabash, and the death-stroke was intercepted. The vessel, however, was shattered into many pieces; the handle only was left in his hand.

Instantly the position flashed upon the mind of Rangitu. This was no time to debate conclusions with his foe; he must warn his friends, so with a sudden dart he fled. Nearing the camp he shouted loud so that all the Arawa might grasp the fact that the enemy was near, and each of the one hundred and forty warriors of Ngatoro seized his weapon at once and ranged in line for conflict.

When Manaia beheld the flying figure of Rangitu he realised that any hope he might have entertained of taking his enemy by surprise was gone, and therefore he ordered an immediate advance. Out of the scrub then came his warriors pouring, not far behind the speeding Rangitu. But Rangitu, having approached near to his people and seen them with weapons in their hands prepared for battle, bravely turned upon the hurying foe. Again a blow was aimed at his head—it was from the hand of the same man who had sought to slay him by the river, and who came at him with an impetuous rush. Lightly Rangitu sprang aside, and with a swift stroke scattered the brains of his enemy over the sand. The brave Tangeroa rushed forward to the support of his friend, and soon he was busy striking and slaying. The huge Tama te Kapua stalked into the fray, and with sweeps of his mighty arm disposed of many. Other warriors of note and fame among the Arawa that day distinguished themselves. Their bravery, intrepidity, and skill with their weapons stood the Arawa in good stead against the numbers opposed to them, and rendered the contest of comparatively short duration. Beholding so many falling upon their side the people of Manaia became disheartened; the hope of achieving the victory died away; they became panic-stricken; they broke, they fled, the Arawa pursuing them to the river and killing many.

The name bestowed upon this battle was Tarai-whenua-kura. Manaia seems to have borne a charmed life, for again he escaped.

Having thus signally avenged themselves upon their enemies the Arawa launched again "The Totara-tree dug from the Earth" and sailed away for Aotea-roa. In due time they returned to Maketu, where there was great rejoicing when the news of their adventures and triumphant success came to be spread abroad. The warriors devoted themselves to the

building of their pas and villages, and to the cultivation of their plantations.

As for Manaia, very shortly he will be heard of again.

THE WANDERINGS OF THE ARAWA.

Then arose Ngatoro-i-rangi and led the children of Tama te Kapua back to Maketu as the late chief had commanded. They were warmly received by relatives and friends, and if they had remained at Moe-hau that place would have continued to them as an inheritance instead of passing into the possession of others. Being under *tapu* through having buried Tama te Kapau, as soon as he arrived at Maketu Ngatoro went into the waters to bathe and become clean, and this having been effected he took to wife a very lovely woman, the daughter of Ihenga. Ngatoro also made search for the invaluable eardrop kaukau-matua and recovered it, even as Tama te Kapua had said, hidden away under the window of what once had been his dwelling.

Now here for a brief period Ngatoro must be left in order that the experiences of Ihenga, his father-in-law, may be related. One day Ihenga set out by way of Hakomiti for Paritanga to catch kiwis (*Apterix australis*). One of the dogs Ihenga had brought with him chased a kiwi for a great distance until many miles separated him from his master. Then behold, the kiwi took refuge in a lake. The dog dived into the water, and finding some fish ate them to satisfy his hunger and then, having captured the kiwi, he brought the bird in his mouth to his master. Presently the dog became very sick and vomited.

"Ha!" exclaimed Ihenga, "my good dog has been eating fish; then must there be a lake in this neighbourhood."

Thereupon he returned to Maketu very joyfully with the intelligence.

Shortly afterwards Ihenga set out to explore the country in the neighbourhood of the place where his dog had eaten fish, and lo, sure enough he found a sheet of water which he named Lake Roto-iti. Here he set up a mark to show that he had been there and in order to substantiate his claim as the discoverer. Pursuing his investigations to the eastward he found another sheet of water, which was called Roto-rua. The water of this lake, he observed, had a current, it was flowing. Ihenga set up another mark in order to be enabled to claim this lake also as his own. Wandering along by the banks of the lake he was not at all well pleased to discover that he had not been the first to find the lake; there was a man ahead of him. Turning

back out of sight of this man Ihenga said to himself, "Ho, ho! what it has not been my good fortune to win by chance I must achieve by wit."

So diligently he set to work to build an altar where men could offer up their prayers, and where fishing-nets could be hung. He marked the sacred place round with large stones, and scattered round the driest and oldest-looking weeds he could find, as if they were the remains of offerings which had been presented years previously. Having completed the erection of his altar, and the delimitation of his sacred grove, Ihenga went into the bush, which was of koromeka and karamu, and there he set up posts to which he fastened bunches of flax-leaves, as had been the familiar practice in Hawa-iki from very ancient times. Carefully he studied how to give to everything the appearance of age.

Having completed all his arrangements to answer his purpose, Ihenga walked over to the village, where he knew a number of people had established themselves. As soon as they saw him approach all the people gave vent to their surprise with loud ejaculations and cries—"A stranger, a stranger, behold, a stranger is coming!"

But, apparently not taking any notice, Ihenga sat down upon the ground and waited. When all the people of the village had come forth to see the stranger, suddenly he jumped up.

"What stealing is this? What theft is this of you people here that are taking away from me my land" cried Ihenga, his throat appearing to swell with the rage o'ermastering him. "How dare you come to take from me my place; who authorised you; by what right are you here? Get you gone, you iniquitous people, be off, be off! Leave at once the place of the man who speaks to you, the place which of right to him belongs; to him alone; for he has dwelt here for a very long time—a very long time indeed!"

At this unexpected greeting the people stared in amazement and alarm. They were entirely unconscious of any intrusion upon the just rights of others, and had no intention of doing any harm.

This having been asserted and explained, Mari-punga-nui said, "But this is not your place as you have claimed. We have been here for such a length of time," naming a period, "and these are our habitations and plantations. This place belongs to us. If this is your place, where is your village, where is your altar, where your sacred place, your nets, your cultivations?"

This, of course, was the reply that Ihenga anticipated, so he answered, "My occupancy dates back before yours. As for my altars, my sacred places, my fishing-nets, come with

me and I will show them." So he led them to where his altar was.

"There!" he exclaimed. "There is my net hanging up against the ricks."

As a matter of fact there was no net there at all. Ihenga had scored some marks like to a net on the face of a cliff, and the people were too much agitated to notice the subterfuge.

"And there," he continued, "are the posts of pine around my village;" there was nothing there but some old stumps of trees. "And there is my sacred place; and now, having satisfied you about my nets and village, come and see my altar."

So Ihenga led them down to the altar and away from his other evidence, which could scarcely stand the test of close inspection. The sacred place and the altar having been viewed, belief came to the people that the place really belonged of right to Ihenga, and that they were intruders. So they agreed to go away.

The descendants of the chief Tua-Roto-rua departed from that place, but the people that, under Kawa-arero and Mataaho, had obtained possession of the island called Mokoia, in the lake, continued to dwell there.

Ihenga acquired possession of all the country round about Roto-rua, and he lived there until in the fulness of time he left for other and unknown spheres.

About this time it was that Ngatoro-i-rangi, to whom a return must now be made, resumed his patriotic peregrinations. Out upon the great central plains surrounding Lake Taupo he went stamping, and wherever he travelled sparkling springs followed in his footsteps. This, of course, accounts for Aotea-roa being the well-watered country it is to this day. It was at Lake Taupo that Ngatoro had a portion of his cloak, which was made of kiekie-leaves, stripped off by the scrub which grew thick here, when, lo, the strips from his cloak took root in the soil and became large trees, trees indeed nearly as large as the kahikatea tree, more familiarly known perhaps as the painanga.

Whilst he rested at Taupo, Ngatoro beheld Mount Tongariro, which indeed he could scarcely fail to do. The Mount was covered with snow, and presented such a beautiful spectacle that Ngatoro became imbued with an intense desire to ascend it. Before leaving upon this venturesome expedition, Ngatoro laid a strict injunction upon his people, saying: "Do not you, who I am about to leave behind, eat of food until I return, when we will all of us feast together. Remember this, I pray you, above all things."

This, to the superficial reader, may not appear particularly considerate, especially when in the course of nature the thought might occur to them that Ngatoro was not coming

back. Ngatoro, however, was not thinking of their appetites so much as of his own preservation, which, after all, is the first law.

As events transpired, Ngatoro found the distance to the mountain to be further than he had thought, and the difficulties of the ascent to be much greater, so that a considerable time had elapsed before any great degree of progress had been made. As a matter of fact, he had nearly attained to the summit of Tongariro when the hunger of his people proved too much for them, and they began to eat, as not improbably most would do under similar circumstances. Then, woe was it to Ngatoro! Consequent upon this transgression of his disobedient people, Tongariro immediately became more precipitous, the footing more treacherous, the difficulties and the dangers more immense. The great *tohunga*, however, struggled gallantly onward and upward, no doubt bringing to bear his most potent influences upon the recalcitrant mountain, and, although the effort nearly cost him his life, he triumphed at last. Standing there, lonely, upon the top of Tongariro, Ngatoro found the air very chill and piercing; indeed, it was so cold that he shivered unceasingly, and he would infallibly have perished had not a happy thought occurred to him. Pressed by the dire necessities of his uncomfortable situation, he remembered the gods of old Hawa-iki, and aloud he called upon them to render him assistance. His distress was extreme, so everything must be forgiven to him. The gods of old Hawa-iki were happily at hand—in fact they were ready awaiting to be called. No sooner did they hear the voice of Ngatoro raised in entreaty than, lo, the surface of the summit of Tongariro was burst asunder, and with a mighty roar fire in vast volume leapt forth. Ngatoro warmed himself comfortably, keeping first his face, then turning his back to the rollicking flames. It grew hot, very hot, too awfully hot, so that Ngatoro had no difficulty in concluding it was time to return. He did not mind the precipices during the progress of his descent; in truth he rather enjoyed and was grateful for them. He cleared them at a bound. He flew over the treacherous soil and jagged rocks, and huge boulders he surmounted with the agility of an antelope. His astounded followers had scarcely finished one of their meals when, behold, he was amongst them again. It is alleged that upon his return Ngatoro spoke very roughly to his truculent people, but diligent inquiries have proved that in those days there were many travellers, and the value at which travellers' tales are set has passed into a proverb.

It was further asserted that the fire which the gods of old Hawa-iki sent in obedience to the call of Ngatoro came, underneath the earth, by way of Whaka-ari, or White Island, of

Mau-tohora, of Okakaru, of Roto-ehu, of Roto-iti, of Roto-rua, of Tara-wera, of Pae-roa, of Orakeikorako, and of Taupo, bursting forth at all those places, until finally it went up in clouds of smoke and sheets of flame at Tongariro to warm the lonely figure sitting disconsolate and alone, and shivering, on its icy summit, and of this there cannot be the slightest doubt. There are no travellers' tales about Tongariro. Ngatoro and his people returned safely to Maketu.

Now, as may have been gathered, the people who came to Aotea-roa under Tama te Kapua in the "Arawa" had increased in number, and they spread themselves, taking up country everywhere. Some followed Ihenga to Roto-rua, some located themselves by Lake Taupo, some penetrated even as far as Whanganui and Kua-tahuna, so that it can readily be understood that, notwithstanding their increase, there were few left in Maketu, and these few were the oldest and the most infirm of the people. Ngatoro-i-rangi, upon whom the burden of many years of rough experience was beginning to tell, dwelt on the island of Motiti, which he had made his home. The people who came in the "Tai-nui" were still at Kawhia, where they had established themselves.

The old "Arawa" canoe, which had served the people of Tama te Kapua well, was hauled up on a bank of the River Maketu, covered carefully over with a roof of thatch and dried leaves to protect it from the inclemencies of the weather and the ravages of time, for, very properly, nothing they possessed could be more honoured than this memento of their memorable voyage.

Now, it happened that Raumati, a chief of the people who had come to Aotea-roa in the "Tai-nui," knowing of the position of the "Arawa" canoe and the honour in which it was held, became filled with spite and envy. In order to vex the Arawa people he resolved to destroy their canoe. Starting with a few of his immediate dependants Raumati reached Tauranga, where he halted. In the dusk of evening he pressed on to Maketu, and in the darkness of night he reached the bank of the river at a place opposite to where the canoe lay. On this particular night it happened that there was no one in Maketu. The Arawa people were all scattered in the forests at Tapu-ikoe and at the Wai-taha fishing, fowling, collecting food, for it was the season when such work should be done, Ngatoro being at his home in Motiti, so that Raumati was quite safe and free to carry out his designs. Even the pa was left tenantless and unguarded. Taking a dart Raumati fastened some combustible material to one end of it, lighted it, and threw it across the river at the canoe. It struck the sheltering roof, and speedily the thatch was a mass of roaring flame. The famous canoe was wholly destroyed.

Now, had Raumati and his people retired immediately they perceived the thatch covering the canoe had been ignited it might have been well for them and for many others; but, apparently fascinated by the brilliant glare which the flames from the dry burning materials cast, they lingered on. When morning dawned they could see that there was not a soul within the pa, so without hesitation they at once crossed the river and entered the village, which they found entirely deserted.

The glare of the flames could scarcely fail to attract the attention of the Arawa. Those of the tribe scattered about in the forest, at Tapu-ikoi, from the reflection cast upon the heavens, at first came to the conclusion that nothing less than their whole village could be burning; but those who were at Wai-taha, near the seashore, were in a position to better judge. They at once said, "It is the 'Arawa' which is burning; it must have been accidentally set on fire by some of our friends that have come to visit us."

For, naturally enough, they could not imagine that any one, out of pure mischief and bad feeling, could be guilty of such a wanton act of vandalism; but when they came to examine the traces which had been left by Raumati and his people, they saw clearly that the deed had been the performance of a secret enemy. Where the good canoe "Arawa" had lain there was nothing but a heap of ashes. Then promptly messengers were sent forth to the south, the west, the north, to inform all the people belonging to the tribe of what had taken place, and to warn them to be on their guard against the machinations of their foes.

Discussing the subject of the burning of the "Arawa" in their house of assembly, the children of Hou, one of the chiefs of immigration, remembered the words of their father, delivered to them as they were upon the point of leaving Hawa-iki, as part of his farewell: "O, my children! O, Mako! O, Tia! O, Hei! hearken to these my solemn words. In Hawa-iki there was but one great chief, and his name was Whaka-tauihu. Now, my dear children, you are about to depart from these shores in peace, and do you remember in the land to which you go to love peace. Do not follow after the deeds of 'Tu,' the god of war; if you do you will surely perish as if swept off by the winds. Follow rather quiet and useful employments, so that in the end you will die tranquilly a natural death. Depart then, and peace go with you and dwell with you. Leave war and all its attendant sorrows here in Hawa-iki behind you. Avoid all cause of strife. War it is, and the evils resulting from war, that is driving you hence from your native home. Dwell in peace whither you are going; conduct yourselves always like high-minded men; let there be no quarrel-

ling amongst you; build up a great, a noble people. Again, I say, depart in peace!"

These were the parting words of Houmai-ta-whiti to his children, and every one can judge for themselves of their value. Now were the Arawa aware of a secret enemy who had treacherously, in the silence and the darkness of the night, stolen into their village and burned their canoe. Were they, remembering the treasured words of their beloved father, to overlook this injury, or were they to avenge it? If they were to allow this deed to pass without notice, would not that be the surest way to invite the perpetration of further acts of insult and outrage? Did they proceed to retaliation upon their foes, would not that prove the inception of a warfare the end of which could not be foreseen? Again, they considered that it was through war and its desolating consequences that they had left their parents, their homes, their native land; and now, behold, war and all the evils of war were brought face to face with them in the new land to which they had journeyed in hope to escape from the abomination. What were they to do—what course, in their circumstances, should they follow? Under such an injury how could they be patient, and, even if they could, was not patience most impolitic?

Long and anxiously they considered and debated these questions, sometimes where two or three were working or gathered together, sometimes when a large number were met in their house of assembly; but at last an end was put to deliberation, and unanimously it was decided to seek for compensation for the burning of the "Arawa" by Raumati. Then was commenced the great war which for many years was waged between the people who came to Aotea-roa in the "Tai-nui" and the tribe of the Arawa.

THE LEGEND OF MANAIA SEEKING REVENGE.

When, after their successful expedition to Hawa-iki, the Arawa returned to Maketu, Ngatoro-i-rangi resumed his occupation of the island of Motiti, Tama te Kapua and the main body of the warriors going on to the mainland at the mouth of the Waihi River. On Motiti Ngatoro erected a strongly fortified pa for the protection of the few followers that remained with him, and this place he called Matarehu. For his own use he built near the shore a large house richly embellished with carvings and other ornamental work. Upon this house Ngatoro bestowed the name of Tai-maihi-o-Rongo. He had also a fine large cellar, or underground store-house, for the housing of his stock of sweet potatoes. This store-

house he named Te Marihope. The fame of these things spread abroad throughout Aotea-roa, and greatly increased the mana of Ngatoro-i-rangi as a *tohunga*. His people on Motiti went out fishing, or in the early morning sailed across to the mainland to hunt or to work on the plantations there, so that he and his old wife were left pretty much to themselves. It may be guessed that, except for an uneasy thought or two given to Manaia, Ngatoro had every reason to suppose the remainder of his days would be passed in peace and happiness.

But Manaia was not a man to sit supinely under a sense of wrong. His territory had been invaded and, through a treacherous trick, his people had been slain ; his fortress had been captured, and all within massacred. He had been defeated in the field, and forced to fly ; he burned for revenge—an ample and complete retaliation. It necessarily took a long time to construct the required canoes, provision them with stores, and gather together his chosen warriors and navigators ; but the indefatigability and persistency with which a Maori chief will labour in such a cause has now come to be well understood.

At length, all preparations being completed, Manaia put to sea ; the voyage to Aotea-roa was successfully accomplished; and suddenly, late one fine evening, a large fleet of canoes, bearing a whole host of hostile warriors, appeared off the shore of Motiti. They paddled their vessels along the coast of the island, making straight for the landing-place, near to which stood the fine residence of Ngatoro-i-rangi. Ngatoro came out from his house, and when they saw him standing on the shore with a few of his people Manaia's warriors rested on their paddles.

"Ho, ho ! my dear brother-in-law," exclaimed Manaia, whose canoe was closest to the beach, "right glad am I to see you. Behold, we have come a long way to settle an old score with you. Come out here and fight if you dare, ere yet the day-light be gone."

Ngatoro was not at all surprised at the sight which met his gaze. Indeed, knowing Manaia and the custom of the people to seek revenge for injuries, real or imagined, he had lived in constant anticipation of a hostile visitation, and there at last was the enemy in formidable array.

"Well done, O my brother-in-law," Ngatoro, replied cheerfully. "I too am right glad of this meeting. It is now already getting dark, and in a few minutes it will be darker still ; presently it will be so dark that, should we fight, we shall be unable to see to meet the edge of one weapon with the edge of another. We should neither know where to strike nor how to parry. Do you anchor where you are for to-night, and to-morrow we will fight to your heart's content."

This proposal seemed reasonable enough, and, deeming his success as assured as if all the people on Motiti were already dead, Manaia saw no reason why he should not assent to it. Therefore he called: "You are right, O, brother-in-law; it is already grown dark. To-morrow will we fight, if fight it may be called, for assuredly you are all delivered into my hand."

"Very good," answered Ngatoro, "on the morrow we shall see. In the meantime you had better bring your fleet to the anchorage which lies outside there. It will be better for you."

Manaia fell in with this proposal, and ordered that the fleet should anchor in the place Ngatoro had indicated, which was off a reef where in stormy weather great seas broke heavily. Having accomplished his purpose Ngatoro returned to his home.

Having appetites well quickened by the fresh sea-breezes Manaia's warriors set to work to cook their evening meal, of which they partook heartily. Then, knowing as they did that there were not many people to resist them on the island, each warrior proceeded to vaunt his prowess, and to slay numbers beforehand. Nor was the feast on fresh meat that would follow forgotten. Again, the old story of pleasant anticipations was repeated. One would have a loin, another a shoulder, another a leg. A gorgeous gorge would be theirs. *Hakas*, songs, all sorts of diversions ensued, and they held a very merry time. Thus it is ever; we know not what a moment may bring forth, and it is the unexpected that usually happens.

Whilst these scenes were taking place on board Manaia's fleet, Ngatoro-i-rangi repaired to his sacred place and there he exercised his enchantments and magical arts. His wife was with him repeating incantations with a fervour and persistency that could not be surpassed. And well it was for them to be diligent, for their lives and the lives of all the people on Motiti depended upon the success of their efforts. Then, returning to their own home, the work of incantation and enchantment was continued. Here, sitting by the window, the aged couple could distinctly hear the taunts and the insults heaped upon them by the insolent foe. The warriors of Manaia were giving a free rein to their fancy over the events which would follow on the slaughter of the morrow. They could hear the war-songs; they knew of weapons being brandished, of the *haka* being danced. It was too much for human patience to endure. Another and a still more powerful effort must be put forth.

Arising, Ngatoro loosened and threw aside his garments. Standing naked the old priest repeated an ancient and most

powerful incantation. He called upon the gods of the olden time. He summoned from the far south a visitation of winds and storms. He conjured the lightnings to appear, and the incessant thunders to roll. He demanded that Tawhiri-matea should hearken unto the voice of his faithful priest, who had never yet called to him in vain. Winds, storms, hurricanes, tornadoes, lightnings to blast and thunders to terrify—these were his prayers that they might arise and engulph the host of Manaia and scatter them dead upon the shore. Never was seen such a scene of enchanting power until, quivering in every fibre and foaming at the mouth, the aged priest fell prostrate on the floor. Presently recovering himself, Ngatoro resumed his garments and his place by the side of his wife at the window to await the first faint streaks of the coming day, and such momentous developments as day might bring.

Lo, in the middle space, betwixt the beginning of the night and the dawn, there fell upon their eagerly listening ears a sound light as the whisper of a sigh. The old couple, watching and waiting, looked at each other with eyes of doubt as if they questioned the reliability of their sense. Another sound, which stirred the foliage outside their dwelling into a rustle. There could be no doubt of that; it was the breath of the coming wind. Ngatoro and his wife looked at each other and smiled. Another sound, plainer—more pronounced—than the last, and they leapt to their feet in gladness; it was coming—it was coming—their prayers had been heard, not yet were they to die. Stronger and stronger, now to violence rose the wind; down in seemingly solid sheets came the rain; vivid lightnings darted and flashed across the blackened sky; continuously the awful thunder rolled from sphere to sphere; a tempest raged such as never tempest had raged before.

On board of his canoe Manaia lay snoring when first this storm arose; and most of his braves, overcome by their exertions of the early period of the night, were doing their best to prove what excellent imitators of their chief they could be. Speedily all were aroused by the tumult the gale evoked, and very conscious they soon became of their danger. Little could they do, however, against the furious blast, and speedily they became enshrouded in a darkness so opaque that absolutely nothing could be accomplished. By the lurid glares that fitfully lit the heavens the warriors in one canoe could snatch a glimpse of the fearful fate that was overtaking the people in others. The mountainous waves that rolled in upon that fatal shore began to overwhelm them. Upon the rocks the waters dashed with a roar, broke into foam and arose in clouds of spray to the frowning sky. On board the canoes, confusion, dismay, wild terror reigned. One by one they

were swamped and went down in the pitiless sea. Realising the fate that must inevitably overtake the canoes, many of the warriors cast themselves into the boiling, turbulent waters in hope to reach the shore; but vain the efforts of the bravest, the strongest, the most expert. When at length the daylight came, of all that host of confident manhood, which in the evening was so full of joyous anticipation, not one was left alive.

Satisfied that their incantations and charms had accomplished their purpose—that the gods had heard and would answer their prayers—after fastening up their dwelling securely Ngatoro and his wife had lain down to rest, but all through the night they were kept awake by the howling of the storm, the shouts, the cries of distress, the wild exclamations of strong men in their agony. The gale, however, had been of short duration. Quickly had it come, soon it passed away. With the dawn Ngatoro's wife arose and went down to the beach. The fleet of Manaia had disappeared; the shore was strewn with the torn remains of the dead. Presently Ngatoro himself came forth. He gave the name of Te Aputahi-a-Pawa to the storm which had caused this destruction; to the catastrophe itself he gave the name Maikukutea, because, ravenous fish having stripped off great portions of the flesh of Manaia's warriors, little more than their bones could be found. Manaia's body, however, was identified through the tattoo marks on one of his arms.

Ngatoro caused a fire to be lighted as a signal to his relatives and friends at Maketu that an event of importance had occurred, and that he desired them to come to the island. Speedily at Maketu canoes were launched, and over the intervening sea they came in numbers. Among them were the one hundred and forty warriors who, under Ngatoro-i-rangi and Tama te Kapua, had gone to Hawa-iki, in "The Totara-tree dug from the Earth," to avenge the curse of Manaia. As may be readily imagined, when they arrived at Motiti all were greatly astonished at what had taken place, and they rejoiced exceedingly. They were no less impressed with the wonderful exhibition of his power which had been given by Ngatoro, so that the fame of the great *tohunga* increased and spread still further abroad.

Thus was avenged the curse of Mutahanga and of Manaia.

THE LEGEND OF THE MIGRATION OF TAMATEA.

In the bright warm land of Hawa-iki Tamatea was a very great chief. Through very many generations could his ancestry be traced, but his clear, far-sighted judgment and his serene

wisdom added to the prestige he derived from his birth. His tribes were the Nga-ti-hura-mano and the Nga-ti-huka-moana. Tamatea himself dwelt at Whangara. His pa was called Titi-rangi. In the neighbourhood of Tamatea's tribes dwelt other tribes, one of which, known as the Ngati-punga-to-roa, had for chief Ropata-hi, whose pa was called Te-Aurau. Tai Kehu was the name of another chief, whose pa was known as Au-ti-ke. Now, it was in the time of Tamatea that Kupe went across the sea a very great way, and having returned he spread the news of a new and good land he had discovered in the midst of the solitary wastes of ocean, and because he had been such a long time without seeing any land he had named it Atea-Aotea-roa (a long light). He had told the people strange tales of stirring adventure, how at length he had attained to the light, and of the gladness which had swelled in his heart, Te Ao-marama, at the sight of that fair and beautiful land.

Every one in Hawa-iki was greatly excited by the news brought by Kupe. In the pas and hapus nothing else was talked of. Some believed in the story, some did not. Some declared it was a hoax, a fairy-tale devised by Kupe to enhance his mana. Then a great number of the chiefs felt it their duty to take the matter up and inquire into this thing that troubled the people. So they met and questioned Kupe, but he answered them in such a way that none could doubt his truth. Then they very eagerly inquired in what direction from Hawa-iki this bright new land lay. Kupe, who sought not to conceal anything, told them if they would seek this land they must keep the bows of their canoes to the east, following the morning star (Kopu), that they should not follow the tail of Te Ika (the great fish of heaven), for that would lead them astray, and then the great Tonga and Maru (the southerly and westerly winds) would surely waft them thither.

There arose amongst the chiefs a great, a burning desire to go to this new land at once; they would seek it and there would they dwell in peace; but the difficulty was that they had no large canoes suitable for the undertaking of a voyage so prolonged, nor had they the requisite tools with which to make canoes. There were, however, in Hawa-iki tribes that possessed greenstone (pounamou) adzes as well as adzes made of flint (mata). To these tribes, therefore, went those who were desirous to depart, bargaining with them to build canoes or to lend the use of their adzes, for which they would agree to pay with the surrender to them of the lands they proposed to abandon in Hawa-iki.

Toi it was who was the first to depart to the new land. Many expected that Toi would return and tell them the result

of his discoveries, but he came not back again to Hawa-iki. Then, after a time, went Rua forth. In due time Rua reached the west side of the North Island of Aotea-roa, and lo! there he found Toi settled with his people. Toi behaved well to the storm-tossed voyagers. He gave them of the fern-root (ahura), the cabbage-tree (ti), and the fern-tree (pongo), and with birds and fish he refreshed them until again they grew strong.

When first the food was presented to Rua he looked at it long. The birds and the fish, of course, were familiar to him, but the vegetables he knew not, and they surprised him. Having tasted them curiously, Rua asked, "Is this the food of your country?"

To which answered Toi, "Yes. Never have I to make plantations for these things, for over all the land very liberally are they provided by Rangi and Papa. For richness and delicacies this is a land fit for women and children—a land where no man need labour. From the curse of Ra (the sun, great overpowering heat) we live free in this land, and Papa has blessed us exceedingly with roots and water, whilst Te-waorui-a-Tane (the great forests of Tane) bounteously supplies us with birds and rats."

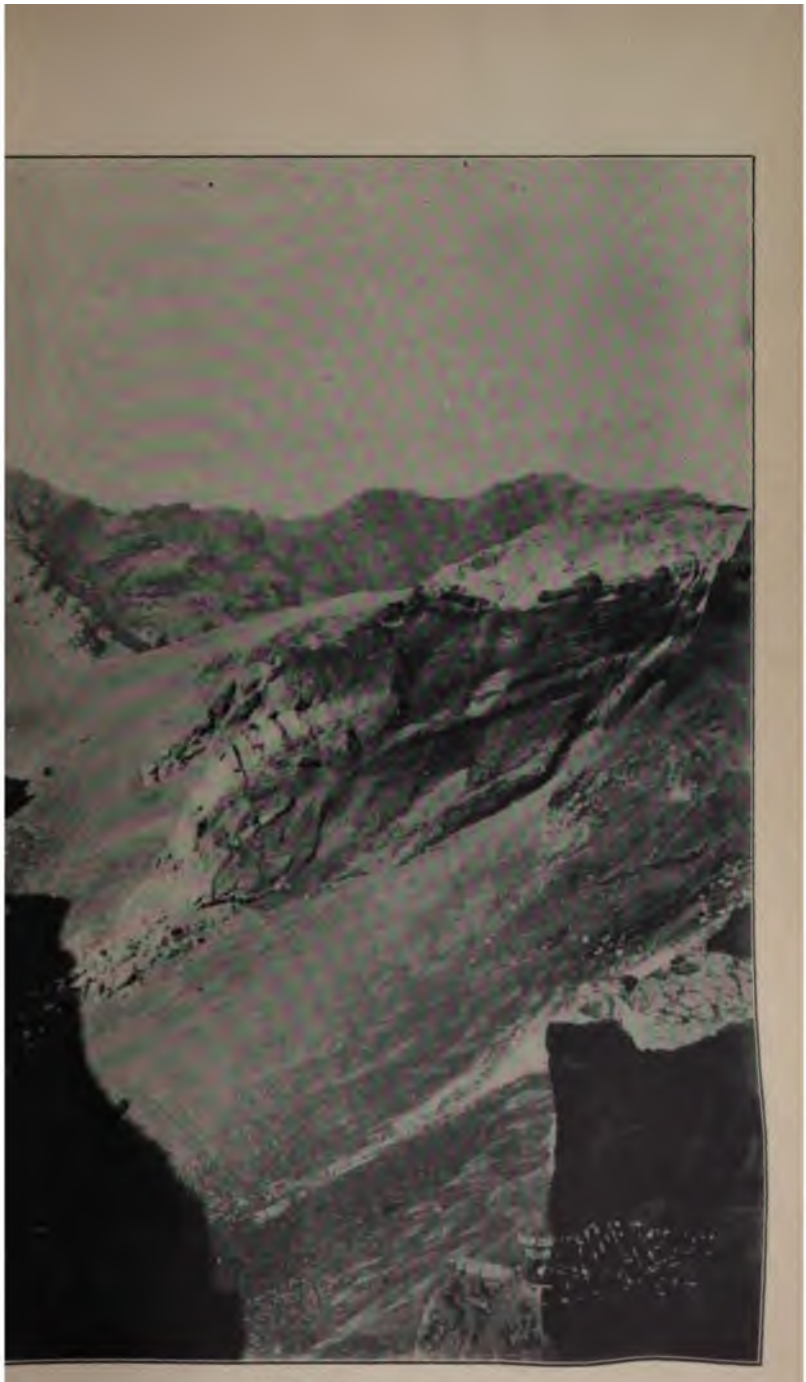
Taking off his belt, then said Rua to one of his own people, "I cannot now eat of this stuff; put some kumara in water and have it ready for me." Then, turning to Toi, he remarked, "I cannot do without the kumara. You must go back to Hawa-iki and fetch hither seeds of the kumara and of the taro, the bread-foods of your ancestors, which lie buried in the bosom of Hawa-iki."

To this Toi assented, saying he would return. But this he did not mean; his thought was that Rua and he should stay in Aotea-roa, and that they would send others back to Hawa-iki for the seeds desired.

When the matter had been made plain Rua combatted it, saying, "Why should not we go back? The people that we would send have no mana; they have not the sanction of the gods necessary to take them safely across the ocean; so they would inevitably perish."

To which Toi, making answer, said, "Rua, from the day when first I landed great thoughts have been with me. I am the rock of this new land called Aotea-roa. Now, you having come hither, there shall be two rocks instead of one. In fear that the drifting ocean bring others driving upon this land, so that we lose our power; you can take one island, I will take the other."

To which said Rua, "Why should such as you and I prevent the rising family of Papa from suckling on her breasts?"



Ngauruhoe

Then Toi said, "Go thou, then. I shall stay as a rock on this island."

Then Rua, lifting up his head, answered, "Good. To Hawa-iki will I go back, but when the stars of heaven arise from over the line of the ocean (in the spring-time), behold! I shall return to this land of Aotea-roa."

Leaving a few of his people behind him Rua went back to Hawa-iki, where, when he had safely arrived, all the chiefs gathered round him to learn the news. Rua faithfully described the new country, and reported all that had taken place between him and Toi. Still there were doubters. There were those to question the reliability of Rua, just as they had questioned the truthfulness of Kupe. Rua assured them that every word that had been spoken by him was the truth, and that all that was wanting in the new land to render it a paradise fit for the gods was the kumara and the taro. These must be sent; never forget this if any people go from here to the new land. "The country," he cried, "is a land blessed of Rangi and Papa; bright, clear, soft are the skies; green and fertile are the hills and the valleys; prolific in food are the seas and the forests; whilst ever-sparkling waters and noble lakes afford delight to the eyes of man—a land it is where women and children by themselves might live and thrive."

The words of Rua, swift as the wind, swept over the plain, and spread quickly through Hawa-iki, so that the breast of every chief was throbbing with hope and the ardour of spirited enterprise. Women and children even shared in the general fever to be up and doing something that would help to a realisation of the eager desire to depart for the new land of promise that was so prolific and so blessed—the land where the burning curse of Ra under which they laboured was unknown.

As the entire population seemed infected with a determination to migrate, the old difficulty about canoes at once reappeared. How was it possible to obtain or build a sufficient number of canoes to convey so many people? Something, however, it was felt, would have to be done. As a first step the chiefs issued orders to their *tohungas*, and to those who had achieved reputations as skilful in the art of building canoes, that no canoes should be built for other than the people of the tribes to which they, the *tohungas* and workmen, belonged, so that it might be assured that only those belonging to recognised tribes would be taken; so, too, that the new land should not be occupied by any but superior people; so, too, that there would be no danger of over-population, for they knew not what size the new land might be. Next the chiefs resolved that, when they left Hawa-iki, they should take with

them all the *tohungas* and the clever workpeople. Not one of the *tohungas* should they leave behind, and this determination they kept as a close secret among themselves. Not *tohungas* belonging only to the migrating tribes, but *tohungas* belonging to tribes that did not desire to get away or had no chance of obtaining canoes with which to depart, would they take, so that there should not be one *tohunga* left in all Hawa-iki. They were prepared to steal the *tohungas* of their neighbours.

The chiefs next resolved that the *tohungas* should be divided and apportioned, so that one canoe should not take all the *tohungas* of one class and another canoe all the *tohungas* of another class. The *tohungas* should be apportioned so that each canoe should have *tohungas* learned in navigation and a knowledge of the stars, *tohungas* learned in agriculture, *tohungas* acquainted with the mysteries of Hawa-ikian history, mythology, incantations, sorcery, &c., and *tohungas* who were skilful canoe-builders and house-builders—each canoe should carry its fair proportion. By fair speeches and many liberal and specious promises the *tohungas* were incited to exert themselves in forwarding all the necessary preparations for the voyage; but when at length the canoes had been launched upon the water, the provisions and requisites being all on board, and everything being ready for sail to be made, sometimes by artifice, sometimes by force, all the *tohungas* were secured, and never afterwards were they permitted to touch again the shores of Hawa-iki.

Now, although the great bulk of the people in Hawa-iki were excitedly anxious to depart for the new land of Aotea-roa, Tamatea kept his thoughts to himself, so that there were many who thought that he did not put any faith in the stories of Kupe and Rua.

Tamatea said, "As for me and my people, here in Hawa-iki, we will remain where the land is solid under our feet; we will not traverse the mountainous waves of ocean in a vain search for any supposed new lands. In truth, in all the world there are but four lands—Hawa-iki, Tawhiti-nui, Ta-whiti-roa, and Ta-Whiti-pamammao—so that there could not be any new land as they say," and all his people agreed with the word of Tamatea.

Well, it happened that at this time adjoining the country of Tamatea dwelt the tribe of two brothers named Pu-whaka-awe and Puhi-wha-nake, and lo, a strange tribe under a chief known as Maka-hua came against them, defeated them in battle, and took from them a considerable portion of their country, which contained all the rivers and coasts (the fishing-grounds) of greatest value. The unfortunate circumstances in which the brothers Pu-whaka-awe and Puhi-

wha-nake now found themselves led them to seriously consider the question of joining in the migration, and leading their tribe, the Ngati-te-wai-taha, to the new land. After a time the brothers decided that they would leave Hawaiki, and they proceeded to make preparations accordingly, but the first and the chief difficulty was the matter of building a canoe which would be large enough to take their tribe. They had no *tohungas* who knew how such a canoe should be made, nor had they the stone adzes and other tools with which to build it. In the forest, a day or two's journey from their place, was a big tree which had been made *rahui* (set apart for a canoe) by their ancestor, Makahua, and this tree the brothers caused to be grubbed, the customary mode of falling trees in those times. Then went Puhi-wha-nake to the Tu-wao-tu Tribe, who were famous for their skill in the art of canoe-building, and asked them to send their *tohungas* to assist in the making of the canoe.

When Puhi-wha-nake told the chiefs of the Tu-wao-tu what he came for they demanded, "Who is Puhi-wha-nake, and who is Pu-whaka-awe, that they should come here asking our *arikis* to build their canoe for them? Go thou back, and come hither never again."

Thereupon Puhi-wha-nake, with a heavy heart, returned to his brother. When he had told Pu-whaka-awe the result of his visit to the Tu-wao-tu, the latter said, "Go you now to Tamatea, and to Pawa, and ask them if they will consent to send their *tohungas* to build our canoe."

So Puhi-wha-nake went his way to Tamatea. When he reached Ti-ti-rangi, the pa where Tamatea dwelt, and had delivered his message, Tamatea answered, "First will I have to consult the chiefs Pawa, Tai Kehu, Rua-wharo, and Rongo-patahi, who are my friends, before I can do this thing. They must consent to what you propose. Rest you here awhile, and I will send to them."

Tamatea sent to the chiefs accordingly, and it was agreed that the canoe should be made for the Te-ngati-waitaha. Puhi-wha-nake then, with a light heart, went back to his brother with the good news.

Then said Pu-whaka-awe, "Go, take the people, and build bush-huts near the tree, wherein the *tohungas* of Tamatea that are coming may dwell; and provide plenty of food, lest they demand that people of our tribe be killed for them so that they may eat."

Then news came to the brothers that Tamatea's people were busy grinding their adzes and fastening them to handles preparatory to coming along to work, and Puhi-wha-nake built the huts and stored them with food, as his brother had told him. Tamatea sent Te Rongo-patahi, Rua-wharo, Tahu-

para, Kawe-kawa, and others, the most skilful men he had, with the best adzes of greenstone and flint, to build the canoe, and in due time they reached Wai-ke-hu, where the tree lay.

Having completed the work of building the canoe for the brothers, Pu-whaka-awe and Puhi-wha-nake, Tamatea's *tohungas* then decided that they would build another canoe for their own chief and people, so they felled another tree and built another canoe. The work being finished, two stages of scaffolding were erected, and a canoe in its several pieces was hoisted upon each. Then were the canoes covered over with layers of leaves to a thickness of 2 ft. or 3 ft., and for two whole winters left to season. The canoes would have to be constantly watched lest the winds, sweeping the leaves away, left them exposed to the burning rays of the sun, whilst the boards cut for building up the sides and for seating would require to be turned to prevent them from cracking or twisting. If it was found that the inside of a canoe was becoming too dry, it would be moved so as to rest upon its keel, and the inside would be filled up with leaves, so that when the rains came the leaves would retain the moisture. Therefore were there always some people kept in the vicinity of the canoes to take care of them. When the time came for the canoes to be taken to the sea, a track had to be cut through the forest, and skids had to be got ready over which they could be easily hauled. All this work was done at Wai-ke-hu. But when the track through the forest had been cut to a point where the nearest way to Pu-whaka-awe's place was in one direction and the nearest way to Tamatea's place was in another direction, then trouble arose. Tamatea's people wanted only one track to be cut, over which both canoes should be taken, and that track should be to Whangara. To this Pu-whaka-awe would not agree. He wanted his canoe taken to his own place. He said—and his words have passed into a proverb—"Let the canoe be floated in the fishing-ground of my daughter" (*Me mana kiroto-awa hi-i-ka-a taku ta wahine*). To this, for his part, Tamatea would not consent. However, notwithstanding Tamatea's opposition, the people of Pu-whaka-awe proceeded with the work of cutting a track to their own place; Tamatea's people cutting a track to Whangara. Then, when Tamatea's people had reached their home, behold, they learned that in payment for the building of their canoe it was the intention of the brothers and their people to leave to Tamatea and his people and the chiefs and the tribes that were his friends only the remainder of their country, that poor portion—all they had—left to them by Maka-hua.

Then up rose Rua-wharo, one of the canoe-builders, demanding in words which have passed into a proverb, "Whose

wish shall reach the far land at the end of the sea, and am I to lodge my mind to a conquered land?" (*No wai tokoro ka tawhiti ki whenua i te pito o moana no wai te kohou noho ki te whenua raupata*).

Then said Tamatea, referring to this saying of Rua-wharo's, "Close your ears; listen not to the spreading wind of the travellers [travellers' tales]. Pu-whaka-awe and Puhi-wha-nake are the leading chiefs of their tribe, and not yet have they come to say they will pay us with the conquered land."

However, soon after Pu-whaka-awe arrived at Titi-rangi to make offer of all the lands of his tribe in payment for the building of the canoe.

"No," exclaimed Te-Rongo-patahi, "no land will we take; but for the building of that canoe we will have the Nga-ti-waitaha tribe and the canoe as well in payment for our labour."

Upon hearing these fateful words then it was, with a deeply sorrowful heart, Pu-whaka-awe returned to his brother. They quickly resolved that they would as soon as possible bring their canoe from the forest, launch it, fill it with provisions, and with their people haste away so as to avoid the fate that seemed in store for them. But their counsels had been overheard by Tu-kaua-hi, a young man married to Puhi-wha-nake's daughter, and at that time living with his father-in-law, and, treacherously, he stole off to Whangara and told to Rua-wharo what the Ngati-waitaha proposed to do. Rua-wharo felt that it was time to act, and act at once. Thereupon he made a skid which he rendered *tapu*, and over which he repeated certain very powerful incantations. This skid he placed under the bow of the canoe which had been made for the Ngati-waitaha. Then he invoked his *atua*—Tu-rui-a-to-ika—to let the skid remain in the position where he had placed it, so that when the Ngati-waitaha came to take away the canoe they should be unable to move it.

Presently, the people of Pu-whaka-awe and Puhi-wha-nake came along to fetch their canoe. Noticing the skid already under the bow they let it remain, for it was a good skid. Usually in the moving of a canoe six people are employed behind the canoe to pick up the skids over which it has passed, and to carry them to the front, and six more men are employed in laying down in front the skids over which the canoe will have to travel. Four ropes are led out from the bow with which to haul the canoe over the skids, whilst four ropes are led out from the stern with which to check the speed, if when going down a declivity there is a tendency to go too fast, and so control over the movement be lost. Then on each side of the canoe there are

a number of men to keep it from swaying from side to side, and so coming to hurt. Such is the general process employed, and the care adopted in bringing a canoe from the forest to the water—sometimes a very great distance.

The Ngati-waitaka having in all respects prepared their canoe for its long overland journey, they fixed their ropes and began to pull. Not far had they gone, however, before they came to a rise in the ground, and here the canoe, swinging from the skids, turned right over, killing a number and maiming others of the people who were employed to keep the vessel steady. Naturally, this created a great deal of confusion, and for the time put an end to further progress. The people beneath the canoe had to be extricated, the dead removed, the wounded taken home. This sad work accomplished, the Ngati-waitaha were frightened to attempt to proceed again with the removal of the canoe, knowing that the worst and most dangerous part of the track had not yet been reached.

Now the time arrived for Tamatea's people to go to the forest and bring home their canoe, but, besides adopting the usual precautions, their *tohungas* got a very long pole and secured it along the top of the canoe from bow to stern, the ends of the pole projecting well out from the canoe. Men at these projecting ends were enabled to give great assistance in keeping the canoe from rolling. In this way the canoe of Tamatea's people was got home safely and without much difficulty.

Now, when Pu-whaka-awe and Puhi-wha-nake learned that Tamatea's canoe had been brought home all right, they determined that another attempt should be made to bring home their canoe; so they and their whole tribe went out to make one more strenuous endeavour. They got the canoe on the skids again, and made some little progress, until, presently, they came to a hill over which the canoe would have to be dragged. At this place the canoe, which evidently had a will of its own, could not be got to stay on the skids; it kept rolling from side to side in the most threatening manner until the Ngati-waitaha got frightened, and again they left it. It really seemed as if this obstreperous canoe would become a wreck before ever it got near to water. In this extremity it occurred to Puhi-wha-nake to go again to Tamatea and solicit the assistance of his people. So, without consulting any one, he went to Ti-ti-rangi, where he saw Tamatea, who was with his chiefs, and begged that he would allow his people to help the Ngati-waitaha to bring home their canoe, which otherwise stood in some danger of being destroyed.

Then said Pawa, a leading chief, "Yes, I for one am willing, if the canoe is first brought here, but I am not willing

otherwise. You would take your own way, but you have been obliged to come to us at last."

Upon receiving this answer Puhi-wha-nake, sore at heart, left Ti-ti-rangi and went to his brother, to whom he related what he had done and what had come of it.

"Let it be even so," said Pu-whaka-awe, "If we do not get the assistance of Tamatea's people we will never have the canoe here. It is our only hope."

And so it was agreed between Tamatea's people and the Ngati-waitaha, and very soon afterwards the canoe was taken safely to Ti-ti-rangi.

When it got there new difficulties arose. The canoe, of course, was in sections, and the Ngati-waitaha had no people skilful enough to build the sections together, neither did they know how to place or fasten the side-boards on, nor how to finish the work in any degree. They were therefore constrained to solicit Tamatea again that he would allow his people to do this work for them. Tamatea readily consented, and the work was done, the canoe being finished perfectly. Then Pu-whaka-awe wanted to take possession and sail the canoe home.

"Oh no," said Tamatea, "you must pay us for our labour first. Pay us for what we have done, and the canoe is yours."

Upon receiving this answer the Ngati-waitaha went their way home to consider in what manner they could contrive to discharge the claim of Tamatea. When they reached home, lo, a great surprise was in store for them. During their absence Maka-hua's people—they who had defeated them and taken the best part of their land—had stolen away the young and beautiful daughter of Puhi-wha-nake in order that she should be a wife for their young leading chief. This was an outrage calling for revenge, an injury which could only be wiped out in blood. The Ngati-waitaha, having made preparations, pushed on to attack their enemy. The battle took place at the river Te Kawa-kawa. It was an obstinate and bloody fight. The brothers led their people bravely, but when Puhi-wha-nake fell the Ngati-waitaha lost heart, and were utterly defeated. Numbers fell on both sides, but of course the Ngati-waitaha lost most heavily, and were driven away entirely from their land.

In the end this disastrous blow brought absolute ruin to the Ngati-waitaha people. There was no course open to Pu-whaka-awe but to again seek assistance from Tamatea, so again he betook himself to Ti-ti-rangi. This time his prayer was for assistance to average the abduction of his niece and the death of his brother—her father.

"Yes" said Tamatea, "I am willing to assist you, but in that case you must abandon all claim to your canoe. That I must take."

Then answered the heart-broken Pu-whaka-awe: "Take my canoe, take myself, take my tribe, take all we have, for now we have no land, no home: you shall be our chief, and we shall be your people; but revenge the injuries inflicted upon us."

From that fateful moment the tribe of the Ngati-wai-taha became absorbed in the people of Tamatea, and in Hawa-iki was heard of no more among men.

Thereupon Tamatea sent for the redoubtable Pawa and for Tai Kehu, and for other chiefs, and ordered them that preparations be made for war against the people of Maka-hua, in order that vengeance might be taken for the injuries inflicted upon Pu-whaka-awe and his tribe, now become a part of his people. When everything was ready Pawa and Tai Kehu led the tribes of Tamatea forth to battle against the people of Maka-hua, when there was a terrible and complete slaughter. Saving only a few of the more beautiful and robust women to serve as slaves, Maka-hua himself and all his people—men, women, and children—were put to death, and so the land which had formerly belonged to the tribe of the brothers Puhi-wha-nake and Pu-whaka-awe now also passed to the people of Tamatea. The lovely daughter of Puhi-wha-nake, who had been abducted, was recaptured and restored to her friends, whilst there was also saved and taken the young and beautiful daughter of Tu Rahui, a chief who had married a daughter of Maka-hua.

Now, when Tu Rahui heard of the slaughter of all of Maka-hua's people, with whom his daughter at the time happened to be staying, he naturally concluded that she, too, was dead, and in the grief of his heart and the exceeding bitterness of his spirit he swore a great oath that the head of Tamatea should steam in his oven. Oaths and curses in those days had an unhappy knack of travelling fast, and—even as they do now—like the foul birds they generally are, come home to roost. It was not long before information regarding the oath of Tu Rahui reached the ears of the people at Ti-ti-rangi. Then stood up all the chiefs gathered around Tamatea, and demanded that they should be sent forth to take vengeance against the utterer of a curse so infamous.

"Yes," exclaimed Tamatea, "go forth and slay; spare no one, save only the three daughters of Tu Ata—bring them here to me."

So the people of Tamatea, again led by Pawa and Tai Kehu, once more went forth to battle. Tu Rahui's people were encountered at a place near to their own home, and their warriors were speedily overthrown. The slaughter that ensued was fearful. Not a living thing was spared save only the three daughters of Tu Ata, as Tamatea had commanded. The people of Tu Rahui were completely exterminated.

After this bloody business was over, Pawa and Tai Kehu took a portion of their warriors across to Motoa a small island that stood a short distance from the shores of Hawa-iki, where the slaves and the dogs of Tu Rahui were kept. The slaves were all of them killed, and so also were a number of the valuable dogs, the few of them saved being mostly the bitches.

Here it will be necessary to pause for awhile in the narration of the story of Tamatea in order to take in

THE LEGEND OF TU RAHUI.

Tu Rahui was a brave young chief, well known in Hawa-iki, where he was exceeding popular and well beloved. His people were numerous, and they possessed a considerable extent of country on "the east side."

Well, it happened that one beautiful day Tu Rahui and some twenty young chiefs like himself put out to sea on a boating excursion. They were all quite happy, full of liveliness and fun, bantering each other and laughing as young men will. Presently a strong wind came and the sea rose. The wind increased in violence to a gale, and the seas swelled mountains high, so that the adventurous chiefs had extreme difficulty in navigating their canoe. "Hoi te toi te," exclaimed Ropata, "Mama won't see me to-night." The sun had been obscured during the whole period that the storm raged, and the canoe had been driven before the gale for several days before, at last, the sea subsided. Tu Rahui and the chiefs knew not where they were. They, however, steered in the direction in which they thought Hawa-iki lay. They were making good progress; their high spirits returned; and they began to felicitate themselves that they would soon be back again in Hawa-iki amongst their relatives and friends.

Then came on a fog—a bleak, dense fog—so that they could not see further into space than the length of their canoe. When at length the fog cleared away, they were still more puzzled as to the direction in which lay their home. They did the best they could under such depressing circumstances. They sailed away on a course which they thought the true one, hoping for the best.

Many days, however, were to pass before they saw land; and then, alas, it was not Hawa-iki—their warm sunny home—but a land to them new and strange. Where they landed they found a people large of limb, heavily built, and very dark-skinned—a strange people indeed. Tu Rahui and his brother chiefs, however, were kindly treated, and obviously there was nothing they could do but to make the best of their circumstances.

After some time had passed, the people, native to the place, were going upon a voyage to a land which they said lay some-

where to the north, and they invited Tu Rahui and his companions—knowing them to be skilful in navigation and the art of managing canoes—to accompany them. This offer was gladly accepted. At the time which had been fixed the expedition, with Tu Rahui and his people forming part of it, sailed away to the northwards. In due time, they came to another land that again was new and strange to Tu Rahui and his chiefs. The people here they found were generally tall and thin, very fair, with hair like to the feathery spray of the toi-toi when it blooms, a very delicate-looking people who, however, gave a friendly welcome to their visitors from over the sea.

Soon it became necessary to think of returning, but when that time came Tu Rahui and his friends, having taken counsel together, resolved to stay in this land and dwell with the fair-haired people whom they preferred. This decision caused much sorrow amongst the dark-skins, but as Tu Rahui and his friends would not return with them there was no help for it but to go back by themselves. They accordingly departed.

In a short time the news of Tu Rahui and his people being left on the land reached the ears of the principal chief, the name of whose place was Rangitea, so he sent for Tu Rahui and his friends to be brought to him, his design being to put them all to death.

Now, the people of this land were sun-worshippers. When Tu Rahui and his friends were brought into the presence of the principal chief, the latter demanded of them: "Whence come you?"

Then, slowly lifting up his arm and pointing to the east, Tu Rahui answered: "We come from the land of the rising sun."

Now, nothing could have been more happy or more fortunate than this, for the principal chief immediately concluded that, coming from the sun, Tu Rahui and the chiefs with him must be gods. He told all his people that Tu Rahui and his friends were gods, and desired that they might be treated as such. Then, instead of putting them to death as he originally intended, he invited Tu Rahui and his brother chiefs most cordially to continue to abide in Rangitea and to dwell with him.

"Hoi te toi te," cried Ropata, "that was a narrow escape."

This made things very pleasant. Then, after a time, the principal chief suggested that Tu Rahui might take his daughter to wife, which possibly was pleasanter still. Tu Rahui consented very willingly to this proposal, having, no doubt, a lingering suspicion that it might be dangerous to refuse. So Tu Rahui and the daughter of the principal chief were wedded at Rangitea. Tapa-te-ari was the lady's name,

and before a year had passed she was the mother of a fine boy whom Tu Rahui named Tapu-atu, and of whom he was very proud.

Now, in Hawa-iki after the period had gone by within which Tu Rahui and the other young chiefs should have returned, there was naturally much anxiety, and as time went on and there was still no appearance of them nor any news came of their fate, anxiety gave way to alarm. It was not a matter involving the fate of one prominent individual only. There was in the canoe with Tu Rahui representatives of the families of nearly all the leading chiefs in Hawa-iki, so that there were few that did not mourn for the apprehended fate of the voyagers.

Remorseless time went on, and hope for the safety of their loved ones died away from the breasts of nearly all the bereaved. Months passed into years, and years accumulated. People who had been young when Tu Rahui went away were now fathers and mothers, when suddenly, through a trifling incident, interest in the fate of the young chiefs was revived. A meeting of relatives and friends was held to consider the possibilities of the missing voyagers being still alive, and after much discussion it was decided to remit the question to the *tohungas*, who might be able to obtain an answer from their gods.

The *tohungas* accordingly consulted their gods. The result was that, whilst some *tohungas* reported their gods had answered that Tu Rahui and the young chiefs had all perished at sea, other *tohungas* reported that their gods had answered that Tu Rahui and his friends were still alive. This injudicious and ridiculous discordance on the part of the gods clearly left the matter as unsatisfactory as before. The *tohungas* were required to consult their gods again, and this time—though a few still continued to aver that Tu Rahui and the chiefs had perished—the majority answered that Tu Rahui and his friends were still alive. What might have happened had the *tohungas* consulted the gods a third time it is difficult to guess, but they were not required to do so. The gods who declared that Tu Rahui was alive and that a time would come when he would return to Hawa-iki, were accepted as the more reliable, and so the inquiring people resolved to patiently abide the fulfilment of that prediction.

Now, it happened that Tu Kapua, Tu Rahui's father, had a bird, a koa-koa (spring bird, the New Zealand cuckoo), which had been a great pet and plaything of his absent son. The name of this bird was Te Kawa. Tu Kapua took this bird to a *tohunga* and desired him to send it forth to see if it could find Tu Rahui, whom he faithfully believed to be still alive. The *tohunga*, having handled the bird and repeated certain power-

ful incantations, tossed it into the air, and, behold, Te Kawa flew away over the ocean. The *tohunga* and Tu Kapua, watching its flight with eager eyes until it was lost to sight far away over the waves, gathered, as they rightly thought, an indication of the direction in which the land lay where Tu Rahui was.

Now the house in which Tu Rahui lived in Rangitea was a round building, with a high roof culminating in a point. One lovely summer morning, when the gentle zephyrs of a tropic clime were moving to a sweet rythm the waving green foliage of the nodding palms, Tu Rahui, now grown in years, emerged from his dwelling bearing his grandchild in his arms. The child was cross that morning, when heaven and earth, united in the beautiful, gave forth naught that was inharmonious. Tu Rahui walked about awhile with the crying child, then he sat down not far from his home. As he sat there, slowly his mind reverted to the scenes of his boyhood and of his youth. He recalled the blissful days spent in his old home by the shore in far away Hawa-iki—in Hawa-iki, which he might never see again. He conjured up a vision of Tu Kapua, his father, and of his mother, who had nursed and tended him in the olden time. The games he was wont to play; the manly exercises, requiring strength and quickness and dexterity, in which he became so proficient; his boating and his snaring expeditions —all passed in review before him. Ah, the dear old days so long ago—of youth, and strength, and hope—gone, for ever gone! Tu Rahui wept. He shook with the intensity of his emotions, and his tears fell fast with those of the crying child. Tapa, within the house, hearing her grandchild crying, came forth, and lo! to her amazement, she beheld Tu Rahui crying too.

"What," she exclaimed, "you—you, Tu Rahui—you crying! What are you crying for?"

"Ah, dear wife," replied Tu Rahui, "for a moment my thoughts were far away, with my old home and my own people."

And thereupon, suddenly, from the tip of the roof, a strange voice called, "Is that you, Tu Rahui?"

Behold, it was the voice of Te Kawa, who, having flown across the sea from Hawa-iki, was resting on the apex of the roof. Hearing the word "Tu Rahui" spoken by Tapa, and the voice of his old master giving reply, the bird had called.

Tu Rahui, looking up, beheld the bird and knew Te Kawa, his old pet, at once. He called back, "Are you Te Kawa," upon which the bird flew down and alighted upon his shoulder.

Then stood Tu Rahui up and, giving unrestrained vent to the overwhelming emotions that overpowered him, he cried

in a loud voice, so that all the people round about came hurrying to learn what the trouble could be. Amongst them were his old friends, the chiefs from Hawa-iki, and they, recognising Te Kawa, told the other people how it was that Tu Rahui, in his age, had received a message from his relatives in the old land.

Then was there held a great *tangi* over Te Kawa. The *tangi* over, Tu Rahui took a new and very fine string and knotted it in places somewhat after the fashion of a telegraphic tape, so that the knots by their distances apart would convey a certain meaning which the people in Hawa-iki could not fail to understand. This done, he tied the string deftly to Te Kawa's leg and sent the bird forth again. Eagerly all the people watched the bird depart, and Tu Rahui and his friends knew by Te Kawa's flight in which direction lay their old home.

The bird gone, then did Tu Rahui order his friends to provide themselves with canoes and make all necessary provision for attempting to make a journey—they, with their wives and their families—to Hawa-iki.

"Hoi te toi te," said Ropata; "we shall see our old land again."

The work of preparing the canoes and acquiring provisions had not been completed when Te Kawa again appeared, with a string tied to his leg. This string contained a message from Hawa-iki, in which Tu Rahui was told that if he would return to the home of his youth then must he follow the morning star, and that if he attempted the voyage the bird would be sent to meet him, and from time to time show him the course to be sailed.

Tu Rahui then knotted another string, in which he informed the people of Hawa-iki of the time in which he and his friends intended to sail, and, having fastened this string to Te Kawa's leg, he a second time sent the bird forth.

Whilst preparations for the voyage were in progress, Tu Rahui was desired by the principal chief to take with him a number of the dogs of that land, in order that they might serve as food for his great-grandson, whose name was Kaka-i-poka-nui. Tu Rahui had one son and two daughters. Tu Rahui also desired to take with him some slaves to wait upon and attend to the principal chief's grand-daughters and great-grand-daughters. The dogs of Rangitea were of a reddish colour and of a breed quite unknown in Hawa-iki; therefore Tu Rahui, concluding that they would prove very valuable, was very pleased at the suggestion, and very readily accepted the offer of slaves and dogs.

Now, what pen can describe the scenes of grief—of agonising heart-break—that took place upon the beach at Rangitea that

fateful morning when the hour of parting came? Who could behold without emotion the sad tearing apart of daughters from their parents, of sisters from their brothers, of grandfathers from their grandchildren—the beloved treasures of their hearts they should never see more? The tears, the wailings, the piteous lamentations; parting for ever—for evermore. *Ake, ake, ake.*

"Farewell," said Tu Mata, "farewell Tu Rahui. Happy have been the days you have passed with us. You will not forget them, nor our people, in the land of your fathers to which you are returning. Joy be with you, happiness await you, and long years of peace attend you until the coming of the end. Farewell, O, farewell, Rahui!"

"Go, depart," exclaimed the old chief Tu Kapua, standing by the water's edge, and lifting up his hands. "Farewell, O my children! Go to the land of Rahui, to the land of his ancestors, the bright, sunny land of which he has so often spoken, where I trust you long may dwell in prosperity, in happiness, in peace. Never may your bonds of love be broken. Lo! Rahui, when you have established yourself in your old home, amongst your own people, do you send for me, and I—even I, aged as I am—will come across the great waters to my children and my grand-children. Now go, depart, O my children; and may the gods of our people watch over and protect you always."

It was over at last. The weeping groups left upon the shore grew slowly smaller and smaller to the streaming eyes that, with longing eagerness, gazed upon them from the fast-receding canoes; smaller still they grew, until they seemed but mere specks upon the yellow sands; finally they were gone, for ever gone!

Tu Rahui and his people were out upon the boundless ocean, steering a course towards the morning star. Then, behold, from over the sea Te Kawa came, bringing messages of love and hope to the voyagers, whose thoughts instinctively were turned to Hawa-iki, the warm sunny land of whom the bulk of the people had often heard, but never dreamed that they should ever see. Four times during the voyage did Te Kawa bring a message from Hawa-iki to the people in the canoes, and four times was a message sent back to the people of Hawa-iki. By the diminishing of the time taken by the bird to go and return so did the voyagers know that they were following a true course and drawing nearer to their destination.

At length the long-looked for land arose above the line of the horizon to gladden weary eyes and fill with throbbing emotion many anxious hearts. This, then, was the famed land of Hawa-iki, the land of which wives and children had heard so much in many a legend and song recited to them

beneath brilliant constellations in now far away Rangitea! What was the fate which awaited them in this strange place? Ah, what! indeed!

Tu Rahui directed that the canoes should be steered first to Motoa, a little island not far from the landing-place of Hawa-iki, and here when they arrived all the dogs and the slaves were put ashore. Then, the people of Hawa-iki—seeing so many canoes over at Motoa—sent a messenger across to inquire who the strangers might be.

When the messenger came to Tu Rahui and made inquiry, he replied: "I am he that was lost, but am come again. Behold, I am Tu Rahui now returned to my home. These are my chiefs; these are our wives, and these our children."

"Hoi te toi te," said Ropata, "and here am I too!"

The messenger then told Tu Rahui that the people of Hawa-iki had concluded that it was he and his people that had arrived at Motoa; and he had been instructed, if he found such to be the case, to desire that they should stay at the island until all the people in Hawa-iki had been duly apprised of his arrival. Tu Rahui assented to this, and the messenger returned. Then it was that messages were sent to all the leading chiefs in all the different pas throughout Hawa-iki giving the news of the safe return of Tu Rahui with his chiefs and their families, and inviting the people to assemble at a pa called Punga-toroa in order to give the long absent a fitting welcome on their return to the old home.

When the sun rose on that momentous morning which was to see Tu Rahui restored to the land of his birth, the *tohungas* ordered that Tu Rahui, his wife, his son, his daughters, and his grand children should first be taken to the *tapued* place (the secret place) where certain incantations would be chanted and certain ceremonies performed in order to secure to them the continued favour of the gods, who had watched over them in absence, and brought them all safely to Hawa-iki. This course having been carefully carried out, a great *tangi* was held, in which the people—gathered from every part—joined. All the people in Punga-toroa abandoned themselves to manifestations of feeling. There was sobbing and shouting, dolour and dancing, crying and feasting—never was known in Hawa-iki such a *tangi* as that accorded to Tu Rahui and his people on their return.

The news of all these rejoicings at last penetrated to Whangara and Whanga-roa. Then it was that Tamatea, having called his chiefs together, said to them: "Let us go forth and visit these people that were lost, but now are found; let us go and see Tu Rahui."

So Tamatea and his chiefs went forth accordingly. They were very cordially received. When Tamatea was taken over

to Motoa, he saw the beautiful reddish dogs that had been brought from Rangitea, and they interested him greatly—so greatly indeed, that he asked Tu Rahui to let him have a couple. But Tu Rahui, answering, said the dogs were not his to give; they belonged to his wife and to his family. This reply did not please Tamatea, who coveted the possession of the dogs. Thereupon Tamatea returned to his own home.

Not long after this visit of Tamatea to Tu Rahui the war broke out in which Tu Rahui and all his people perished—surely a sad fate after so many dangers, stirring adventures, and many trying vicissitudes.

THE LEGEND OF THE MIGRATION OF TAMATEA—CONTINUED.

Again taking up the story of the great chief Tamatea, it may be stated that, before starting to return home to Ti-ti-rangi the victorious warriors captured three large canoes, several other double canoes, and all the dry preserved kumaras and birds which had once been the property of Tu Rahui and his people. Rich in the spoil of their enemies, victorious and happy, singing their war-songs and boasting their prowess, the warriors of Pawa and Tai Kehu returned to Ti-ti-rangi and presented to Tamatea all the booty they had won.

Then Pu-whaka-awe, thinking the moment propitious, preferred a request of Tamatea. He said, "O, great chief, give me leave that I cut off the heads of the three daughters of Tu Ata, that I may have their blood to wash my head."

Upon which Tai Kehu, standing up, demanded, "Why should such a wish, coming from such a man, be listened to? O, Tamatea, he, his tribe, and all of his are under your control—what voice has he?"

Upon which Tamatea pronounced, "You and your people, Pu-whaka-awe, being my servants, my word shall not be destroyed by your wish."

Shortly after these events Tamatea gave orders to his people to rebuild all the pas that had been destroyed on the conquered lands of Maka-hua and Tu Rahui, whilst, where necessary, the pas of the absorbed tribe of the Ngati-wai-taha and of the tribes constituting his own proper people should be repaired and put into good order. This having been done, Tamatea's next step was to have all his people sent into the pas, no one being permitted to pass beyond the boundaries. Then, having gotten all his people into enclosures, he gave instructions that a careful selection

Verandah of Maori House showing Door and Window

of all the hardiest and strongest of the men and women should be made; those selected being designed to take part in a contemplated migration to the new land of Aotea-roa, of which land they had all heard so much.

When the selection of those who were to go had been completed, the canoes were stored with provisions and with the *kumara* and the *taro* (*karou*), a small indigenous turnip, not unlike the carrot. The fleet designed for the migration numbered five canoes, consisting of the one made by Tamatea's people for themselves, one acquired from Pu-whaka-awe's people, and the three large canoes captured on the defeat of Tu Rahui's people. They were finished and furnished for the voyage, complete in every respect.

Then the *tohungas* went to Tamatea and said, "Would it not be a good thing before we put to sea to try the canoes on the river first, so we can see how they sail?"

Tamatea at once assented, saying, "Certainly, it would be a wise and a proper thing to do."

All the people therefore went down to the river Poko-poko to watch what took place when the canoes were being tried. Tamatea, Pawa, Tai Kehu, with other chiefs and a number of *tohungas* sat upon a hill overlooking the river to watch the proceedings. Presently the paddlers had each taken his proper place in the canoes, their paddles were in the water, and at a signal off they went. Soon there was one canoe showing in front—it was the canoe that had been made for Pu-whaka-awe's people. Faster and faster it seemed to sail, and rapidly it passed where Tamatea and the chiefs sat, leaving all the other canoes behind, and surprising the people greatly.

"See, see," cried Tai Kehu, greatly excited, "that canoe swallows the land" (goes so quickly that the land seems to fly past).

Upon which Tamatea said, "That shall be your canoe, and its name shall be the name you have just given it."

For a time the canoe of Tai Kehu, which was built originally for the Ngati-wai-taha people, was known as the "Horouta."

When the proceedings on the river were over the "Horouta" was pronounced the best canoe of all, and it immediately became much favoured and very greatly prized. The *tohungas* claimed from Tamatea that the "Horouta" should be his canoe, and the canoe of all the *tohungas* and of their gods; that the "Horouta" must be *tapued* for the use of the chiefs, the *tohungas*, and their gods, and no cooked foods should be allowed on board of her.

To all which Tamatea made reply, "The 'Horouta' shall be *tapued* for myself, and the *tohungas*, people, and

paddlers that sail with me. Let other chiefs take other canoes, and let a *tohunga* go with each canoe to steer it to the far fair land of Aotea-roa, to which we go."

Then, by direction of the *tohungas* the canoe "Horouta" was drawn up on the beach at the place which was *tapu*, in order to be repainted. Red ochre (kokowai) and shark's oil constituted the paint used. The side-boards (rauwawa), the seats, the paddles, the sails, and everything proper for a first-class canoe having been provided, and everything seen to preparatory to the making of a long voyage, all the incantations and ceremonies befitting to such an important occasion were duly uttered and performed by the *tohungas* as became them.

Then, by means of a powerful incantation, the *tohungas* caused a terrific gale to arise, and for two days the storm lasted. After which, behold, the west wind came, and when the rough seas had subsided, the "Horouta" was launched once more upon the wave. The day of departure being fixed and near at hand, and the whole of the four other crews being together drawn up on the beach, lo, the morning star arose, betokening that the dawn was near. Then did the *tohungas* chant an incantation over them, and the name "Takitumu" (the butt end of a tree when felled—the far end of heaven) was bestowed upon the "Horouta," and the name "Horouta" was given to the canoe designed to be sailed by the chiefs Tai Kehu and Pawa.

As has been said, "Takitumu" was the first canoe to be launched, and the launching of the others quickly followed. The celebrated *tohungas* Ruawharo and Rongo Pataki were they who brought the gods aboard of the "Takitumu." The gods were Hine Korako, Kahukura, Taniwha. Tunui-a-te-Ika, and they were taken to a sacred place in the stern of the "Takitumu," Ruawharo, and Rongo Pataki being rendered *tapu* to attend upon them in sacred service. In the canoes seats were allotted to the chiefs according to the number of their people, no chief, however, being allowed more than two seats.

All arrangements being completed, the fleet of canoes bade adieu to Hawa-iki and put to sea. The order of sailing was that the "Takitumu" should lead the way until a landing-place in Aotea-roa had been found, the other canoes following in her wake; but the "Takitumu," sailing fast, soon established a good lead, and, a stiff breeze arising, the canoes got separated, so that one could not be seen from the other. On board the "Takitumu" the *tohungas* called upon Ruamanoro and Araitorai, two celebrated sea-monsters, to lead the way and help them on.

The shores of Aotea-roa at length appeared in view to

gladden the eyes of the weary voyagers, but not one of their companion canoes could they see. The people of the "Takitumu" found a landing-place at Huru-whenua, near the North Cape, where they drew the canoe up on the beach, but, a heavy gale coming on, she was rolled about so where she lay that there was danger of her being much injured, if not altogether destroyed. In order to save their vessel the voyagers therefore hastily put to sea again.

The "Takitumu" was sailed round the North Cape, round Cape Maria van Diemen, and put in at Hokianga. Here Tamatea, his chiefs, and people stayed awhile, looking round at the nature of the country, examining the quality of the soil, and judging its capacity for sustaining population. Then the "Takitumu" was taken on to Whakatane, and here, unfortunately, she ran upon a rock, so that she lay high and dry out of the sea, but, being close to the land, all the people got safely ashore. At Whakatane Tamatea built a pa.

After this, leaving some of his people in charge of his fortification, Tamatea took the "Takitumu" again round Cape Maria van Diemen and the North Cape, and effected a landing near the Bay of Islands. Here, again, he left about one-fourth of his people.

Pushing onwards, ever seeking the most favourable position in which to establish a settlement, Tamatea travelled along the coast until he arrived at the Waiapu (East Cape) country. Here he and his people were exceedingly rejoiced to find Tai Kehu, Pawa, and the people that sailed the "Horouta." The meeting was a very happy one, the parties that had traversed the ocean in the canoes mingling and recounting one to the other the adventures and vicissitudes that had befallen them. The people of the "Horouta" had explored the coast as far south as Turanga (Gisborne). At Waiapu Tamatea again parted with some of his people. Taking with him some of the Ngati-wai-taha people, Tamatea, in the "Takitumu," sailed away south until he reached the South Island, where he landed and stayed awhile.

Leaving the Ngati-wai-taha people in the South Island, Tamatea steered the "Takitumu" across the straits and along the coast west of the North Island to Whanganui. On arriving at Whanganui, in order to prove to posterity that he had been there, Tamatea took a quantity of red-ochre paint and marked the top of a very high cliff. There is no height superior to this by which the place he desired to mark could be reached from above, and, as it seems impossible to attain to it from below, to this day it remains a marvel how this extraordinary feat was accomplished. No man can tell how it was done, nevertheless the mark of Tamatea remains on the cliff for all to see.

Ascending the river Whanganui, Tamatea went on to Lake Taupo, where he stayed awhile to rest and examine the country. Finding neither fish nor vegetables with which to sustain his people, Tamatea then pushed on to where he had heard Whakatane had established himself and his tribe. Again the meeting of these brave adventurers in a new and strange land, so far removed from the scenes of their youth, was a very joyous one. Whakatane had built several pas, and his people seemed all very comfortable and contented. Tamatea told Whakatane that he claimed the whole of the east coast of the North Island, and the whole of the South Island, where he had left his people, the Ngati-wai-taha in possession. Whakatane allowed the justice of Tamatea's claim, and the descendants of his people, Tai Kehu and Pawa, to this day have held the country. Whakatane, however, told Tamatea that he would have to clear the land of the brambles and thorns that had found root in some places, meaning thereby Toi's people, the Rangitane, the Ngati-mamoe, and others, that had come to Aotea-roa before him, to which Tamatea assented as one who thoroughly understood. And Tamatea did extirpate most of the said brambles, weeds, and thorns, the few that escaped destruction being absorbed into his tribes.

Of the fleet of five canoes that under Tamatea left Hawa-iki for Aotea-roa only the "Takitumu" and the "Horouta" arrived; the other three failed to find Aotea-roa's shores or were swamped at sea. They were never heard of again. The "Tai-nui" and other canoes, seven in number altogether, arrived at Aotea-roa about the same time. And here ends the story of the great chief Tamatea and his wonderful fast-sailing canoe the "Takitumu."

The ancestors of the Ngati-kaku-ngunu and Ngati-taku came in the "Takitumu," and among the chiefs were Hua-tahi and Nuku-roa.

THE CANOES OF THE MIGRATION, AND THE TRADITIONS OF THE MAORIS OF AOTEA-ROA.

THE CANOES OF THE MIGRATION.

THE following is a list of the canoes of the great migration, set down as nearly as possible in the order in which they came, with the names of the leading chiefs from whom tribes and genealogies have been derived who came in each vessel :—

The "Arikimaitai." Of the voyage and people of this canoe nothing is known.

The "Aotea," navigated by Turi.—Tradition specifically declares that the "Aotea" was a double canoe, but it is extremely probable that all the canoes were double. This canoe brought the ancestors of the Nga-rauru, Ngati-rua-nui, Ngati-apa, Rangi-tane Ngati-rau, and Moa-upoko.

The "Tai-nui," one of the largest canoes, came next, Hotu-roa being her commander. In the "Tai-nui" came the ancestors of the Nga-mania-poto, Ngati-rau-kawa, Ngati-apa, Ngati-mara, Nga-puhi and Ngati-toa.

The "Arawa" was a very large double canoe, having a house on deck. She carried fore, main, and mizzen sails (*Maianga to te ihu te wa enga me to te kea*). She brought the ancestors of the Nga Whaka-ua, Rangi-tihi, Nga-ti-piki-ao, Rangi-wewehi Tuhu-hou-rangi, Ngati-wahia-au, and the Ngati-toa-whare-toa.

The "Kura-pau-popo," or "Kura-te-po" ("red clouds of the windy night" or "great work of the current at night"), was built at the same time, and at the same place as the "Arawa." Rua-tea was the navigator. The ancestors of the Ngati-area the Ngati-kaku-ngunu, Ngati-awa, Ngati-rua-nui and of the Ngati-hau came in this canoe.

The "Horouta," a name given on account of the swiftness with which this canoe could sail, was before sailing for Aotea-roa renamed the "Takitumu." Her navigator was Uenga. The ancestors of the Ngati-kaku-ngunu and Nga-ti-tuku came in this canoe. There are some priests who allege, however, that the "Takitumu" was commanded by Tamatea, Hua-tahi, and Nuku-roa.

The "Mata-tua," or "Mata-atua."—By some it is asserted that this was the canoe that was made out of one half of the tree that fell and split into two pieces, to be made into two canoes by Toto, on the banks of the Wai-hara-keke, in Hawa-iki, and not the "Mata-hou-rua." However that may be, the "Mata-tua" was commanded by Kuru-auru, and she followed the "Horouta." The ancestors of the Ngati-awa, of Whaka-tohea, and of Whaka-tane, came in this canoe.

The "Ponga-toru," or "Papa-ko-toru" ("three stages or three-decker") was navigated by Rake-wana-nga-ora ("bald medium of life"). It is asserted that the people on board of this canoe were not allowed to land in Aotea-roa, and that they therefore returned to Hawa-iki. The obstructors are said to have been the "original inhabitants," or aborigines, but it is probable that the voyagers were frightened at the sight of moas.

The "Toko-maru," or "Tonga-maru," was commanded by Rakei-ora according to one legend, whilst according to another she was navigated by Manaia. The latter chief, it is said, invited a great number of his relatives and friends in Hawa-iki to assemble at a great spear-making gathering. During the absence of Manaia with his relatives and the bulk of his company some of his guests ravished his wife Rongo-tiki. Manaia was made aware of the outrage supernaturally before he had reached his dishonoured home In revenge, Manaia slew all his treacherous guests, including their chief Tupenu, and fled in the "Toko-maru." He was one of the contestants for the stranded whale at Whanga-paraoa. The "Toko-maru" brought ancestors of the Tara-naki, also of the Ngati-tama and the Ngati mutunga. It is alleged that she also brought ancestors of Ngati-rua-nui and of the Ngati-awa. Coasting along and doubling North Cape, Manaia reached Tonga-porutu, near Tara-naki, and there he left his god Rakei-ora. At Mokau the stone anchor of his canoe, a piece of rock named Punga-a-Matori, was abandoned. At Wai-tara he found some people who, it was asserted, were aboriginal inhabitants of the country, and slew them, finally settling in the Tara-naki district.

The "Motu-motu," or "Motu-motu-ahi," of which Pua-tau-tahi was commander.—She brought the ancestors of the Ngati-rauru and the Ngati-rua-nui.

The "Whaka-ringa-ringa" followed the "Motu-motu," her navigator being Mawhakeroa. The ancestors of the Ngati-ruanui came in this canoe. They landed at Kau-poko-nui and Nga-teko.

The "Whaki-rere."—It is affirmed in some legends that this canoe was the last that left Hawa-iki; that she only went to Mata-te-ra in order to obtain the taro-root; that her people did not land at Aotea-roa; and that she returned to Hawa-iki, the place from whence she came.

In addition to the twelve canoes above given, which have been placed in the order of their coming, other canoes forming part of the great migration are mentioned. They may be noticed as follows:—

The "Arahura."—The chiefs who came in this canoe are alleged to have been Peki-te-ta-hua, Rongo-kahe, Rangi-tatau,

Hine-raho, the last being a feminine name. In this canoe was brought the image of a god named Arahura, made of greenstone.

The "Arai-te-uru."—In this canoe came the ancestors of the Ngai-tahu, the chiefs being Kiri-kiri-katata, Aroa-ro-kaeke, and Manga-atua. This canoe remained at Matakaea, in the South Island.

The "Horouta."—Kiwa was said to have been the chief of this canoe, and she landed her people at Turanga. This was one of Tamatea's canoes.

The "Manga-rara."—The chiefs Wheke-toro, Te-wai-o-Potango, and others are alleged to have come in this canoe, which left Hawa-iki about the same time as the Horouta, arriving at Aotea-roa about the same time also. The Manga-rara, it is asserted, brought the tuatara, teretere, kumu-kumu, moko-parae, and moko-kaka-riki lizards; also the insects weri, whe, weta, keke-rengu, &c.; the birds torea and whioi; and the dogs of the Moho-rangi breed. The crew were the ancestors of the Ngati-porou.

The "Mahuhu."—Rongomai was the commander of this canoe, but, falling overboard, he was drowned, his body being eaten by ara-ara (trevally). That fish has ever since been held sacred by the descendants of his people, the Nga-puhi and Rarawa Tribes.

The "Rangi-uamutu," or "Tairea," commanded by Tamate-arokai. The ancestors of the Ngati-rua-nui are alleged to have come in this vessel. The crew landed at Ranga-tapu, near the Waingo-ngoro, Waimate Plains, Taranaki, and there they saw moa-bones and ovens, indicating that others had visited that part of the country before them.

The "Ririno."—This is the canoe, commanded by Poturu, that—after being storm-beaten and putting into the small island of Rangi-tahua to repair damages and reprovision—was eventually lost, with all hands, on Tapu-tapu-atea reef.

The "Taha-tuna."—The name only of this reputed canoe is known.

The "Takitumu," or "Horouta."—Different legends give different names to the navigator of this canoe. Rua-wharo, Tamatea, Hua-tahi, and Nuku-roa were probably all on board, and confusion has arisen as to which was principal chief. Rongo-kaho and Tama-tea-poki-whenua, the father of Kaku-ngunu, were also on board. This canoe brought the image of the god Kahu-kura, whose guardians had been killed by Rua-wharo; but notwithstanding this sacred presence the people on board became so short of food that they had to eat their children. The voyagers landed at Tauranga, and the canoe, like the "Tai-nui," turned into stone, is to be found by the curious at Murihiku. One tradition avers positively that the

name of the chief was Ue-nga-pua-ariki, the ancestor of the Ngati-rua-nui, and that the place of landing was Ohiwa. Hine-kau-i-rangi was the name of a sacred lady that the Taki-tumu carried. The ancestors of the Ngati-kahu-ngunu and Ngai-tahu came in this vessel.

The "Toroa."—Nothing but the name is known of this canoe.

The "Take-roa-otea" was commanded by Take-reto, who was ordered by Kupe to sail for Aotea-roa, which, of course, he immediately did.

The "Mahanga-atua-matua" was the sacred canoe that sailed from Hawa-iki, commanded and manned by priests only.

The remaining three canoes are clothed with peculiar interest, as the legends connected with them seem to throw doubt upon all previous stories.

The "Mamari" canoe depends for existence upon traditions of older date than that of any other legend of the great migration. The people on board are supposed all to have been members of but one family. The Nga-puhi affirm that the "Mamari" was the property of Nuku-tu-whiti, and that their ancestors came in her. Stone relics of this canoe are to be found at Hokianga to this day.

The "Nuku-tere," commanded by Whi-ro-nui.—This canoe, it is asserted, arrived in Aotea-roa eight months before the Flood, called "Te Tai-a-Ruatapu." The ancestors of Porou-rangi, from whom are derived the Ngati-porou, came in this vessel. She brought also a choice selection of lizards and insects.

Lastly, the "Pauiri-rai-ra." This canoe, it is claimed, visited Aotea-roa before Kupe. Her commander was the chief Raka-taura, who landed first at Tehua—a flat island in the Bay of Plenty. He was the first man that ever set foot in Aotea-roa. He watched eagerly to perceive, if he could, the fires of the inhabitants, but there were not any. He went on to Te-upoko-ta-marimari, thence to Manukau, thence to Hiku-rangi and Wanga-paroa. Back he turned to Waikato, Whainga-roa, Kawhia, Marokopa, Awakino, Mokau, Nga-motu, Patea, Whanganui, Whangaehu, Turakina, Rangitikei, Manawatu, Kapiti, Whanganui-a-tara, and found no human creature anywhere, nor any signs of fire. He crossed the water to Kaikoura, and still saw no human being. Leaving a man and a woman at Kaikoura, he went by the East Coast back to Tehua, never in all his journeying having seen fire or man. He returned to Hawa-iki. When he arrived he found several canoes preparing to sail away from that land. Then he said to Mata-kere, or to Toa, "Behold, I have been to explore a land where no man lives nor fire is seen. Make haste lest other

canoes get there before you." Raka-taura remained in Hawa-iki, but Kupe, sent by him, went on to explore the land. Kupe came to Tehua and went on shore there. From thence he went on exploring the country, but no human beings anywhere did he find. He visited Kaikoura. Returning to Hawa-iki, Kupe found a number of canoes ready to put to sea just as Raka-taura had done before him, and, just as Raka-taura had done, he told them to make haste lest others might reach the new and beautiful land before they did.

Some time after the arrival of the migration-canoes two canoes strangely appeared off the shore where the Tara-naki had planted themselves. One canoe contained two women (and several other persons, it is to be presumed), the daughters of a great chief or god, whilst in the other were the goods, chattels, and retinue of these highly-important personages. These wanderers had left their island home (Hawa-iki) in order to pay a visit to their relatives, whose abode was on some other island, when—by the currents of the seas and the winds—they, unfortunately, were wafted from their proper course, to find themselves off the coast of Aotea-roa. With all the respect that was due to strangers of such high, not to say exalted, rank, Turi received the voyagers, so that on their return to their home—which, in due course, it appears was successfully accomplished—their overjoyed father was sorely perplexed as to the manner in which he could make recompense for the courtesy extended to his daughters. They praised the Tara-naki country as a perfectly lovely land, it being so fertile, productive, and rich that food for the people was of the best, and quite abundant. Alas! in this terrestrial Maori paradise one fault they found. The Tara-naki coast was such a mass of incorrigible boulders that the dainty feet of ladies who travelled along it could not escape being hurt, nor was there a bit of sandy shore upon which a visitor to those naturally well-guarded parts could land. "Oh!" excitedly exclaimed their father, "I'll soon put that all right!" Thereupon he immediately despatched a canoe loaded with sand, which was duly placed along the shore in such manner as to effectually cover the boulders. Implicit faith might be placed in this narration, were it not for the fact that there is another story in the same connection quite as much entitled to claim belief. An old priest walking along the coast hurt his feet with the stones, and, getting angry, he uttered an incantation *(karakia)*, which caused sand to be immediately thrown up by the sea along the whole coast.

THE TRADITIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE tradition of the Nga-ti-apa is that Turi was the chief that navigated the "Aotea," and that he it was who brought the karaka and set it at Aotea. It is affirmed by their tradition also that Turi brought from Hawa-iki the kumara called kahau, the pura-ta-whiti, the perei or kupere (a plant not unlike the kumara), the kieri (the edible rat), the kaka-riki (*Platycercus novæ zelandiæ*), and the birds that scratch in the plantations. The Nga-ti-rua-nui confirm the tradition of the arrival of the "Aotea," commanded by Turi, whilst the Ngati-hau commit themselves unreservedly to the truth of the whole story, particularising the fetching of the birds pukeko (or pakura), the kaka-riki (small green parrot), and others, as amongst the natural treasures which Turi, with exceeding great thoughtfulness, brought with him. The Nga-ti-rauru admit the "Aotea" amongst the number of the first-comers. On the other hand, the tradition of the Ngati-porau people is that some time after the Hawaikians had settled in Aotea-roa, the people assembled at night and held a council, when, the gods having been sought and propitiated, it was determined to send the canoe "Horouta" back to their mother-land to carry out certain acclimatisation purposes. The "Horouta" was accordingly again launched upon the sea, and seventy (that is to say, 140, for each seat held two paddlers) men embarked in her under the command of Iahu-kura. The "Horouta" duly proceeded to Hawa-iki, and upon returning left the kumara at Ahua-hua, Whanga-paraoa, Wai-apu. Turanga, Nuku-tau-rua, Here-taunga, Te Whaka-whi-tinga, and Kaikoura. An incantation is quoted which puts this view beyond the shadow of a doubt. Nevertheless, Kaia Tu-tanga Wai-o-nui, of Whanga-nui, has a right to be heard, and he affirms the truth of the Turi and "Aotea" tradition, and declares that the kumara was first planted at a place called Heke-heke-i-papa. It was extremely unfortunate for Iraia Tu-tanga Wai-o-nui that the Rev. Mohi Turei, of Wai-apu, should have been living to set him right. There can be no doubt that the ancestors of the Poro-u-rangi Tribe came to New Zea-land in the "Aotea" with Turi, so that they should know all about what did take place. What Iraia Tu-tanga Wai-o-nui declared regarding the kumara plantation at Heke-heke-i-papa may no doubt be true, and in the days of his ancestor the kumara was certainly cultivated at that place; but what has become of it since? Does the kumara still grow, or are the offshoots of that kumara still growing, at Heke-heke-i-papa? After this crushing interrogatory the Rev. Mohi Turei proceeds to point out to Iraia Tu-tanga Wai-o-nui, "You possess your

kumara and your ancestor; I possess my kumara and my ancestor"; and than that nothing apparently could be more definite and clear. This seems to settle the matter. The Rev. Mohi Turei, still unsatisfied, is bent upon pursuing his opponent into the innermost recesses of traditional story. Boldly he proclaims: "The water of the canoe 'Horouta' was baled out at Wai-apu, and from this fact is derived the proverb which his tribe possess—'How great is the quantity taken out of the hold of the "Horouta"? Too much to be collected.' And another of my proverbs says, 'Food has come ashore on the coast of Wai-apu, and abundance is in the valleys of Tapui-paraheka' (familiar spirits of the soft and mouldy). When the canoe 'Horouta' landed at Wai-apu the kumara was at once planted to produce a crop, and the name of this plantation was 'Whaka-rara-nui' (ridges spread out to great extent), where to this day the offspring of that kumara may be seen growing; and where I, the Ngati-porou Tribe, go and take up the crop of such in the tenth moon of the year; and where we leave the vines of the kumara, so that in taking the crop up we cover those vines in the soil, and these grow again and yield a crop. This we have done since the days when the 'Horouta' landed the kumara, and even down to the present time." Having been drawn so far by the injudicious and erroneous statements of Iraia Tu-tanga Wai-o-nui, the Rev. Mohi Turei puts a decided end to all further discussion of the question as to which canoe first brought the kumara, by alleging that the hutu-kawa (*Metrosideros tomentosa*) which pointed out the site of the kumara plantation is still* growing on one side of the garden. "The name of that garden is O-teko-mai-tawhiti. The mapau (*Myrsine urvillei*), the sacred root used by the priests while performing the ceremonies and chanting the incantations when the crop is being planted, is still seen growing near the garden, and is called Atiati-hinga."

Now, indeed, might the anxious student rest in satisfied peace, were it not for Hoani Nahe, of Hau-raki, who—repeating the tradition of Turi and the "Aotea"—absolutely denied the truth of the story of Kahu-kura being specially sent in the "Horouta" to bring the kumara from Hawa-iki. This denial having been made, it is simple truth to say that the tradition affirmed by Hoani Nahe is not only definite and natural, but it has the additional advantage of reconciling all difficulties. He declares, "Each tribe has its own kumara, which were brought in the canoes in which its ancestors migrated to these islands." Thus Turi brought kumara; Kaha-kura either brought kumara originally or went for kumara specially—

* 1888.

what does it matter? Hoani-Nahe has his own kumara brought over to these islands in the "Tai-nui." He has no manner of doubt of that, because, "When the 'Tai-nui' arrived at Kawhia the seeds which the two women, Marama and Whakaoti-rangi, had brought with them from Hawa-iki were planted; but each female set the seeds which she had brought in a different plot of ground from that occupied by her friends." And then a strange thing happened. "When the seeds which were set by Marama grew, the kumara grew into the po-hue (*Convolvulus clematis*), and the hue grew into the mawhai (*Sicyos angulatus*), and the aute grew into the whau (*Entelea arborescens*), and the para grew into the korokio (*Veronica*); and thus it will be seen that all the seeds, and roots, and bulbs set by Marama changed their nature and grew into that which was not like the seeds or bulbs which she had planted. The cause of this transformation was the sin she had committed with her slave-man on her trip from the Thames overland to Otahuhu. But all the seeds and bulbs set by Whakaoti-rangi came up the same plants, bulbs, and roots as those set by her." No one will hesitate to believe that the evidence thus afforded of Whakaoti-rangi's chastity is satisfactory and complete. Although, later, Hoani Nahe claims that the "'Tai-nui' was the only canoe which brought the kumara to Aotea-roa," that fact does not detract from the extreme probability of his first assertion that each of the migrating canoes brought kumara of their own.

To the list of canoes the Ngati-hau add the "Rangi-ua-mutu," commanded by Tama-tea-rokai. This canoe, it is claimed, also brought the Ngati-rua-nui. It is affirmed that her people landed at Te-rangi-tapu, where they saw the bones of the moa and stones called Te-tutæ-a-te-moa.

According to the traditions of the Ngati-apa, the ancestors of the Ngati-rua-nui came to New Zealand in the "Mata-hou-rua" with Kupe. If reliance is to be placed upon this, then they must be considered the earliest of the emigrants and the oldest of all the Maori tribes. This tribe confirm the story of the "Rangi-ua-mutu" (or "Tai-rea") canoe and the moa-bones, &c.

Reverting to the troubles in Hawa-iki, this is the story according to the Nga-hue: The cause of Pou-tini and of Whai-apu emigrating was that, after long years of peace, a time came when Hine-tu-a-hoanga became very much enraged with Nga-hue and with his fish called Pou-tini. Nga-hue and his fish were driven from their home to another land, but Hine-tu-a-hoanga followed them. Scarcely had Nga-hue and his fish landed at Tu-hua, when, behold, Hine-tu-a-hoanga was there, determined to afford them no peace. Compelled to seek some other place where he could rest and his fish have

sufficient water in which to swim, Nga-hue went over the ocean and discovered the land called Aotea-roa. He anxiously desired to land, but he feared to stay so close to his enemy, saying to himself, "Perhaps I and my fish ought to go far away." Going on, he landed at Ara-hura, and there he took up his abode. One day he pinched a piece off the fish (or knocked a piece of greenstone off a block) and returned to Te-wai-rere. Here he killed a moa. From Te-wai-rere he proceeded to Tau-ranga and Whanga-paraoa, and thence returned to Hawa-iki. As might naturally be expected, on his return to his home Nga-hue lost no time in acquainting his friends of the new land he had discovered, telling them that the food of that land was the moa; and of the greenstone which was to be found there. Then Nga-hue split into pieces the fish (or greenstone) which he had brought back with him and made two axes. One axe he named Tu-ta-uru, the other Hau-hau-te-rangi. Of another piece he made a *hei-tiki* (effigy of Tiki); and of yet another a *kura-pounamou* (ear-drop), which he named Kau-kau-matua. In 1852, it is alleged, this particular ear-drop was in the possession of Te Heu-heu, of Taupo. One of the axes was until recently in the possession of the descendants of Tama-ihu-toroa and Rere-tai. Having completed the making of these various things, Nga-hue continued to stay in Hawa-iki until war broke out among the factions of that distracted land. Then some of the tribes, remembering the story he had given them of a land rich in moa food and greenstone, went to Nga-hue for information. When he had given to them the true direction in which the new land lay they resolved to emigrate. They sailed for Aotea-roa accordingly, taking with them, of course, one of the axes and the ear-drop which Nga-hue had made.

The narration of the Arawas, given above, is in the main confirmed by the tradition of the Ngati-hau. It appears, however, that the principal people to whom Nga-hue confided the story of his discoveries were the Nga-toro-i-rangi and Tama te Kapua, who came to Aotea-roa in the "Arawa," and Hotu-roa, who was the navigator of the "Tainui." Now, the importance of this will be discerned when the tradition of the Ngati-awa is considered. Nga-hue came from Hawa-iki to witness the result of a battle between the mata and the pounamou. The contest between these powers had originated in Hawa-iki, but was being continued in Aotea-roa. Nga-hue landed at Whanga-paraoa Harbour, near the East Cape; and from thence he proceeded to Tauranga-o-te-arawa, where, behold! he found the "Arawa" lying at anchor. He heeded not, however, but pushed on to Wai-rere, and beyond that to Taupo. Still unsatisfied, he in time reached Kapiti, and from

there he crossed to Ara-pawa and to Ara-hura, close by to Whaka-tupa. He found the pounamou in a lifeless (unworked) state, which will not much surprise any one; and it was here that Nga-hue took two pieces and from them made the celebrated axes.

The making of the axes completed, Nga-hue returned to Te Aroha, where he found the moa near by the Wai-rero water-fall. Having succeeded in killing one, he put it into a *taha* (calabash) and went back to Hawa-iki. Then it was that he told his friends Hotu-roa, Ngatoro-i-rangi, and Tama te Kapua, saying, "Yonder is the fine large country named Aotea-roa." Greatly interested, they asked him, "How shall we cross to that place?" To which he eagerly replied, "By making large canoes." Accordingly they made the "Arawa" —the same "Arawa" Nga-hue had previously seen at Whanga-paraoa — the "Tai-nui," "Aotea," "Takitumu," "Kura-haupo," and "Toko-maru." The work was just being completed and they were putting the *haumi* (the kind of bulwark that is built up on the sides of a canoe) on one of the vessels when, through an accident, Tu-to-nana-(ngana)-hau, the son of Manaia, was unfortunately killed. It will be recognised at once that this was very inauspicious, but it did not suffice to deter the resolute adventurers. The child had been in the habit of staying away from his home for many days at a time, so that it was not likely that he would be soon missed by his parents. The body was hidden by covering it over with the chips lying about where the canoes had been made. When all was ready for departure, Tama te Kapua, of the "Arawa," called to the head chief of the "Tai-nui," whose name was Ngatoro-i-rangi, and to his wife Kearoa, saying, "Come over here to me in the 'Arawa' and perform the sacred ceremonies to take the *tapu* off the canoe, so that my crew may be enabled to eat of cooked food at sea." Ngatoro and his wife went to the "Arawa" accordingly, and, as they sailed in her, it is to be supposed they did not get leave to return to the "Tai-nui" again. Ngatoro did not live in the hold of the canoe, but in a house on the deck, where he tied the *tiki* (hair of the head tied up in a knot) of his wife to a rope. This was a precautionary expedient to prevent her from being insulted by Tama te Kapua. Tama te Kapua, however, did insult her.

The "Arawa" called at Whanga-paraoa; from thence she went on to Whaka-tane and to Maketu, where her people finally landed, and where she with her stone anchor was left. The "Tai-nui" went to Kawhia; the "Aotea" remained for some time at Hau-raki, and from thence proceeded to Otahuhu in company with the "Tonga-maru." Both canoes were dragged from Otahuhu across the isthmus into the waters of the Manukau. The "Aotea" remained at Aotea, the "Tai-

A Typical Maori Chieftainess

nui" at Kawhia, and the "Toko-maru" at Nga ti-awa (Taranaki). After the people of the last-named canoe had been for sometime settled on shore, Tu-te-nana-(ngana)-hau, the son of Manaia, was missed. Then it was that an ancient god, considerately assuming the form of a large fly (a blow-fly, no doubt), made a low murmuring sound over the grave of the child, and thus showed where the corpse lay concealed.

The Nga ti-awa and the Nga ti-hau confirm this account in all essential particulars.

The tradition of the Nga ti-kahu-ngunu is that their ancestors left Hawa-iki in the "Takitumu." The reason leading up to their migration was that family disputes arose on account of the cultivations called Tawa-rua-a-raro and Tawa-rua-a-rangi. There was another reason. News had come to them that their ancestor Maui had brought up the fish Aotea-roa to the surface of the sea, and they naturally desired to see it. So each sub-tribe built a canoe. The offspring of Tato and Ngatoro-i-rangi—namely, Tangaroa, Te Whatu, Maire, Maika, Uira, Tato, Rongo-kake—whose footprints are to be seen in these islands to this day—and Tamatea arose and built the "Takitumu." The story of the kidnapping of Ngatoro-i-rangi and his wife, and the seduction of the latter by the amorous Tama te Kapua, is confirmed, and, apparently to meet the requirements of justice, it is added that for such a wrong the "Arawa" and all her people would have been swallowed up by the sea, but that Ngatoro-i-rangi had pity on them, and thus the life of Tama-nane was saved. Tama-nane evidently was the son of Tama te Kapua by Kearoa, the seduced wife of Ngatoro-i-rangi, and, if so, the voyage of the "Takitumu" must have been of considerable duration.

The tradition of the Ngati-porou is that their ancestors came to Aotea-roa in an exceedingly large canoe called the "Manga-rara," and that she was navigated across the ocean by the following chiefs: namely, Wheke-toro, Te-wai-o-potango, Te-rau-a-riki-ao, Tara-whata, and by others. Now, being a very large canoe, with ample room for storage, it is not surprising that the "Manga-rara" should have brought a great many animals to Aotea-roa. She brought the tua-tara (iguana), the tere-tere, kumu-kumu, moko-parae, the moko-kaka-riki, and the tu-a-keke—all of the lizard kind; the weri (centipede), whee (caterpillar), weta, keke-ngu, and other insects that crawl on the ground she also brought with her. Apparently the chiefs aboard the "Manga-rara" were no wiser than some of the acclimatisation societies of the pakeha. Birds were also brought in this canoe, the torea *(Hæmatopus picatus)*, and the whai-o-io (or whi-oi) being particularly mentioned. Dogs of the Mohi-rangi breed were also brought

in the "Manga-rara." Leaving Hawa-iki, the voyagers came to Whanga-o-keno island, where Wheke-toro put most of his reptiles ashore. Their progeny became innumerable. He chanted the invocations and performed all the ceremonies necessary to procure for the animals immunity from the destructive agency of man. He made the island sacred, and the potency of his performances can be seen to this day. To the sacred fire which he kindled on the beach he gave the name Taku-ahi. So surrounded was Whanga-o-keno island with steep cliffs that there was but one spot on which man could land in order to ascend into the interior. Taking up a stone from his sacred fire, Wheke-toro threw it at this weak spot in the natural defences, and so caused the land to immediately become steep like the rest of the coast. This spot he called Te-horo-roa. Animated by this success, with another stone from the sacred fire he struck the rocks, and thus caused a spring to flow, the water from which he used consistently in his sacred ceremonies. This spring he named Whaka-au-ranga, and, behold, it is to be seen there to this day. But Wheke-toro was not alone of the people of the "Manga-rara" the only one to perform miracles, for Tu-rau-a-riki-ao, seeing the spring of his fellow-voyager, took a stone and beat it on the beach of the island, and so caused water to flow. This spring he named Te-muri-wai. The torea and whai-o-io birds were left in charge of the island. The name of the male bird of the torea was Te-wehi-wehi, and Hine-ki-torea that of the hen; Tu-whaka was the name of the male whai-o-io bird, and Tonga-whiti that of the hen. Leaving most of his reptiles behind him, Wheke-toro sailed towards the main land. When near the shore at Toka-roa, Tara-whata and his dog Moho-rangi were thrown overboard. The dog, struggling desperately, caused the sea to become very rough, and in consequence the canoe was upset. Te-rau-a-riki-ao having got to land along with the reptiles, he gave orders to them to drag the canoe to the shore, a task which they attempted to perform admirably, whilst he, standing on the beach, chanted a song for their encouragement. The reptiles, however, dragged in vain; they found it quite impossible to take the canoe to the spot that Te-rau-a-riki-oa desired. Abandoning, therefore, the task, the reptiles fled for refuge into cracks and crevices, and carefully hid themselves, which, considering their failure, it will be conceded was a most natural thing for them to do. The canoe came ashore at Pare-whero, where incontinently it turned into stone, and where in its stony condition it is to be seen to this day. Wheke-toro, Te-rau-a-riki-ao, and their followers took up their abode at Pare-whero, and their descendants, the Ngati-porou, hold the district to this very hour—a fact which puts the whole story beyond the region of doubt.

THE LEGENDS OF AOTEA-ROA

THE LEGENDS OF AOTEA-ROA.

THE LEGEND OF HATU-PATU.

It will not have been forgotten by readers of the legends of Hawa-iki that before their final settlement at Maketu the people of the "Arawa" canoe had wandered to Moe-hau—a hill near to Cape Colville. There it was that Ihenga left them, and, as has been related, he went to Rotorua. The dispersion of the voyagers that came to Aotea-roa in the "Arawa" canoe was not, however, by any means confined to Ihenga and his few followers, for the young chiefs Hanui and Haroa, taking with them their little brother Hatu-patu, also left the company and journeyed away by themselves. They gave as an excuse that they wanted to snare birds, and, indeed, it must be said on their behalf that it was to the snaring of birds they principally devoted their time. The three brothers first proceeded to Whaka-maru, and from there they passed on to Maroa, thence to Tuata, to Tutuka, to Tuaro-paki, to Hau-hungaroa, to Hurakia, and to Horo-horo. These districts lie between Lakes Taupo and Rotorua, and also between Lake Rotorua and the feeding-streams of the Waikato River. The young men pursued the enticing sport of bird-snaring until the days passed into weeks and the weeks spread into months. The birds were very plentiful, and being unsophisticatedly unfamiliar with the presence of man, they were easily captured. The sport, therefore, was splendid, and very rarely did Hanui and Haroa return to their camping-place without a good bag. Equally rarely, it must be said, did any of the young, tender, juicy spoil fall to the share of Hatu-patu. The two elder of the brothers seemed to think that, as they did the work of catching the birds, they were entitled to eat the choicest and the daintiest, and in consequence it was given to Hatu-patu to exercise his teeth and jaws upon the oldest and the toughest.

Being a healthy growing lad, generally with a considerable appetite, it was not long before the unequal distribution, so far as quality was concerned, of the animal food forced itself upon his observation. Hatu-patu felt wounded to the heart—if he was not actually pained in another of the organs of his body—that he should suffer such treatment at the hands of his own brothers. Of course, we who are grown up—we who

have attained to age—attach little importance to trifling irregularities of such a nature; but to the sensitive minds and stomachs of the young they are prone to assume an aspect of huge importance. Bitter were the tears which Hatu-patu shed in secret as he struggled with the tough sinews and the lean flesh of the old birds allotted to him, until presently there arose in his young heart intense feelings of resentment —a spirit of insubordination at once defiant and reckless. If his brothers could so treat him, it would go hard but he would find a way to be even with them.

One day when, as usual, Hatu-patu was alone in the camp, he took it into his young head to have a look at the interior of the storehouse. Lo, there in calabashes, nicely preserved in their own fat, he beheld heaps of young birds. To his excited imagination they appeared perfectly delicious. Hatu-patu had the sense to at once realise his danger. Hastily he shut the door upon such a temptation, and took himself off for a long ramble through the forest. He felt hungry, as well as tired, when he came back, and—well, there surely could be no harm in having another look—just one—at the interior of the storehouse. He opened the door, and there, to his fascinated eyes, were the birds, apparently grown more inviting and tender than ever. He would take one—just one—and it would never, never be missed. One was taken, and Hatu-patu ate it with avidity, together with some fern-root, nicely dressed. One did not by any means satisfy his hunger, but, then, he had promised to himself that only one was to be taken, so he could have no more. But, lo! what was this? The removal of the bird had left a hole in the congealed fat where it had lain embedded! That is the worst about stolen things—they usually leave holes that were not previously thought of, and these holes lead to discovery and to other unpleasant eventualities. Hatu-patu then reflected, as many before and since his time have done, that one may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb, and, in view of the fact that discovery was now certain, his promise to himself counted for nothing, and he might just as well eat another bird. He ate of the birds till in some of the calabashes the holes he had made were of a considerable size. Then, as it was still early in the day, he went for another ramble through the forest, and returned to the storehouse with another appetite, ready to make a fresh and still more formidable attack on the birds. This time it was the birds preserved in casks that suffered, and Hatu-patu thought they were much better than those he had eaten in the morning. So the day passed, and in the end there were very few of the preserved birds left.

As it drew near the time when Hanui and Haroa should return Hatu-patu began to consider what kind of excuse he

should offer to them for the violation of the storehouse. After some cogitation he hit upon an ingenious device, and he went to work upon the manufacture of evidence with an energy that surprised himself. The chief work was the treading-down of all the grass for a considerable distance round and about the camping-place. This involved a great deal of activity and much arduous labour in order to give the appearance of a great crowd of people having been present. Then he inflicted upon himself some trifling bruises and cuts, and he ran the point of a spear into his legs and arms, where he felt sure that such wounds were not likely to do him any serious harm.

When Hanui and Haroa at last returned they discovered every sign of great confusion about their camping-place: the door of their store-house was open, their casks and calabashes nearly empty, and Hatu-patu, judiciously smeared with blood and apparently severely wounded, stretched prostrate on the ground.

"Ho! some gluttonous scoundrels have been here," cried Hanui, looking into the storehouse with dismay depicted on his every feature.

"Ho! who hath done this?" exclaimed Haroa, as he lifted the head of the artfully simulating Hatu-patu.

"A war-party!" faintly gasped the wounded boy.

"A war-party!" cried Hanui.

"A war-party!" echoed Haroa.

Then they examined the surroundings of the place, and found on the downtrodden grass the evidence of a number of people having visited their camping-ground. It was too true; they had been plundered, and little Hatu-patu grievously injured. However, they set resolutely to work to repair damages. First they melted some fat, and poured it warm on the wounds of the boy, so that he speedily—very speedily—revived; then from the birds they brought home they cooked their evening meal. But though, to their minds, Hatu-patu was sorely wounded and weak from the loss of blood, that fact did not move them to change their conduct towards him. Some of the young and tender birds they put on one side for preserving, the others they ate, and the old tough birds were given to Hatu-patu as usual. Hatu-patu, as may readily be imagined, was not very hungry at this time; but he had to pretend to eat, and as he ate he wept bitterly that his brothers should treat him so. They, for their part, being thoughtlessly indifferent, enjoyed their food, and, although they saw that their little brother was weeping, it suited their convenience best to attribute the fact to the smoke from the fire going into his eyes, and not that he suffered from any real pain or grief arising from any selfishness of theirs.

"Never mind Hatu-patu," said Hanui to his brother Haroa; "he is all right. These be not real tears he is shedding; his eyes water from the smoke."

The following morning Hanui and Haroa went off bird-snaring again, and again Hatu-patu could not resist the temptation of feeding on the birds preserved in the storehouse. The pleasure had a little palled upon him since the gorging of the previous day, so that the effect of his depredations was scarcely noticeable. However, day after day from thenceforth he now preyed on the storehouse until, as invariably happens in such cases, the immunity he enjoyed rendered him over-confident.

Hanui and Haroa became suspicious, and as a result they agreed upon a plan to watch this precocious little brother. One morning they left the camping-place as usual, but no sooner did the forest shades obscure them from Hatu-patu's sight than they sank to the ground and from bush to bush slowly crawled back again to a position from which they could perfectly perceive all the movements of the boy. They did not have long to wait. Believing that his brothers had gone for the day, Hatu-patu opened the door of the storehouse, sat himself comfortably, and began to devour some of the birds.

"Ho, ho!" cried Hanui, "we have caught you, little thief."

"Ha, ha!" shouted Haroa, "you abominable little stealing rogue. Now are you in for it."

In a moment the whole course of his evil conduct flashed through the mind of Hatu-patu, but it was too late now; the mischief was done and it could not be recalled.

Hanui and Haroa beat their little brother mercilessly; they beat him until he lay a senseless lump before them, and they thought he was dead. Then, in the mass of feathers which had accumulated from the plucking of innumerable snared birds, they hid the body of the boy. Then they looked into each other's eyes as men do who know that of which the other has been guilty,

"We must go from here," muttered Hanui.

"Yes, we must depart; this is now an awful place," gasped Haroa.

"Whither shall be go," demanded Hanui in a whisper.

"I know not, nor care," answered Haroa. "To Rotorua—where else?"

So to Rotorua the two young men returned, where, of course, they were gladly welcomed.

"But where is Hatu-patu? What has become of your little brother?" asked their father.

"We don't know," answered Hanui

"Has he not come back to Rotorua?" inquired Haroa with an air of innocence.

"He has not come back here," replied their father, "and I can see by your manner you know something about him. Where is the boy?"

"Indeed, we cannot tell," said Hanui.

"You have killed him," asserted their father.

"No, we have not," and both men protested earnestly.

"Alas! it is too true. Hatu-patu went away with you, and now you return without him, declaring you know not where he is—you must have killed him," asserted their father.

And so his parents mourned for Hatu-patu, for they loved the boy dearly. After a time they consulted together and decided to employ a spirit to search for their son, and they found one. The spirit, for purposes of convenience, took the form of a blow-fly, and its name was Tamumu-ki-te-rangi, which signifies "he that buzzes in the skies." The spirit departed from Rotorua, and, lo, in due time it reached to Horo-horo, where Hatu-patu lay buried in the feathers of many birds. Having found the boy, the spirit, by means of incantations and enchantments, soon restored him to life and strength again. When he recovered consciousness Hatu-patu was surprised to find that his brothers had gone; but he found still some birds in the storehouse, and no doubt they contributed greatly towards the renewal of his energies. Then it became clear to him that he could not continue to stay at Horo-horo, he must have the fellowship of his kind; so he wandered away over the land, supporting himself principally by the birds he caught.

Then it came to pass that one day Hatu-patu encountered a woman in the forest. Her name was Kurangaituku. She was spearing birds, and, extraordinary as it may seem, she was spearing them with her mouth. She threw out her lips at the birds and struck them—so! Now a very astonishing thing happened. There was a bird sat on the bough of a tree, low down and pretty close to the ground. Hatu-patu threw his spear, which was of wood, at this bird at the same moment that Kurangaituku projected her lips at it, and the spear of Hatu-patu, instead of striking the bird, pierced the woman's lips.

This was a most unfortunate occurrence. It was a pure accident, for which Hatu-patu could scarcely be held to be fairly responsible; but when the boy realised what had occurred he was filled with dismay and—fled! Probably this was about the worst thing he could have done, for no sooner did Kurangaituku perceive him run than quick she followed after. Had Hatu-patu stood his ground probably nothing would have come of it; but at this time it must be remembered he was little more than a boy, or he would never have run away from any

woman. It appears that Kurangaituku had wings under her arms and attached to her sides—probably she was like the moa-bird—and, in addition, her feet were so peculiarly formed that she was enabled to travel very fast. She soon came up with Hatu-patu, and captured him. He found it at this time quite impossible to escape from her. Karangaituku bore him off to the place where she lived, and they had supper together.

Another strange thing about Kurangaituku was that she ate all her food raw. She made no fire and never cooked anything. This, no doubt, leads to a very great saving in time and trouble when taste has been successfully cultivated that way, but Hatu-patu had not yet attained to that stage of perfection. As a consequence he lifted the raw food to his mouth and pretended to eat it, when all the time he slyly let it drop to the ground when Kurangaituku was not looking. Hatu-patu slept that night in the cave where this woman had made her home.

Hatu-patu appears to have lived in the dwelling of this remarkable woman for some time, but for how long has never been definitely ascertained. That she was very industrious and deserving is made clear from the fact that every morning —as soon, indeed, as the first streaks of advancing day appeared—she would arise from her sleeping-place and hurry forth to spear birds. Hatu-patu was not anything like so restless; he usually lay till it was late, then lazily he would get up and cook his breakfast, and afterwards loiter about in an aimless kind of way. One day, however, the fancy took him to make an examination into the amount of property in which Kurangaituku stood possessed, and he set about the task with quite a lively spirit. First, she had a large two-handed wooden sword—a most formidable looking weapon—and as Hatu-patu handled it his mind conjured up a figure of Kurangaituku as she twirled it over her head and slashed and cut with it a multitude of foes. Ough! This picture was not pleasant. Then, she had a beautiful cloak made all of red feathers plucked from under the wings of kaka birds—a real work of art. Then, she had another red cloak made of thick dog's fur, for use in colder weather. A third cloak she had, made from flax, and so highly ornamented that the greatest chieftainess in the land well might covet it. These articles of attire were so rich and beautiful that Hatu-patu was filled immediately with a burning desire to run away with them. However, he restrained himself whilst he went on to examine Kurangaituku's collection of living curiosities. She had tame rats and tame birds, lizards of various kinds, and all sorts of other wonderful things which greatly astonished Hatu-patu.

As time went on the desire grew in the heart of the boy to

possess himself of the beautiful cloaks he had seen, and he kept brooding on a scheme by which he might accomplish it. At last one morning just before Kurangaituku took her departure Hatu-patu said to her, "See'st thou yonder mountain-range?"

"Aye, that I do," replied the woman.

"You will get some good birds if you go there. But see'st thou yonder second range, away over there to the right?" asked Hatu-patu.

"Certainly, I see the range to the right," answered Kurangaituku.

"Still better will be the birds you will capture if you go there. But see'st thou, away to the left, yonder tenth range?" went on the cunning boy.

"Surely, I see away to the left the tenth range," declared the woman.

"Larger and fatter, still more tender the birds you will find if you go there. But see'st thou yonder lofty hundredth range, where the mountain-peaks throw back the shining silvery beams of the morning sun in floods of glory?" demanded Hatu-patu.

"Full well I behold the hundredth range where lovingly rest the silvery beams of the morning sun. That range is far, very far, away," responded Kurangaituku.

"Aye, it is far," admitted Hatu-patu; "but there, at that range, are to be found the very best birds of all. When you get there, behold you will capture heaps of birds for us two."

So Hatu-patu persuaded Kurangaituku to go on to the hundredth range, and she departed. Then he got up and roasted some birds for his breakfast. After an hour had passed he speculated, "Now hath she gotten to the tenth range, away to the left, and with great determination she is pushing on—on; what a really remarkable woman she is!" Two more hours went by, and again Hatu-patu speculated—"Now is she approaching the hundredth range—a wonderful woman she is, truly! It is now about time for me to be up and doing."

Then quickly he gathered together the three beautiful cloaks, and as he tied them in a bundle he smiled cheerfully as he thought, "Oh, won't I look majestical when arrayed in all these fine feathers and they rustle in the wind!" Then, grasping the two-handled wooden sword, he brandished it for some minutes over his head; but presently he realised that this was idle, foolish play; he wanted an enemy to slay. Ho! what was this? The lizards! Hatu-patu made cuts at the lizards, and soon they were all slain. One sweep of the fatal sword and away was swept the perch upon which sat the little tame birds, and very vigorously he set about the

work of their destruction. Soon all were killed—all save one. One little pet bird escaped and flew away quickly, seeking for its mistress. Lo, as it flew it kept repeating, "O, Kurangaituku, our pleasant home in the rocks is destroyed, your pets are killed, everything is ruined."

At last Kurangaituku, far away on the hundredth range, heard the pitiful cry of the little bird, and asked, "By whom has all this ruin been brought?"

"By Hatu-patu, the young man you did leave behind you, hath this destruction been accomplished," answered the little bird. "Alas! everything is gone."

Then did Kurangaituku, there is scarcely need to say, make all haste to get home again. In order to concentrate her energies, keep up her strength, and make the way seem lightsome to her, she kept repeating to herself, "There now, step out, stretch along; step out, stretch along. There you are, Hatu-patu—not far from me; step out, stretch along. O, Hatu-patu, I see you—not far from me; step out, stretch along; step out, stretch along. There you are; I will have you presently; step out, stretch along."

In this way, with her arms extended and her wings brought in to play, and her remarkably peculiar feet aiding her greatly, it was not very long before Kurangaituku was back again at the mouth of her cave.

Kurangaituku made three strides into her cave, and then she stayed to look about. She saw something of the damage that had been done, but Hatu-patu she could not perceive. The little bird guided her forward, and Kurangaituku went on still repeating: "Step out, stretch out, stretch along. I'll catch you, Hatu-patu. You shall see; I will catch you presently—step out, stretch along; step out, stretch along!" And, indeed, she almost caught him. Her hand was so close to his mat that he thought, "There, I am done for now; she has me!" But at this moment it occurred to him to repeat an old charm he knew, "Rock, rock, open for me! O, rock, open for me!" and, lo, the rock behind him opened into a cavity into which he withdrew and noiselessly hid himself.

Kurangaituku went on searching everywhere closely, and soon she passed into the cave, going a long way beyond where Hatu-patu was hidden. Whenever he knew from her voice calling "I'll catch you, Hatu-patu; I'll catch you, Hatu-patu," that Kurangaituku had gone on a considerable distance, then he stole out of the rock, out of the cave, and fled as fast as his legs would carry him.

Kurangaituku, when she got to the top of the cave, of course, had to turn back again, and again on her return she sought everywhere carefully, but no Hatu-patu could she find. When, however, she got to the mouth of the cave, there she

beheld the flying boy a long way off. Kurangaituku immediately started in pursuit.

Now, indeed, had Hatu-patu need of all his strength and all his agility. The woman was slowly gaining upon him, as, without having any defined purpose or settled hope, he fled onwards to Rotorua. Hatu-patu reached the place still slightly in advance. He came to the sulphur springs, and cleared them at a bound; but when Kurangaituku reached them she thought they were cold, and tried to wade across. But therein she made a fatal mistake. The treacherous crust gave way beneath her feet, she sank and disappeared, and was burnt to death. Such was the fateful end of Kurangaituku.

The stoppage of the pursuit was a great relief to Hatu-patu. He felt that he could not have continued his flight much longer, he was so exhausted; so he sat down by the edge of the waters of the lake to rest. There he sat until the shades of evening fell; then, diving into the lake, he emerged at the isle of Mokoia. Into the pool of hot water known as Waiki-mihia he plunged, and there he stayed refreshing himself until it grew to be late.

Before he lay down to slumber, the father of Hatu-patu, desiring some water to drink, told his slave to fetch some; whereupon the slave went down to the lake with a calabash, and he stooped to draw the water close to where Hatu-patu lay enjoying himself in the warm pool.

"For whom do you draw water at this hour of the night?" demanded Hatu-patu.

In reply to this query, the slave gave the name of his questioner's father.

"Ah, is that so?" said Hatu-patu. "Can'st thou tell me now in which houses here in Mokoia dwell the chiefs Hanui and Haroa?"

"They occupy a house by themselves," answered the slave; then, continuing, he went on, "but who may you be that asketh such questions?"

"For my name," anwered the figure in the pool, "I am called Hatu-patu."

"O, Hatu-patu, Hatu-patu!" exclaimed the slave, "then you are not dead after all."

"No, indeed," replied Hatu-patu, "I am still alive, as you see."

"O, let me tell you," cried the slave, "your father and your mother and I live in a house by ourselves, and your father, requiring a drink, hath sent me here for some water."

"That is well," said Hatu-patu, coming out of the pool and hastily putting on his clothes; "and now, having got the water, we will go up to them together."

When Hatu-patu entered his father's house and was recognised by his parents there was a scene of great excitement, as can readily be imagined. Loudly they wept over him.

"Nay, nay," said Hatu-patu, "do not let us have any more of this; if we must cry, let us do so gently, lest Hanui and Haroa should hear. Remember, they beat me so cruelly that they left me thinking me dead. It will not be good for me for them to know that I am here. Moreover, I will not stay here with you. It is better that I should stay in the cave where you keep your sweet potatoes, for there I may dwell without any one being aware of my return, and I may overhear all that passes between my brothers. If he wishes, my father can stay with me in the cave during the night, and he can be in his home during all the daytime. This will be best."

And so it was arraged. Hatu-patu, concealed out of sight, lived in the cave, his father staying with him all through the night and returning to his home with the morning light. Then it came to pass Hanui and Haroa noticed that after these events they did not get so much food as formerly; neither was what they did get of such high quality; the reason being, although, of course, they were not aware of it, that a supply of food had to be sent to Hatu-patu in the cave, whilst their mother took care that the choicest of the food went to her favourite son. This kind of treatment did not suit the dispositions of these young chiefs, and they resented it exceedingly. They demanded that they should be supplied with more food, and they insisted that it should be of a better quality; and when, as they considered, their wishes were not attended to they beat their mother and their slaves in the most wanton and cruel fashion, so that there was nothing but turmoil and confusion on the island of Mokoia.

At last there came a time when strange sounds fell upon the ears of Hanui and Haroa. The people were all shouting out something. The brothers listened attentively, and then they gathered the meaning of the words, which filled them with dread and amazement.

"O, Hatu-patu is here! Hatu-patu is come back!"

"That cannot be," muttered Hanui as he grasped his two-handed wooden sword.

"Certainly not; it is impossible," gasped Haroa. "Did not we see Hatu-patu lying dead at Horo-horo? How should he have come back?" And he also laid hold of his large two-handed wooden sword.

Then the two, having been joined by their brother Karika, seized their swords, went forth from their dwelling, and mingled with the crowd of people, which they found was

moving slowly onward to the cave where they knew their parents kept their sweet potatoes. Here the multitude surged about, calling upon Hatu-patu and inviting him to show himself.

This behaviour of the crowd angered the brothers. They loudly ridiculed the idea of Hatu-patu being in the store-house; then, changing their ground, if he was in the store-house, they dared him to come out.

Hatu-patu, in the meantime, was prepared for all this. Early in the morning he had decorated his head, sticking in his hair all the beautiful feathers befitting a chief, and in each ear he placed a quantity of soft white down taken from the stomach of the albatross; a beautiful girdle he wore, and a showy red apron hung down in front. Then, his preparations completed, he had sent his father to excite the people and to bring them on to the storehouse.

Now that he heard his brothers outside defying him, jeering at him, and daring him to come forth, Hatu-patu grasped his two-handed sword—the same that he had from Kurangaituku — and uttered an incantation. Then he appeared at the entrance to the cave, where he repeated another incantation. A third incantation he repeated over his weapon, which, of course, will be recognised as the proper thing for him to do.

When last Hanui and Haroa had seen Hatu-patu he was but a boy, entitled to no consideration; now they and the crowd with them gazed upon a splendidly attired and noble-looking young chief, whose flashing eyes glared furiously upon them. Nor could they help noticing that in the carved face which ornamented the weapon he carried were a pair of eyes of mother-of-pearl, which looked as if they might belong to some demon possessed of wondrous magical powers. Their hearts sunk within them; they were filled with dismay: they had not anticipated being brought face to face with such beauty and nobleness. And it soon appeared that the thousands of people gathered were no less struck with admiration than they were. However, they had derided the pretensions of Hatu-patu; they had defied him and dared him to come forth; now they sprang at him with their swords, which, possibly, was not the proper thing for them to do.

With the weapons of Hanui, Haroa, and Karika assailing him at once, Hatu-patu seemed to be in very bad case—indeed, the odds against his continued occupancy of the cave were overwhelming; but not for a moment did he lose heart. He stood with the blade of his sword pointed to the ground, awaiting the assault of his brothers; then, when it seemed as if their weapons would infallibly cut him down, by a swift movement he warded off the blows and—swish!—Hatu-patu's

sword described a circle, and down went Hanui and Haroa before the sweeping blade, whilst Karika fell from a blow of the handle. This was a kind of thing they had not reckoned for at all. However, not much the worse, they all sprang up quite lively, and, apparently hopeful that they would have better fortune next time, renewed the attack. But their past experience was repeated, only this time it was Hanui and Karika that fell before the blade of the sword, whilst Haroa went down from a blow of the handle. Then the three brothers, as they were not without a small modicum of sense, and did not by any means appreciate the shouts and laughter which had greeted their discomfiture, concluded that it would be wisest to give in to the wielder of that magical sword—for, of course, nothing but a magical sword could have accomplished such wonders.

Then it was that their father came forward, well pleased, no doubt, that what promised at the outset to be a fatal quarrel should have passed without serious consequence.

"O, my sons!" he exclaimed, "the burning of the ancestral canoe of your people by the chief Raumati remains unavenged. The 'Arawa' was consumed by fire raised by the chief Raumati; but, behold, you are more eager to seek the lives of each other than you are to revenge yourselves upon him. If you will fight, turn your arms against those who have proved the treacherous enemies of your people, and not against yourselves."

Under the circumstances, nothing could be more politic than this speech. Karika, Hanui, and Haroa immediately felt ashamed that nothing should yet have been done to avenge the destruction of the "Arawa" canoe, whilst they were there tilting their swords at their young brother's breast. They felt humiliated and sad, but when their spirits returned to them they decided to at once organize an expedition against Raumati. Night after night they discussed the details of this attack, but never once did they take Hatu-patu into their counsels. There seemed to be a kind of tacit understanding that in all their proceedings the existence of Hatu-patu should be ignored. Their preparations included the providing of a quantity of stores—for they were going into an enemy's country where they would have no food except such as they took with them—therefore, quantities of fern-root had to be beaten, sweet potatoes had to be cooked, mashed, packed into baskets, and again put in the ovens so that they might be able to keep eatable for a long time; then, there was fish that had to be cooked and otherwise prepared; so that there was abundance of work to be done. But through it all no attention was paid to Hatu-patu—he was to have no voice, he must not be allowed to interfere.

"Stripped for the Fight as a Warrior should be."

The old man, their father, could not help noticing the indignity that was sought to be put upon his youngest son, so he tried to make it up to him in another way.

"When you go to Maketu with the war-party," he said, "you will find that every one will be eagerly seeking to slay Raumati, the chief; but they will not be able to do so, because no one of them knows him. Now, I will show you the tattoo-marks and the personal appearance of Raumati, so that easily you will be able to recognise him when you see him."

So Hatu-patu was instructed by his father how he would be able to recognise Raumati by his tattoo-marks.

At last the day arrived when the expedition was to leave Mokoia. The stores were packed aboard the canoes, and the armed and trained warriors came down and took their places; but no word was ever said to Hatu-patu—he was not invited to join, there was no place for him, and so the war-party sailed away leaving him behind.

From the shore Hatu-patu watched them go. There was no sadness on his brow, there was no resentment in his breast. His brothers had behaved meanly, but he did not care for that; he had plans of his own. When the fleet of canoes had reached about the middle of the lake, then Hatu-patu arose; the time for action on his part had arrived. He had already arranged the costumes he should wear during the expedition; he had ready the great two-handed sword with the face at the handle in which were the glaring, confusing, mother-of-pearl eyes; and now he gathered together thirty cloaks of red feathers and tied all into a convenient bundle—the cloaks were for his warriors. Then, having bidden his father a hurried but affectionate farewell, Hatu-patu picked up his bundle and dived into the water. That was his way of going to the war!

Tradition affirms that when Hatu-patu had attained to that part of the bottom of the lake where the water over his head was highest he stayed to eat a meal of mussels; but, of course, in an age when faith has long been dead, and in the absence of two witnesses of good repute to testify upon oath, it is to be expected that this statement will be doubted. However this may be, Hatu-patu crossed the lake, and with his weapons and appurtenances he rapidly pushed on to Ngau-kawa-kawa. He had untied his bundle and spread out his thirty red-feather cloaks to dry, when the army led by his brothers came marching along.

"Hallo! how did you come here?" cried Hanui.

"Never mind how," replied Hatu-patu. "I came here; I am here; it is enough."

"But where is your canoe; I didn't see your canoe!" shouted Haroa in amazement.

"I have a canoe of my own which I use, and I do not always choose to show it to my friends," answered the young chief.

"But what are you going to do?" demanded Karika.

"I am going to try and mind my own business," said Hatu-patu. "Whose business is it you are minding?" Then, after a pause, Hatu-patu went on: "Look you, my brothers, you have been very considerate to me. You have left me out of this expedition. You determined that I should have no share in it. You were anxious that all the honour and glory should be yours. Well, go your ways. Do not be alarmed. I am not going to interfere with you. You shall have all your business to yourselves. I am going to attend to my own business, and to my own business entirely."

After this speech Hatu-patu was not again spoken to. That might legitimately be expected.

It was at Ngau-kawa-kawa that Hatu-patu threw away the wreath that he wore around his head, and, lo, one of the little stems sticking in the ground struck root and grew into a beautiful pohutakawa tree, with whose lovely red flowers every one acquainted with the North Island is familiar. Then again Hatu-patu plunged into the water, and after a time he rose to the surface, and came ashore at Kuka-rua. At Kuka-rua he again threw a wreath from his brow, and one of the stems sticking in the soft earth, behold, it grew to a great totara-tree, and it may be found by the curious growing at Kuka-rua to this day.

Presently Hatu-patu's brothers, with their warriors, came along, and they found him sitting in the shade watching with exemplary patience his thirty red-feather cloaks drying in the sun. They were astounded at his performances, but they said no word.

It was at Otamarae where the war-party rested. Then they marched on overland, and fixed their camp at Kaharoa-a-Tauhu. The next day they reached Maketu. In the evening of that day the force was divided into three divisions. Each division consisted of three hundred and forty men, and was commanded by one of the brothers. Of course, no position was assigned to Hatu-patu, nor was he offered any body of men to lead. The brothers would not have anything to do with him.

Then it occurred to Hatu-patu to try the spirit of his brothers. He had his own design; he knew what he should do when the occasion arose; but it should not be said of him that he gave them no opportunity to reconsider the position. So he said, "O, my brothers, I did not refuse to hearken to you when you asked me to go with you bird-snaring; as you desired, I went very readily with you on that occasion when

you beat me so that you left me for dead. Here now am I alone. I am in a very bad position. I pray you let some of your warriors be under my command—let me have a command of fifty."

"Pooh, what nonsense!" exclaimed Hanui. "What has brought you here? You are no use; you are fit for nothing but to consume food."

"You had better take yourself off home again; no one wanted you to come here," said Haroa.

"So you have given up minding your own business, and now want to interfere with ours," cried Karika. "Better go home to your mother; this is no place for boys."

Hatu-patu quite expected these replies, knowing well the jealousy that filled them, so he turned on his heel and said no word. That night he selected a rough thicket, and there he resolved he would rest. Scrutinising the place a little more closely, however, he came to the conclusion that it would suit him very well for another and a much more important purpose. The thicket was on top of a small hill, and in front of it was a lot of high grass, low bushes, stumps of trees, and climbing plants—the very place, indeed, that his heart desired. He set to work energetically at once. He tied the bushes into the form of men standing at regular distances apart, and he arranged each in a cloak of red feathers, giving to it a stick for a spear. When he had finished, behold, Hatu-patu had an array of thirty braves who might be relied upon to stand up to any enemy until, knocked down, they fell prostrate on the hill. The long grass covering the figures where it might be supposed their limbs were helped the illusion and gave them a very natural appearance. When the morning dawned Hatu-patu came forth from the thicket and gave to his dummy troops a few finishing touches.

In the meantime Raumati had not been idle. When he beheld a war-party of over a thousand men encamped over against him he felt that it was time to be up and doing, so all that night and far into the morning his messengers were hastening north and south summoning his warriors to join him with the rising of the sun. And gladly was that summons obeyed; the braves of Raumati's people came speeding to him from all quarters, and soon he had under him a larger force than the Arawa.

Before the fight began Hanui addressed to the braves of his division a vigorous and telling speech, reminding them forcibly of the misdeeds of the enemy in burning the "Arawa" canoe—that historic canoe which had brought their ancestors across the sea from Hawa-iki. When Hanui had concluded, then Haroa spoke to the men of his division, misprising the enemy as a cowardly, good-for-nothing people that should be

swept away, and praising the bravery and virtues of the Arawa. When Haroa had finished, then it became the turn of Karika to address the warriors of his division. Karika was the acknowledged orator of the family, and his speech was much the more fiery of the three. He characterized Raumati as a mean thief that prowled about in the darkness of the night; the burning of the "Arawa" canoe he denounced as a shameful, cowardly, treacherous act, and he called upon his warriors to avenge it. He made little of the enemy, and exalted the valour of his own braves, declaring that he would lead them on to victory or never return to Rotorua again.

Hatu-patu had been sitting silent and alone whilst these martial declamations were being delivered, and now, his three brothers having spoken, he thought it was time for him to have a turn. After "fixing up" his line of redoubtable, unslayable warriors, Hatu-patu appears to have concluded that he could not better occupy his time than bestow some pains in his own appearance. Accordingly he had dressed his hair into four knots, or clubs, into each of which was stuck a bunch of feathers, so that his head seemed covered with a mass of waving plumes. Then he wore one of the beautiful cloaks of Kurangaituku, and he carried her large two-handed magical sword with the mother-of-pearl eyes that had frightened all his brothers so. As his thirty mock warriors were in rather extended order Hatu-patu first addressed those on the left wing; then, rushing into the thicket, he rapidly loosed his hair so that only the knot over his forehead was left, and, throwing off his cloak, he attired himself in the cloak of red feathers, and, coming forth again, he made a stirring speech to his mock warriors on the right wing. This being concluded, again Hatu-patu rushed to the rear, where he loosed all his hair and again changed his cloak, so that when he again came forth to make a third speech he was brilliantly arrayed in a cloak of flax with a handsome broidered border, and in every respect highly ornamented. Again he was seen standing up to address his mock braves opposite the centre of their line, and then once again he appeared, stripped for the fight as a warrior should be—that is to say, he was naked. Once more Hatu-patu rushed into the thicket, and again he speedily reappeared. This time the hair at the back of his head was tied up in a knot and gaily decked with feathers; his cloak now was of dogs' skins, and in his hand he carried a *mere* made of white whalebone; thus it was he delivered a spirited speech to his silent and statuesque warriors.

Now, when from a distance the warriors of Raumati beheld how motionless and steady stood this force upon the hill, when they saw, apparently, numerous chiefs in splendid costumes and armed with different weapons come forth and

address the braves, they naturally came to the conclusion that these were selected men—the bravest of the brave, led by the most influential chiefs—and they dreaded them exceedingly.

Notwithstanding the disparaging remarks that had been made about him by the brothers of Hatu-patu, Raumati behaved right valiantly. With eloquent words he denounced the invaders who came to burn the homes of his people, acquire their lands, and reduce them, their wives, their children, to slavery. He knew his people would fight bravely, and he was certain of victory. Then, in orderly, steady lines, he led them quickly forward to the attack.

First the warriors of Raumati discharged volleys of light spears or darts, made from branches of manuka-trees. The division of Hanui, which had to sustain this shower, suffered from it severely and fell into some confusion. Quickly perceiving his advantage, Raumati led his warriors on to attack with their long, heavy spears. On they came with an impetuous, resistless rush. For a moment the people of Hanui seemed to sustain the shock; but they staggered beneath the blow, gave ground, weakened, retreated, fled back to the line of the second division, which was under the leadership of Haroa. Here Hanui attempted to rally his people, but before he could restore them to any degree of order the triumphant warriors of Raumati were upon them. The demoralised force of Hanui could no more withstand the advance of these long heavy spears of the enemy then than they could at first, and when they turned to fly they carried confusion into the division of Haroa. This leader, however, stood boldly up, and, waving his weapon, called upon his warriors to charge—charge! The disordered division of Hanui in front impeded them; all they could do was to poke forward their heads and the upper part of their bodies as if they would gladly charge, but charge they did not.

On, over the broken wave of Hanui's people, came the long line of spears of the jubilant warriors of Raumati, and their impact was overwhelming. Gallantly the warriors of Haroa strive to stem it; fiercely they defend their line, seeking to drive back the onslaught of the foe, but all is in vain; they are overpowered, they are swept away, and fly back to the line of Karika, the sole remaining hope of the Arawa. Now the most tremendous efforts are put forth by Hanui and Haroa to rally their braves. Rushing along the front and waving their *meres*, they adjure them to face the foe and stand firm; but Raumati will afford no time for their passionately imploring words to have any effect. He and his braves, flushed with all the transports of success, are upon them like a whirlwind, and they are overborne, crushed, trampled under foot. Short and sharp is the conflict with Karika's division.

Karika's braves had beheld the fate which had befallen their comrades in the other divisions, and they had lost heart. In addition to this, the whole trimphant force of Raumati was now brought to bear upon them, and their hope of success died away. They retreated. Whither could they go? Up the hill they went, where Hatu-patu's stuffed warriors stood immovably in line, and where upon the ground in front of them their leader sat composedly surveying the whole scene.

But presently the aspect of the hero changes. As the shattered remains of the three divisions come pouring in upon him, Hatu-patu springs to his feet, whirls over his head his heavy two-handed sword, and calling loudly, "Turn upon them, ye braves; fight, O, ye warriors of the Arawa! Turn upon them again—again!" he cheered them on to make one last stand.

Before they began to ascend the hill the warriors of Raumati began to remember what they had seen at the top of it in the early morning, before the battle began—the stolidly passionless warriors, the numerous chiefs splendidly attired and armed with a great variety of weapons—so stayed for a few minutes to draw breath and to reflect. Those few minutes were of vast consequence to Hatu-patu. They enabled him to restore order, and with order to bring back confidence.

At last Raumati leads his army up the hill. Lo, his people behold a young chief, beautifully attired, and wielding a great two-handed sword, rushing about from end to end and back again of a long line of warriors prepared to meet them; whilst behind those warriors stand other warriors —the immovable warriors they had seen in the morning— dressed in cloaks of red feathers; terrible looking figures were they.

Amongst the warriors of Raumati was a young chief called Karika—named like one of Hatu-patu's brothers—and he burned with a desire to distinguish himself in the fight. He rushed up the hill leading the advance a long way ahead of the line of the army. As Karika came near Hatu-patu went forth to meet him in combat. The contest was of exceedingly brief duration. With a short spear Karika aims a fierce thrust at his antagonist. It is easily parried, and then it is all over with Karika. One sweep of the mighty two-handed sword and Karika dies without a pang. Then drawing forth his white whalebone mere, with one blow Hatu-patu chops off Karika's head and holds it up by the hair

This discomfiture of their champion discourages the warriors of Raumati; proportionately it inspires confidence amongst the Arawa. Grasping his two-handed sword again Hatu-patu waves it above his head and calls a charge. Then

down the hill with a noise like thunder came the Arawa and almost in an instant the army of Raumati is swept away. Nothing could withstand the fearful impetuosity of that rush down the hill. Now, Hanui, Haroa, and Karika are again leading their braves and busy in the work of slaughter.

Then it was that Hatu-patu remembered. His father had given to his mind the tattoo-marks of Raumati, and he must find that chief. Eagerly he sought him over the field, and many he slew before at last Raumati and he stood face to face. Little credit did Hatu-patu ever claim for his victory. In seeking for Raumati he found many who made a far more desperate fight than did the chief himself. The iron of despair had entered his soul; he was covered with blood and dust; he was almost exhausted by past exertion; a few comparatively feeble strokes he made when—swish!—away went his head before that fatal sword. Hatu-patu then withdrew from the battle and concealed the head of the chief.

At this fight many thousands, it is averred, were slain. The pursuit of Raumati's people was long continued and very few escaped. Then, upon their return to their encampment, the Arawa sat down to the enjoyment of the fruits of victory. The bodies of the slain were cooked and devoured; after which the chiefs made speeches in which they boasted loudly the many valorous deeds which they alleged they had performed. Nearly all of them claimed—and it is a wonderful fact—that they had slain the great chief Raumati, and they, all of them, gave very stirring descriptions of the long-continued and desperate fight they had with him before at last he fell. To all of which Hatu-patu listened patiently, saying never a word.

Then the war-party started upon their return to Rotorua, the excitement of victory, and perhaps to some extent the events of the battle, having in a measure broken the hostility of the brothers. Hatu-patu went with them in their canoe when the time came that they had to cross the lake. Then did the warriors laugh, and joke, and vaunt; then did they chant their songs of war, returning to their home victorious. The prows of the canoes are buried in the mud of the shore, and lo, there is the father of the chiefs with all his people, women and children, come down to the water-side to welcome them.

"Which of you has the head of Raumati, the chief?" gaily demanded the old man after the greetings were over.

"Oh, I have," cried one, as he produced the head of a foe; "here it is."

The old man glanced at it and shook his head. "Nay," he said, "that is not the head of Raumati."

"I slew Raumati," asserted another; "behold, here is his head!"

The old man glanced at this head also. "Nay," he said, "that is not the head of Raumati."

And so on with a goodly number of heads that were produced.

"Alas, alas!" he cried at last, "I fear Raumati hath escaped!"

Then, standing up in the canoe, Hatu-patu, holding in his left hand the head of Raumati, whilst before him was a basket full of heads, chanted a prayer to Tu-mata-uenga, the god of war. But his father did not cease to lament that Raumati had escaped.

"There, there!" cried Hatu-patu, at length, and, putting his right hand under his cloak, he drew forth the head of Raumati. "There, I have the head of Raumati for you."

Eagerly the old man rushed forward to look at this head—the head that Hatu-patu had kept concealed under his cloak—but a glance satisfied him—he knew it well. "Aye," he exclaimed, "that is indeed the head of Raumati!"

Then everybody rejoiced exceedingly, and, gathering round Hatu-patu, insisted upon his telling them all about his combat with Raumati; but he had nothing to tell. Then his father, filled with joy, cast aside his cloak and, rushing into the lake, repeated a chant of thanksgiving to the gods. Then, returning to the water-side, he had given to him a full account of the proceedings since the time when the war-party left Mokoia, and the end of it was that he debased in rank Hanui, Haroa, and Karika, and raised in honour his youngest son, Hatu-patu.

Thus at the last vengeance was wrought for the burning of the "Arawa" canoe.

The descendants of Tama te Kapua emigrated, and when they came to Aotea-roa they settled at Pakotore, and there it was that Rangi-tihi was born. Of the children of Rangi-tihi, one came to Rangi-whaka-kapua, or Rotorua, and there he dwelt, whilst one of his daughters went to the Whaka-tohea Tribe, at Opotiki. Subsequently, upon the death of the husband of Rongo-mai-papa, Rangi-tihi, with all his sons and warriors, went to Ahuriri to execute vengeance, and Rongo-mai-papa was given up to them.

Then Uenuku-kopako, having grown to manhood, he set out to visit all the tribes and sub-tribes subject to his authority. He went to Whakamaru, to Maroa, to Tutukau, and to Tuata, returning to Pakotore. At Mokoia, Uenuku-kopako lost his dog, Potaka-tu-whiti, which he discovered had been killed by Mata-aho and Kawa-arero. He had returned to Whakamaru to look for his dog, for he prized it greatly. The killing of Potaka-tu-whiti was the cause of a great war at

Rotorua, in the course of which a great number on both sides were slain.

Then Rangi-te-aorere attained to man's estate. He was a son of Rangi-whaka-ekeau. In his time the island of Mokoia and all the country round Lake Rotorua was conquered by the sons of Rangi-tihi and their braves. They continued to hold this country, and, lo, there the multitude of the people increased greatly, so that they spread into all parts over the land.

At Rotorua also the descendants of Ngatoro-i-rangi multiplied, and some of them remain at Rotorua to this day. Tumakoha begat Tara-whai, and Te Rangi-ta-karoro was one of his sons; the second son of Tumakoha was Tarea, and his third was Ta-pora-hitana. But these are things that all men know.

THE LEGEND OF MARU-TUAHU.

From Hawa-iki — from a large, warm land beyond the ocean—came the chief Hotunui in the "Tai-nui" canoe. It was at Kawhia where Hotunui first settled. At Kawhia he had built a large house, and here he dwelt happily with his young wife for some time. But happiness is illusive; man thinks he has it; he will grasp it and hold it tight; when, suddenly, to his surprise—in a way he has never dreamt of—it has slipped through his fingers and is gone. So it hapened with Hotunui.

One night a man whose name has not been stated, possibly for the reason that it never was known, stole from the dwelling of Hotunui with intent to plunder the storehouse of a neighbouring chief. He did rob the storehouse and returned to Hotunui's. Possibly, on his return, he made a noise, or in some other way disturbed the chief; possibly Hotunui that night was restless; anyway, about midnight, he arose from the place where he slept and went forth into the night. Hotunui passed down the track, obliterating with his big feet the footprints of the thief who had been that way before him, and as he returned he printed the marks of his feet—and he had big feet—unmistakably on the path; so, having enjoyed his midnight ramble, he turned into rest again. In the morning the early risers of Kawhia discovered the sweet potatoes which had been dropped along the track. They found the sweet potatoes had been taken from the storehouse of one of the chiefs, which had been broken into and robbed. An examination of the track showed that the perpetrator of this crime had abnormally big feet; conclusion—Hotunui was the robber! Yawning and stretching himself as he emerged from his home, the unconscious Hotunui was shown the dropped sweet potatoes. He was told where they

had been taken from; his footmarks were shown on the path. The inference was clear: it was indicated that he was the thief. Hotunui admitted at once that he had left his dwelling about midnight. It was true he had passed along that track and had returned by the same way. They were his footmarks, of course; but he denied having broken into any storehouse, and he knew nothing about the sweet potatoes.

Nothing immediately came of the matter. A few probably may have concluded that it was most unlikely that a chief in the position of Hotunui would so far forget what was due to his rank and standing as to be guilty of such a crime; but, on the other hand, the great bulk of the people believed Hotunui to be guilty, and Hotunui knew that they so believed. The evidence was against him, and there was nothing he could do that would sweep that evidence away. Afterwards there were many little trifling ways in which the people made plain their belief in his guilt, and they were not above displaying their repugnance to him.

At last Hotunui felt that his position had become so intolerable that it was necessary something should be done. As a result of grave consideration he decided to leave Kawhia, at least for a time, and go to some part of the country where he could live his life in freedom from such insult. Hotunui was much attached to his home; he loved his plantations and his fields; still, life under such circumstances had become unsupportable, and, though the parting broke his heart, he felt that it was best for him to go. His storehouse was well filled with fern-root and sweet potatoes; his plantations had been dug—the ground was ready for the planting, and the seed was ready to put in; if he was to go, now was the time for him to depart.

"O, my beloved," he said to his wife, "when the beams of the sun first begin to illume the sky on the morrow I must arise and go from hence. Shortly Hotunui shall be far, very far, away. One thing there is, however, which I beg of you to remember."

"Say it, Hotunui," replied his wife, "and whatever it may be I will remember."

"If our child when born prove to be a boy, then I would be pleased to have him called Maru-tuahu; but if our child prove to be a girl, then let her name be Pare-tuaha.* This will be in commemoration of the land which Hotunui loved—of the field which he cultivated and prepared for the planting, all to no purpose."

"My dear husband," returned his wife, "it shall be as you have said."

* Either name would mean "the field made ready for planting."

And so, in the early morning, Hotunui arose and departed from Kawhia.

Some months afterwards the wife of Hotunui had a son, and—faithful to her promise to Hotunui—he was named Maru-tuahu.

Hotunui had passed into the country known as Hauraki. It was at a place called Wakatiwai where he resided. He was accepted by the people of that country as their chief, and presently he took to himself another wife. She was the young sister of a chief named Te Whatu, and in due course she bore a son, upon whom Hotunui bestowed the name of Paka.

Then years rolled their course. Hotunui and the story of the sweet potatoes were pretty well forgotten, but the chief did not return to Kawhia. He had a wife and son and other fields he had learned to love at Wakatiwai—why should he trouble about a place and a people where he had suffered pain?

Maru-tuahu had attained to man's estate. He was a handsome young chief and exceeding graceful. He was very good-natured, full of a sly humour which rendered him very pleasant company, and wonderfully expert in all the arts which make up the perfectly accomplished Maori. Naturally, he began to be curious about his father.

"Mother!" he startled his parent by exclaiming one day, "can'st thou show to me the mountain-range that runs close to where now abides my father?"

"Aye, my son," answered his mother," I can show to thee that range."

"Then, I pray you do so," said Maru-tuahu.

"It is there—it is there, my child!" and she pointed to the place where the sun appears in the morning.

"What, there!" murmured Maru-tuahu, as if awestruck at such a solemn thought.

"Aye, there, Maru. He dwells by yonder distant range, whose luminous purple tints reflect the radiance of the brilliant orb of day ere slowly he sinks into the depths of the limpid sea." Maru-tuahu seemed to ponder these words gravely. "That is Hauraki," concluded his mother.

"'Tis well, mother; I understand." Maru-tuahu had made up his mind.

Some months after this conversation with his mother Maru-tuahu gathered together his various costumes, his mats, his toilet requisites, and his weapons—the latter consisting chiefly of a stout club and a spear for use in killing birds—and, having bid a fond adieu to his maternal parent, he set off in the direction of that range that shone with a refulgence of purple tints at the close of day. He took but one slave with him for company, and he was going to find his father.

The spearing of birds in order to sustain themselves must have occupied a great deal of the time of Maru-tuahu and his slave, for it is recorded that it took them a whole month to travel from Kawhia to Kohu-kohu-nui. Naturally, they would take their way where forest trees grew thickest, for there, of course, birds were most plentiful. At Kohu-kohu-nui they arrived one bright morning, and, as provender had run short, it was necessary to spear some birds for breakfast. Therefore did Maru-tuahu cast his cloak upon the ground at the foot of a huge tree, under which the slave sat, and, mounting into the branches, he was soon busily at work with his spear.

Now, it happened at this particular juncture that Rotina and Hopa, the young and lovely daughters of Te Whatu, the chief of Hauraki, came from the pa, chatting merrily along the path.

"Hallo!" cried Hopa, who was a very beautiful girl, "I spy a slave." It was easy to distinguish one who was a slave. "I shall appropriate him—he shall be my slave."

"I do not see any slave," said Rotina, who was the elder, and, though the plainer of the two, still a very captivating maid.

"What, can't you see him?" exclaimed Hopa. "Look! there he is—there, sitting at the foot of that tree."

"Yes, I see him now. He is a very nice slave. I shall have him to wait upon me," determined Rotina.

"Oh, no, you won't," laughed Hopa; "I saw him first, I claimed him first, and now I shall capture him first"; and off the girl bounded towards the slave, who was sitting composedly twiddling his thumbs under the tree.

"Oh, no, you won't; I will get him first!" cried Rotina, and she started to run, too.

And so it was that the two girls, panting for want of breath, and highly amused at the fun of their contest, arrived under the tree in front of the slave. Maru-tuahu, from his perch in the branches, looked down and saw them.

"Where is your master?" demanded Hopa, for, of course, a slave must have a master.

"I have no master save him," answered the slave.

The girls looked curiously about. They perceived a heap of birds lying dead upon the ground, and there was a cloak, evidently the property of a chief, but no "him" could they see.

"But where is he?" cried Hopa, skipping among the bushes gaily.

"Aye, where is he?" insisted Rotina; "I can't see any 'him'! I don't believe there is any 'him.'"

At this moment a lot of tuis settled on the branches of the tree, and Maru-tuahu became very busy with his spear. He

struck a bird which made the air ring with its cries as flutteringly it fell to the ground.

"O, I see him, I see him," called Hopa, dancing about. "He is up there; I shall have him for a husband!"

"That you shan't," cried Rotina; "little greedy, you want everything. A few minutes ago it was the slave you were crying for; now you want the chief. But those that cry for things don't get 'em. They fall to the virtuous people, like me, who wait and don't say anything."

"Oh, you are very good—real splendid!" laughed Hopa, "but you are not going to get the chief that is up the tree, all the same." Then, turning her bright young face up the tree, she called to Maru-tuahu, "There, you'll be my husband, won't you?"

"Now, don't you say you will till you have seen me," called Rotina, and thus the two girls went on in a laughing, joking competition.

"Are not you coming down to have a look at the two young maids that are throwing themselves at you," shouted Hopa.

"If you are a wise chief you will stay where you are, lest we gobble you up when you do come down," cried Rotina.

"Oh, I am coming," responded Maru-tuahu, and in a few minutes he was on the ground rubbing noses with the girls. The joking then went on faster than ever.

"You will come on to the village and see our people, will you not?" asked Rotina.

"Yes, I will come," replied Maru-tuahu. "You girls had better go on ahead and I and my slave will follow you presently."

"Very good," said Rotina, "we will tell our people there is a stranger chief coming. Come along, Hopa."

"Stay a moment!" exclaimed Maru-tuahu. Then he made the slave present to the girls two baskets of pigeons preserved in their own fat, together with a number of the birds he had killed." "Now," he said "you may go. Hoo—Hoo—Hoo!" he cried, waving them away as if they too were birds.

"Mind you come after," cried Hopa, glancing back at him with her roguish eyes.

"Do not fear," replied Maru-tuaha.

As soon as the girls had disappeared up the path Maru-tuahu went to a stream and washed his hair. Then, having combed it out, he tied it up in a knot very carefully, and in the knot he stuck a great many—fifty, it is said—red kaka-feathers. Amongst these red feathers he fixed the plume of a white heron and the tail of a huia. This, it may well be supposed, made a great display. His head-dress completed,

Maru-tuahu next considered the costume in which he should attire himself. First he arrayed himself in a garment called the *kopu*, over that he wore a cloak known as a *kaha kaha*, and over that again he had a *peuru* cloak, and this made up what constituted in ancient times the dress of a great chief. Being an extremely handsome and pleasant-looking young man, it may be taken for granted that when he had arrayed himself to his own satisfaction he presented a very noble appearance. But, of course, all his preparation occupied a deal of time.

"Now, let us go," he said to his slave, and forward they went.

In the meantime Rotina and Hopa had gone on to the pa and had acquainted all the people there that a young chief, attended by one solitary slave, was on his way to see them, and this intelligence had produced the excitement usual in a Maori pa on the occasion of the advent of visitors. As time passed and the young chief did not appear Rotina and Hopa, growing impatient, went forth again to meet him—for, perchance, after all he might not be coming, which would be a great disappointment, considering he had already been announced. Turning a bend in the path, behold, there was Maru-tuahu sitting on the ground and looking quite a different being from what he did before. Indeed, he seemed now such a high and mighty chief that neither of the girls dared to joke with him as they had done when first they saw him, and the feelings of respect, charged with admiration, quickly were overpowered in the superior one of love.

"Why tarry you here?" cried Hopa, who, being the younger, was much the more impetuous and bold. "Come along with us to our father's village."

"Aye, in good time I will be there," replied the young chief. "You lead the way onward; my slave will accompany you. I will follow after."

Maru-tuahu arranged matters this way knowing, as he did, that if the slave went with them they would be sure to ask who his master was and so find out all about him. Some such process was usually adopted by a visitor to lead to the disclosure of his name and rank, and so save his friends from being at any disadvantage.

Of course, the girls had not gone far with the slave—as soon, indeed, as they were out of earshot of the young chief—than there came from Rotina the inevitable question, "What is the name of your master?"

"From the west coast of this island is there no young chief whose fame has reached this place?" answered the slave.

"Aye," answered Rotina. "the name of one young chief

on the west coast hath penetrated to Wakatiwai—the fame of Maru-tuahu, the son of Hotunui."

"Maru-tuahu, son of Hotunui," said the slave, "this is he."

"Oh, dear!" cried Hopa delightedly, "just think of it. Maru-tuahu here!"

"Oh," cried Rotina, "we never thought of him. We had no idea of his being Maru-tuahu."

Which goes to show that the two girls had been going over a lot of names, speculating upon who the young chief, their visitor, might be.

Having given the girls a fair opportunity of ascertaining from the slave who he was, Maru-tuahu now sought to rapidly overtake them, but the girls, full of the news of the important character of their visitor, ran away at once to the pa to inform the people who it was that was coming. But when, out of breath and panting, the girls reached the gate they stayed for a moment to recover themselves; then it was they arranged differently from what they had originally planned. It was agreed that Hopa should run quickly and tell Hotunui that his son was coming, whilst Rotina stayed at the gate to lead Maru-tuahu into the village.

Off went Hopa accordingly, and as she went she called, "Ho! Hotunui are you there? Ho, ho, ho! Hotunui, where are you? Here comes your son; here comes the chief Maru-tuahu, and where are you, Hotunui, to welcome him? Come forth, Hotunui, and greet your son!"

Then called Hotunui with a loud voice, "Where is he? Where is my son Maru-tuahu?"

"He is here, he cometh close behind me," called Hopa.

"I am coming forth to meet my son," said Hotunui.

"Make haste and have the floor of the house covered with fine mats, so that he may have a fitting reception," cried Hopa, who possessed a true woman's instinct for the proper ordering of the household before the advent of visitors.

Soon Maru-tuahu came into sight, and, lo, the people of the pa got upon the defences, they clambered up the walls, they found their way to every point of vantage to get a look at the famous young chief. Many ran outside the gates in their excitement, whilst all the young girls waved the corners of their cloaks, crying, "Welcome, welcome, welcome to Maru-tuahu! O make haste; make haste to come to us. Welcome, welcome, welcome!"

The young chief must have felt very proud and much gratified at such a reception as was accorded to him.

After such a joyous greeting, Maru-tuahu could do no less than step cheerfully and boldly forward, and soon he was in the centre of the village, with all the people weeping round him.

The weeping being over, then all the people of the village sat down in a semicircle, Maru-tuahu's place being in the middle of the open part. Here he sat conspicuous and alone, the honoured one. Then opposite to him, in the middle of the semicircle, Hotunui stood up to make a speech of welcome to the son whom never before had he seen. He said, "Welcome, welcome to you, O my son! Welcome to Hauraki, and again welcome. You have suddenly appeared amongst us. Prompted by the natural warmth of your affections for a parent you have never known, you have journeyed a long way to Hauraki, but your fame has travelled here before you. Hotunui is proud of his son Maru-tuahu, and of the fame that is his. Welcome, you are very welcome amongst us here in Hauraki."

When Hotunui had finished his speech, Maru-tuahu quickly and gracefully arose to make reply. He said, "O my father, my dear father, whom never before until this hour have I seen, it is right, it is very right, that you should call out to your son 'You are welcome.' Here am I, arrived at Hauraki. I have been seeking the village where my father dwells in Hauraki. Lo, I have found it. I have found my father. But I—whom am I that I should speak? I am but the slave of my father, and can say nothing adequate in answer to his warm words of welcome. It is for you to speak. My heart is too full to permit me to utter the thoughts that fill me. A young man just arrived from long wanderings in the forests cannot find fitting words to express his feelings in such a presence."

This speech of Maru-tuahu won for him a great deal of praise. The references to his wanderings and to his father were thought particularly fine by the critical in such things, whilst his general modesty in demeanour as well as in speech commended him at once to popular favour.

The speech of welcome and the reply being concluded, all the people fell to the consumption of a great repast, the preparation of which had been begun at the first whisper of the approach of a visitor. It is said that no fewer than ten dogs were killed for this feast, and they were all eaten. The chiefs, the men and women, the boys and girls, everybody ate and enjoyed themselves, so that the day of the arrival of Maru-tuahu at the Wakatiwai came to be recognised as one of the most memorable in the annals of the tribe.

In the meantime the competition which had originated in mere fun and idle sport between Rotina and Hopa had developed into very serious earnest. In a corner by themselves, and under their breaths, they were quarrelling viciously as to which of them should have Maru-tuahu for a husband. The assertion by each of supposed claims and rights, together with

"I don't see any 'him.'"

depreciatory remarks of each other's charms, temper, and qualifications, made up the bulk of this dialogue, which need not here be set forth at large. Suffice it to say that both Rotina and Hopa had become so infatuated with the young man that they were determined to use their utmost arts to win him for a husband. A proper dramatic ending would provide that neither should have him, but in Maori life, where the girl was so frequently the wooer, proper dramatic endings of that kind very rarely happened.

The feast being over the people left that part of the pa where it was usual to partake of food, and which therefore was regarded as common, and moved to that part of the enclosure which was held the sacred precincts. Here, as the night fell, a fire was kindled in the large house, and all the people assembled. Here, too, after a time Rotina missed her sister, who was not present amongst the company, and on making inquiries she learned that Hopa had been given in marriage to Maru-tuahu. This vexed Rotina exceedingly, as may be well supposed, for although she knew she was not such a beautiful girl as Hopa, yet still she thought she had other claims more weighty than mere beauty to consideration, and they had been overlooked. She determined, therefore, that on the first opportunity she would let Hopa know what she thought of her, and it is more than probable her resolve was carried out to the fullest.

Now, it will be remembered that shortly after Hotunui went to Hauraki he took to himself a sister of Te Whatu as his second wife, and she bore to him a son, whom he named Te Paka; Te Paka was therefore a nephew of the chief Te Whatu and a younger half-brother of Maru-tuahu. To Te Paka was given Rotina to wife, and in due time she bore to him a pretty little girl, who was named Te Kahu-rere-moa, of whom more will be heard hereafter.

Hopa, the youngest daughter of Te Whatu, bore to Maru-tuahu three children, who were known as Tama-te-po, Tama-te-ra, and Wharaunga. Each was the progenitor of a tribe. From Tama-te-po sprang the Ngati-rongou tribe, from Tama-te-ra sprang the Ngati-tama-te-ra, and from Whanaunga sprang the Ngati-whanaunga tribe.

But this is anticipating events. Things at Wakatiwai were not what they seemed,

Maru-tuahu had been living at Hauraki some time before his father revealed to him the true character of a people living near to where he had made his home.

"They are not by any means the people they pretend to be, and which you would take them for without experience," said the old man gravely. "Anyway, the treatment meted out to me by some of them has been very bad."

"Tell me, O, my father, what that treatment was, so that I may judge of them and of their ways?" said Maru-tuahu, a feeling of sad disappointment creeping over him.

"Well," said Hotunui, "I will give you one story which must serve for an illustration of many. It happened one day that, when the canoes came in from the sea loaded with fish that had been taken in the net, I sent down one of my servants to bring up a fish for me. When my servant got to the canoes the man who owned the nets demanded of him, 'Well, what brings you here?' To which my servant made answer, 'Hotunui sent me down to get a fish for him; he is very hungry and quite longs to eat some fish.' Upon hearing this the owner of the nets cursed me again and again in the most violent language, and in the most offensive manner, saying, among other things, 'Is the head of Hotunui the flax that grows in the swamp at Otoi? Is the top-knot of Hotunui flax? Why goeth he not to the swamp at Otoi and, getting some flax, there make a net for himself instead of troubling me by sending for fish?' Thereupon my servant came back to me. 'Where is the fish I sent you for?' I asked of him. Then he told me all that had occurred upon his going to the canoes, and the curses which had been heaped upon my head. Thus you will see, O, my son, that this tribe living near to us is a very bad one. Without cause, as you perceive, they have cursed your father, and they seem bent upon lowering the just authority of their chiefs."

When Maru-tuahu heard that his father had been cursed and treated in a contemptuous fashion it made him very gloomy and sad at heart, for such treatment, he felt, called for punishment.

Noticing his condition, and guessing his thoughts, Hotunui continued, "O, my son, you may well look sad at what you have heard, and you may be sure that this tribe is made up of very bad and cruel people."

"O, my father," said Maru-tuahu, "think no more of this tribe; leave them alone; a time may come when they may find out what such conduct leads to."

Of course, Maru-tuahu realised that it was a duty incumbent upon him to revenge the cursing of his father, but a chief always kept that particular kind of business as a secret locked in his own breast. He had to devise a scheme whereby to accomplish his vengeance, and then he had to ponder how best to carry it out. Presently Maru-tuahu seemed to set his heart upon the giving of a great feast. At this banquet it was apparently designed that fish should constitute the leading feature; whether the fact that at one time his father had desired a fish put this idea into his head, or otherwise, it is not

possible to say, but fish, fish, fish was the one great consideration in connection with this banquet.

Now, to have a great quantity of fish perfectly fresh from the sea to feed a large number of people, nets are required. A quantity of fish, to be caught at one time, requires a number of nets, and so it came about that Maru-tuahu and all his men set vigorously to work net-making. It is affirmed with the utmost confidence that it was in the beginning of winter when this net-making business began to be undertaken, and the winter, the spring, the summer, and part of the autumn had passed away before the nets required were finished.

It will be seen, therefore, that there was quite a vast amount of labour expended in the preparation for one single feast; but, then, that feast was designed to be of no ordinary character. At last, when the net-making was finished, a messenger went forth from Maru-tuahu to the tribe a member of which had cursed Hotunui, inviting them to come to the feast and to help to stretch the new nets—for the nets would require to be stretched, of course.

"Where are they?" demanded Maru-tuahu of his messenger when he returned.

"The day after to-morrow they come," answered the messenger.

"Then, to-morrow," said Maru-tuahu, "let the feast be set out. Our guests shall be arranged in rows, and, when they arrive, let everything be found in readiness for them."

The day following was a busy one at Wakatiwai, but in the evening everything was ready for the expected company. Along the front of the rows where the guests were to sit was placed a lot of rotten wood and filth, but over this disgusting mass was piled the fish in such a way that it was all hidden. The fish made a goodly show, looking sweet and clean. The nets and the ropes were put in the water to soften the flax, for they were to be stretched by the visitors when they came on the following morning.

Soon after daybreak the guests began to arrive. The Maori usually came in good spirits to a feast, and on this occasion the visitors came very gay. When they saw the heaps of fishes piled up for them, they anticipated having a really enjoyable good time, and felicitated themselves accordingly. They were eager to begin the feeding, and cheerfully prepared themselves to sit down on the grass in the positions which had been arranged for them.

Then Maru-tuahu and his people—there were only one hundred and forty of them—appeared, and everybody seemed quite happy.

The first business, however, was the stretching of the great net, which was made up of all the small ones. It was taken

from the water and drawn along the grass by the visitors, Maru-tuahu's people being at the time engaged with the food-preparations; then the bottom rope was tightly stretched along the ground and tightly pegged down, whilst the weights required to sink it in the sea when in use were attached. Whilst this was being done with the bottom part of the net, the rest of it, of course, was lying upon the ground. Whenever Maru-tuahu learned that the bottom part of the net was securely fixed to the ground, he called to his one hundred and forty men to come with him and assist in raising the upper portion of the net. So they went with him to the net. When they got to the net they found that the work of stretching and pegging down the lower part had been completed.

Then the *tohunga* of Maru-tuahu's people, whose place it was to consecrate the net, called aloud, "Lift up the upper portion of the net high; let it be exalted, so that it may be stretched straight out."

"If it be well that the net be lifted in the air, let the work be done at once," cried Maru-tuahu, "for the morning is far advanced. Lift away—lift away!"

Then some of the people, having strong forked sticks provided ready for the purpose, lifted the great net high into the air until it seemed to stand straight up from its edge—the bottom part that was fastened to the ground. At this time all the visitors—most of them sitting in expectation of being served with food—about one thousand in number, were upon one side of the net, whilst Maru-tuahu, the *tohunga*, and the one hundred and forty men who had been working at the raising of the net were on the other. Then suddenly, as if a mighty blast of wind had caught the net and heeled it over on one side, it swerved right over above the visitors, still by the forked sticks kept outstretched and straight from where it was fastened to the ground. Some of the visitors, apparently, did not like the appearance of things, for they were about to make haste to get away from under it.

"Let the net fall!" shouted Maru-tuahu; and down the net came.

Thus were the whole of the visitors caught in a trap. Some of Maru-tuahu's men stood round the edges of the net to take care that none escaped by creeping out. The rest, drawing from under their cloaks the weapons they had there concealed, at their convenience slew the unfortunate captives, the victims of this treachery. Not one of the visitors escaped; not one of Maru-tuahu's men in any way suffered injury.

Amongst the descendants of Maru-tuahu "The feast of rotten wood," as this tragedy was called, is a proverb to this day. The place where this so-called banquet of rotten wood occurred was then called Pukeahau, but the name was

changed to Karihitangata, which signifies the men that were attached to the bottom of the net to sink it; for it is alleged that men were the weights that held the bottom of the net.

After the death of this great number of males—practically all the men of the tribe—their country was acquired by Maru-tuahu and his people, who quickly took possession; and, behold, their numerous descendants dwell in that land to this day.

Thus was avenged by Maru-tuahu the curse that was passed on his father, Hotunui, one of the chiefs that came in the "Tai-nui" canoe.

THE LEGEND OF TE KAHU-RERE-MOA.

And, after the "feast of rotten wood," years came and slipped away without anything of much consequence occurring, until lo! Te Kahu-rere-moa, Te Paka's lovely daughter, became marriageable.

Then it was that a great number of visitors came across in their canoes from Aotea, the Great Barrier Island, to Wharekawa, the village of Te Paka, one of the sons of Hotunui. At the head of this crowd of visitors came the principal chief of Aotea—a very great personage indeed—who had heard of Te Kahu-rere-moa, the famous beauty of Wharekawa, and he thought he would like to behold this beauty for himself. But this great chief, being, as has been said, a very great chief, felt—and very properly—that it would be quite beneath his dignity to go to Wharekawa empty-handed, so he took with him a present of two hundred and sixty baskets of preserved mackerel for Te Paka.

Now, a chief of power and very great dignity who behaves in this sumptuous fashion in the matter of a present is sure of a very warm welcome. Even without his present, this chief would have been made welcome on account of his rank and position, but his present, being so handsome and so generous, settled the matter completely. Te Paka did his best to give this highly important character a happy time, showing to him every courtesy and attention. This pleased the chief greatly, and there can be no doubt he liked Te Paka for it. Te Paka was also greatly delighted with the chief, so that it is not to be wondered at that they became fast friends. Something, it was felt, should be done to draw still closer the bond which had thus been happily established; and, really, when it came to be thought about nothing could be simpler. Te Kahu-rere-moa should be given in marriage to the son of the chief of Aotea, and in their children and relationships both the old chiefs would have a mutual interest. This idea was very

good, for to the mind of Te Paka it opened up a vision of the future greatness of his people, for the children of Te Kahu-rere-moa, when they grew up, would undoubtedly be people of high rank in Aotea, and it might even come to pass that he, Te Paka, their grandfather, might yet rule as principal chief at the Great Barrier. For his part, the chief of Aotea had no ambitious designs for the aggrandisement of his family. He had come to Wharekawa to see the beauty whose praises were sung far and wide over the land in all places; he had beheld that beauty, and he had been charmed by the winsomeness of its possessor; it was enough for him to carry that beauty away to Aotea, where for the future it would reign as a jewel of his family—as the wife of his son.

Yes, that was all very fine, but there was one by no means unimportant personage whose feelings in the matter had not been consulted, and that was Te Kahu-rere-moa herself. Of course, as a dutiful Maori girl, it was right that she should submit to the will of her parents in all things; still, she was indisposed to be carried across to Aotea to be wedded to one she had never seen, and who had not yet made for himself any name in the world that she had ever heard of.

The news of the arrangement that had been come to between the chiefs, the bethrothal through her father of Te Kahu-rere-moa, was, of course, at once made known to all the people at Wharekawa, and the matter was regarded as a settled event. When the time came for the visitors to return to the Great Barrier, then it was proper for Te Paka to make surrender of his daughter into the hands of those who were to be her new relatives. For this purpose he led Te Kahu-rere-moa down to the shore, and told her to go on board the canoe of the principal chief, whom she must accompany to Aotea where a husband awaited her.

"No, no," exclaimed the girl, "I am not going to Aotea—at least not to-day."

"But you must go when I require you—what nonsense is this?" cried Te Paka.

"Yes, of course," assented Te Kahu-rere-moa, "but I am not going to-day father, not to-day." And hereupon a great scene ensued.

Finally, the old chief from the Great Barrier, speaking from his canoe, broke in: "Never mind, leave the girl alone," he expostulated; "let her have her way for the time. We shall not be very long away; we shall soon return, and then the thought of leaving her home will have grown more familiar to her mind. We shall not be long before we come again."

After this reasonable speech Te Paka could not say anything, so whilst the visitors paddled off in their canoes Te Kahu-rere-moa was left with her father.

A month had passed away, and then the old chief of Aotea and his friends reappeared at Wharekawa. There was great excitement in consequence of his arrival, for, as he did not come empty-handed last time, the people were confident he would not come empty-handed on this auspicious occasion. All the people—Te Paka and his lovely daughter among them—hurried down to the shore. The people from Aotea had brought a present of thirty baskets of fish, and soon they were busy distributing them among their friends.

Now, it occurred to Te Kahu-rere-moa that she too would like to have a basket of mackerel, and she contrived to make her wishes known. What, a basket of fish for the great beauty of Wharekawa, pooh! there was no difficulty about that. Soon the girl, well pleased, had her basket. But when her father saw her with the fish he broke out into an insensate and foolish rage.

"What, you!" he shouted, "you with fish from Aotea! I wanted you a month ago to go home and become the wife of the young chief of the place where these fish abound, and you refused—you would not go. Now you hurry and you want the fish. You shall not have any. Drop that basket, the fish is not for you." And much more to the same effect.

Te Kahu-rere-moa let the basket fall, as if she had been struck dead with a stone. The attack was so brutal in its nature, and so unexpected, that for some time the poor girl stood seemingly paralysed; then, recovering her scattered senses to some extent, she fled back to the house and, throwing herself into the darkest corner, burst into a paroxysm of passionate weeping. She felt that she had been grossly affronted and humiliated before all the people, whilst she had not done anything to deserve it. Presently she heard the door open and a quick, light step approaching.

"O, Kahu! what are you doing, hiding here? And crying, too—whatever is the matter?"

It was little Whanaunga, the third son of Maru-tuahu, and Te Kahu-rere-moa's half-cousin, who spoke. He and the girl had always been playmates and companions, and a strong bond of friendship existed between them.

"Tell me, Kahu, who the villain is, and I will slay him," went on the little chap in a tone of much energy. "Is he as big as a matai-tree, as strong as a totara-tree, as tenacious and troublesome as a lawyer-bush, why, then, all the better—the more glory for Whana! Is he as huge as the whale, as ferocious as the shark—still all the better. Whana shall kill him with his spear—Whana shall destroy him utterly for bringing a tear to the cheek of Kahu. Had he a hundred lives, Whana, with his little *mere*, would take from him a life for every tear. Tell me, tell me, Kahu, who he is?"

"O, Whana, it is my father!" sobbed Te Kahu-rere-moa.

"Your father!" ejaculated Whanaunga. "Why, that is quite a different matter. The chief Te Paka shall live—he must live—his life is spared; but Whana shall plague him for it. Whana plagues everybody; now he shall plague only one, and his name is—Te Paka!"

"O, do not do that Whana," cried Te Kahu-rere-moa, drying her tears, "you must not plague my father, you know."

"I will begin by tying a rattle to the tail of his cloak, and so send him flying through the forest like a frightened dog; I will get old Moakim, the witch, to enchant him so that he shall do nothing but dance; I will——

"O, no, no, no!" entreated Te Kahu-rere-moa, "you must not do any of these things. Remember he is my father!"

"Then must Kahu tell me all that her father has been doing to vex her, so that I may judge how far his punishment may go. Now I am listening, tell me?" And the young fellow sat himself down beside Te Kahu-rere-moa and assumed an attitude of deep attention.

The girl thereupon related to him all that had passed on the beach when she had been so grievously wounded and affronted.

"And is that all!" cried Whanaunga, "and I was going to kill somebody for a simple matter like that, and you have been weeping over it—pooh, pooh!"

"Indeed, it is a very serious matter, and I am quite heart-broken over it," said Te Kahu-rere-moa.

"Not now; O, not now!" exclaimed Whanaunga, "you are much better now, little pigeon!"

"Yes, I am much better now," confessed Te Kahu-rere-moa, her spirit returning; "but what is to be done? I can't be expected to go to the Great Barrier after such treatment."

"No-o," said Whanaunga rather doubtfully. Then, continuing to the obvious conclusion, he slowly added, "And if you don't go to the Great Barrier you cannot stay in Whare-kawa. Your life under such circumstances would be made unendurable here."

"That is true," pondered Te Kahu-rere-moa. "Then must I run away."

"And where would you fly to, little pigeon? Let us see," and Whanaunga proceeded to name a lot of tribes and sub-tribes and the different places in the neighbourhood where they dwelt, ticking them off on his finger-tips as he recited the objections to each. Some would not consent to receive her, some could easily be made to yield her up, some were held to be bad or unworthy people, some were too near,

others too far. When he had done the prospects attendant upon running away did not look particularly encouraging.

Te Kahu-rere-moa sat thoughtfully for some time. At last, without lifting her eyes or looking up, she asked :

"Dost thou remember, Whana, about a year ago a great chief coming to Wharekawa?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Whanaunga, "I remember him. He was a big, fat old fellow ; his name was Te Popo."

"No, no," cried Te Kahu-rere-moa, "not him, another great chief."

"Well, if it was not Te Popo, it must have been Te Karakara, a great tall, clumsy lump."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Te Kahu-rere-moa, "think again, Whana."

"Indeed," said Whanaunga, "if it be not either of the two great chiefs—and they were both big enough—that I have named, I cannot think who you may mean."

"Dost thou not remember Takakopiri?" asked Te Kahu-rere-moa, with a slight tremour in her voice and holding down her head, whilst absently she fingered the edge of her cloak.

"Oh, that slim young fellow that beat all our people at the wrestling. I don't think much of him, with his high and mighty ways. What about him, little pigeon?"

For a moment the eyes of Te Kahu-rere-moa flashed, but she quickly relapsed into her former attitude of indifference as she answered, "Oh, nothing."

"I was told that Takakopiri has a lot of splendid country, and it yields to him and his people an abundance of food of the best kind—kiwis, and kiores, and wekas, and eels, and mackerel, and crayfish. In short, his people are very rich in every kind of food and property, and I should very much like to go there ; but for Takakopiri himself—oh, I don't care for him," said Whanaunga.

Probably the reflection in Te Kahu-rere-moa's mind was that tastes differ ; but, whatever her thoughts were, she deemed it best to keep them to herself. She would not confide her plans to Whana. At this time Te Kahu-rere-moa was staying at Waipuna.

The sun had not yet risen, but his golden radiance had begun to illume the eastern sky when Te Kahu-rere-moa, accompanied by her female slave, emerged from the dwelling where they had rested. Quickly the two fugitives sped until Pukorokoro lay sleeping behind them, and by the time it was full daybreak they had reached Waitakaruru. Young and lithesome, travel was no great labour to them, so that by the time the rays of the sun shone full upon the earth they were passing above Pouarua ; then, onward hurrying, they passed

like a flash to Riwaki, which is at the mouth of the river Piako. Crossing the river, they pushed on to Opani.

Te Kahu-rere-moa and her slave had left Waipuna some hours before their flight was discovered. Te Paka was filled with wrath, which, sooth to say, he did his best to discharge, and everywhere there was great confusion and excitement. Te Paka speedily organized a pursuit and led it himself. The tracks of the fugitives were quickly found, and away upon it, like blood-hounds on the scent, followed the pursuing braves. Clear and distinct they found the footprints of the girls, so that there never was any difficulty nor loss of time. But Te Kahu-rere-moa had known perfectly well what would happen directly it was ascertained that she was gone, and therefore she had not wasted a second in maintaining the distance between her and her pursuers. When Te Paka and his men reached the Opani they were about tired of their long and profitless chase; the tide was flowing strongly in the river, and they would have to wait until it turned, which would give Te Kahu-rere-moa a still stronger lead; they did not know into whose country, that of friend or foe, she might be inveigling them, so at the Opani River they decided to give up the chase and return home, which was a very good thing for Te Kahu-rere-moa.

Shortly after their departure, lo, a number of canoes from the up-river country passed up the river from Ruawehea, and those in them beheld Te Kahu-rere-moa standing upon the bank. Soon she was recognised, for the fame of her beauty had brought many to Wharekawa, and she was widely known.

Then was raised the cry, "Ho, ho! Here is Te Kahu-rere-moa! Here is the daughter of the chief Te Paka! Here is the famous beauty of the world!" and so on.

Presently, one of the canoes drawing near to the bank, she and her female slave stepped aboard of it, and all the way along the course of the river from its mouth the people kept calling, "Here is Te Kahu-rere-moa!" as if they had on board the very greatest wonder in all the world, although the truth was that they felt some degree of alarm at having in their keeping a chieftainess of rank so great that they scarcely dared to look at her. Realising that their unworthy glances might stain her, they kept their heads bent down over their paddles as they rowed throughout the whole of the day. At Raupa, where the river Awa-iti branches off to Tauranga, they stopped, and there the night was spent.

The people of Raupa begged Te Kahu-rere-moa to tarry with them for a time, but she was much too anxious about her future to listen to such a proposal. The next day the company went over the range to Katikati. Soon the summit of the

ridge of Hikurangi was reached, and from here Te Kahu-rere-moa looked down upon Katikati and also upon Tauranga. Her heart was throbbing with emotion, for behind her she knew was the mountain of Otawa. She feared to mention the name which filled her breast—the dear, sweet name of the brave young chief she had beheld at Wharekawa a year ago—less she might betray the depth of the feelings which moved her. Yet she longed to hear him spoken of, his name, his power, his greatness.

Out of respect a number of the people of the country were accompanying her; to them she turned: "O, I pray you tell me what is the name of yonder mountain?"

"That mountain over there is named Otawa," replied a portly dame.

"Ah, Otawa! And is the country of that mountain rich in food?" inquired the girl.

"Oh, very rich in food," answered the woman, very well pleased to talk with one so famous. "In that country there are found great quantities of kiores, and kiwis, and wekas, and tuis, and pigeons. Why, the country of the mountain is famed far and near for the wonderful variety and number of birds it contains. It is very rich."

"Ah, then it is a good land!" Then, whilst her heart palpitated near to bursting Te Kahu-rere-moa dared to ask the question to which she had been leading. "And to whom does all that fruitful country belong?" Well she knew the answer that was coming.

"Te Waitaka is the name of the people that dwell in that country, and the young chief, Takakopiri, is the head of them. Takakopiri is the owner of that mountain and all the land adjacent; he is the great chief of the Waitaka. When the people of that tribe collect food everything is brought to Takakopiri, for he is their lord. The food of that mountain and of all these districts belong to that young lord alone." So declared the stout female with the disposition to talk, and Te Kahu-rere-moa never heard anything more delightful.

"Then," said Te Kahu-rere-moa, "that is the country to which I and my female slave are going."

"Oh, is that so — is that really so?" cried a crowd of gabblers.

"Yes, that is so; we are going to the people that dwell in Otawa," answered the young girl. Then, seeing the people surprised, she went on: "Te Paka, my father, has sent us thither in order to invite the great chief Takakopiri to pay him a visit at Wharekawa. That is our business there."

This untruth was in a measure forced upon Te Kahu-rere-moa. If she had not deceived the people as to her actual circumstances they might have been led to stop her progress,

and that would have ruined all her plans. She was now anxious to get quit of these people and proceed on her way. With a little tactfulness and patience she managed this very nicely, and at length, starting on her journey, she came down to the seashore at Katikati.

The Waitaka inhabited Katikati, so here the maiden was among the people of Takakopiri. As soon as they beheld the young girl coming, and learned who she was, out the people came, joyfully calling, "Here is Te Kahu-rere-moa! Here comes the daughter of Te Paka!" whilst they gathered in crowds to gaze at one whose loveliness was so celebrated and, at the same time, whose rank was undoubted. The young chieftainess would have been more than mortal had she not been greatly gratified at the homage that was paid to her.

Te Kahu-rere-moa was taken to one of the most pretentious houses in Katikati, and here she was to rest for the night. Food was prepared and served to her, which, being hungry, she enjoyed very heartily. Then heaps of firewood were brought into the building, so that if she desired it she could have a clear fire all through the night. Then, all these preparations for insuring her comfort being completed, when the interior of the house had been well lighted and made bright, a number of people came in to dance for her entertainment; so it will be seen that the kind-hearted people neglected nothing that was in any way calculated to minister to her happiness.

Then, at length, when all had done their best to please her, a whisper began to travel round among the people—louder and louder the whisper grew, until at last it found distinct expression. The people assembled would like to see Te Kahu-rere-moa dance, although, perhaps, it might be too much to expect her to do. But the daughter of Te Paka was a considerate as well as a sensible girl, and she recognised that, when worthy people had done so much to give her pleasure, it was the least she could do to comply with their wishes and afford them whatever gratification it was in her power to render.

"Ah, yes, it is all very well to talk," she exclaimed archly; "but you really do not want me to dance; you only say so out of courtesy and a desire to include me in your pastimes."

"Oh, do dance! Oh, do dance! We all want you to dance!" was shouted from every part of the room.

"Ah, well," she cried, "if you really wish it, dance I will."

Then up she sprang with a lightness and grace that filled every one with amazement and delight. Her lovely arms seemed to float as they moved in sympathy with the dance with an easy poetic gracefulness that was simply enchanting; her long, nimble, lissom fingers doubled to the back of her

hands in a way that was astonishing; and every movement of her body displayed to the full the difference between the accomplishment of a young maiden of rank and taste and the rude efforts of the ignobly born, or the still more clumsy contortions of a slave. And through the whole of this delightful performance there shone the marvellous voluptuous beauty of the young maiden of whom they had heard so much. They beheld her flashing, scintillating eyes; her swelling, heaving bosom; her beautiful arms moving with a perfectly artistic grace; her lovely form in all its wondrous excellence; and they understood now the reason of the praises that had been showered upon her, and the fame that had spread of her.

When her dance was finished all the young men in Katikati were so infatuated with Te Kahu-rere-moa that they could neither think nor talk of anything but the beauteous daughter of Te Paka.

But presently Te Kahu-rere-moa was to learn that, if it is very delightful to be held in high esteem because of the possession of much beauty, there are times when beauty brings its inconveniences. When the company that had been seeking to entertain Te Kahu-rere-moa had all dispersed to their several homes, then the chief of the village deemed it fitting that he should wait upon the daughter of Te Paka. After surveying the maiden with much interest, he told her he had heard of her great beauty; that he had come to see her in consequence, and now he wished to make her his wife. This was more than enough for Te Kahu-rere-moa, who, as has been already said, was a chief's daughter of high spirit. Making a sign to her slave to accompany her, Te Kahu-rere-moa at once left the house, and, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, they plunged into the river, crossed it, and proceeded on their journey. The chief of the village, who probably had an idea that he proposed to confer a great honour upon the maiden, was astounded at her behaviour, and, after waiting for some time in the hope that she might think better of his proposal and come back, he departed homewards overwhelmed with shame and confusion.

Te Kahu-rere-moa and her slave went on through the night, untroubled by any sensations of fear. By daylight they reached the Wairoa. When in the rosy hues of early dawn the people of Wairoa beheld the young maiden advancing towards them, they immediately raised glad shouts of "Here is Te Kahu-rere-moa! Here comes the beautiful daughter of Te Paka! Welcome, welcome, Te Kahu-rere-moa!"

This welcome was very gratifying, for the young girl and her companion were very tired. So, having been refreshed with food, they rested for a time.

Departing from the cheerful people of Wairoa, the journey was continued along the foot of the mountain of Otawa. In the forest that covered Otawa from summit to base Te Kahu-rere-moa and her companion slept that night, and in the early dawn they arose to proceed with their pilgrimage.

Now, singularly enough, it happened that that night Takakopiri found it scarcely possible to sleep, so that the first streaks of day appearing in the east found him stirring. He would go bird-spearing for sport. So away he went along the path that ran through the thick forest at the base of Otawa. Presently, right in the middle of the path, he came upon a large tree covered with berries, and here a great number of green pigeons had settled to feed. Takakopiri, having ascended the tree, was soon busily at work with his spear. Now he would so tire himself that he would be sure of sleep; and his success was such that soon quite a heap of birds began to accumulate at the foot of the tree.

With upper cloaks thrown around their shoulders like plaids, for the sake of convenience in travelling, the slave-girl carrying a basket of food on her back—the day's supplies—the two girls came toiling along the path that led through the forest.

"Ho!" exclaimed Te Kahu-rere-moa, as she suddenly paused, "that sound was caused by the flapping of the wings of a pigeon."

"Yes, I heard it, and I think so too," replied the slave.

"Aye," continued Te Kahu-rere-moa, "but the bird that flapped its wings like that was wounded—some one has struck it with a spear."

"Yes," answered the slave. "Shall I go forward and see who it may be?"

"No; together we will go a little closer," said Te Kahu-rere-moa.

So the two girls cautiously began to advance. They had not gone more than a few steps, however, when another sound fell upon their ears—a wounded bird had come flapping to the earth. A little further they went, and lo! presently they espied quite a heap of pigeons lying dead upon the ground. Both uttered exclamations. Then they sat down a little distance away to take a little rest. But the slave-girl did not feel very tired, and, impelled by curiosity, she kept wandering up to the tree at the foot of which the birds were.

Now, Takakopiri, hidden in the leafy branches of the tree, had observed the two girls come wandering along the path. "Ho!" he said to himself, "these girls are strangers in these parts. They come from a long distance, and they are travelling; otherwise their cloaks would not be so carried, rolled as they are upon their shoulders. Did they belong to any-

where in this neighbourhood their cloaks would be worn in the usual way. I suppose I had better go down and talk to them. What a nuisance!"

Leaving his spear secure in the forks of the branches the young chief began to descend, but before he had reached to the ground the slave had seen and recognised him. She ran back to her mistress at once.

"Oh, my young mistress," she exclaimed excitedly, "it is Takakopiri; it is the young chief; I have seen him, I have seen him!"

"Nay," said Te Kahu-rere-moa, "it is not so, indeed. It cannot be Takakopiri."

"Yes, indeed it is," persisted the slave; "you know that I did see him a year ago, when he came to Hauraki, so that I know him."

"Ah, yes, yes," cried Te Kahu-kere-moa, who herself had now caught a glimpse of the young chief as he attained the ground, "you are right; that is indeed Takakopiri; that is the young chief we have ventured so much and come so far to see"; and no doubt the heart of the maiden thumped painfully in her breast as a consciousness vaguely swept over her being of how much of her future depended upon the impression she might now produce.

"Welcome! welcome!" cried both the girls at once as the young man approached.

Gracefully he stooped and pressed his nose to the nose of each of them. Te Kahu-rere-moa knew whose nose it was had touched hers, but Takakopiri did not know whose nose he had pressed, for he had not recognised the maiden. The chief was tall, and he looked much more slender than he really was, for his devotion to sport and every kind of athletic exercise had rendered him very muscular. He was reputed to be abnormally strong. He was certainly entitled to be considered a handsome man, even when his figure was in repose; but whatever favourable impression might be formed at the first glance was greatly increased by the ease and gracefulness of his movements. Under a broad brow flashed a pair of brilliant dark eyes; but that characteristic is common in the features of the Maori. The winning smile which always wreathed the face of Takakopiri was the striking attraction which marked him as one apart from all others. As he stood there before the two girls he was, indeed, a splendid representative of a noble, high-minded Maori chief.

Deeply conscious was Te Kahu-rere-moa of the overwhelming influence the commanding personality of this young chief exercised upon her, but it was too late to draw back now. She had staked her future on the hazard of a cast, and she must be prepared to accept what fortune befell her.

"Unless I be much mistaken," said Takakopiri gravely, "you are strangers in this part of the country. It will be better, I think, if I take you to my village, where you can rest."

"Yes," answered Te Kahu-rere-moa, "we have come from afar, and are strangers here."

"Then, you had better come with me to the village," urged Takakopiri.

Te Kahu-rere-moa did not answer; there was too much authority, too much of command, expressed in the young chief's tone and manner to be pleasing to one of her rank.

"I assure you you will find the people of the village very kind and attentive," Takakopiri went on; but neither did this speech produce any appreciative response. He did not comprehend. It was not from the people of the village, but from Takakopiri himself, that Te Kahu-rere-moa required kindness and attention.

"Will you not come?" urged the young chief: "you have journeyed far and you need rest; and, indeed, I shall be very happy to see that you lack for nothing your circumstances require." This address was a great improvement.

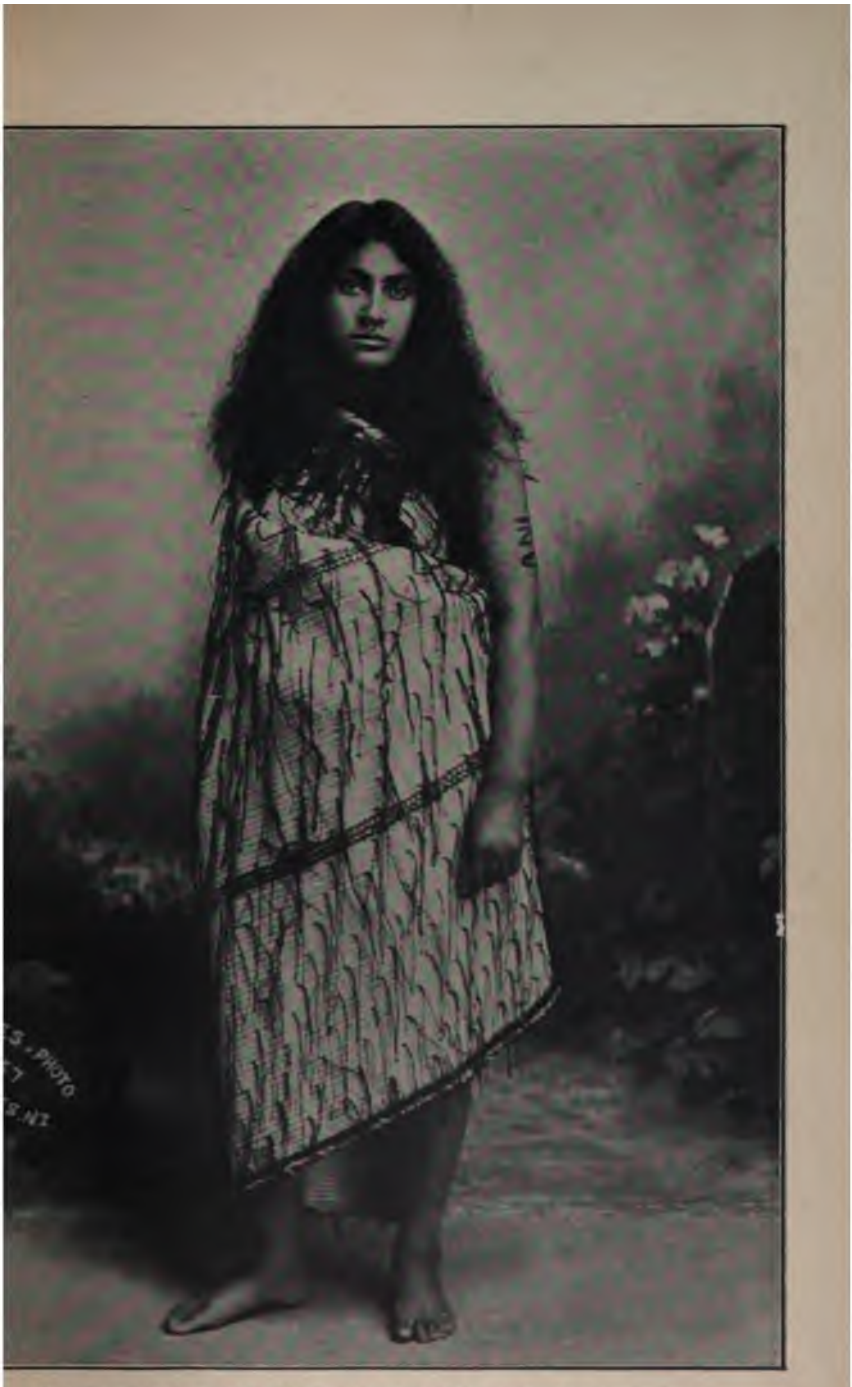
"Yes," replied Te Kahu-rere-moa, "we will go on to your village, since you are so pressing, although much I fear we shall not be able to tarry there long."

"Haste you, then; come along," said Takakopiri, relapsing into his former commanding manner; but, so far from hasting, Te Kahu-rere-moa seemed to go yet slower. She would not be spoken to in that way, even by Takakopiri.

"Come along—oh, do hurry!" cried Takakopiri impatiently but Te Kahu-rere-moa appeared to move yet slower. Although there was no one she cared for more than this imperious young chief—although from the force of circumstances he had now become all the world to her—still she would not tolerate being spoken to in that commanding way; she would maintain her dignity if she died for it. Obviously this young man must be taught a lesson, so when again there came a half-command to the girls to "Hasten, hasten," Te Kahu-rere-moa contrived to so drop her cloak on the path that it opened out when it fell. Of course, she had to stay, tie it up in a roll, and readjust it so as to be easily carried.

In the meantime, leaving her to follow, Takakopiri and the slave walked on. They had passed over a little hill before Takakopiri spoke. "Who is your mistress?" he suddenly demanded. This was precisely the question that Te Kahu-rere-moa anticipated that he would ask.

"Is it my young mistress you are inquiring about?" replied the slave-girl.



" She is a Lady, and it don't matter much to any one who she is "

"Of course, it is your mistress I am inquiring about. Who should it be else?" answered the young chief with haughty coldness.

"She is a lady, and it don't matter much to any one who she is," replied the slave, putting a high value upon her information.

"In this case," remarked Takakopiri with some asperity, but still with great dignity, "it is one nobly born inquiring after another nobly born, and I have a right to know who it is I am conducting to my village."

"Well," said the slave, "if you put it in that light, and it really is my sweet young lady you are asking about, know that her name is Te Kahu-rere-moa."

"What!" cried Takakopiri, spellbound with astonishment, "do you really mean to tell me that this girl is Te Kahu-rere-moa, the daughter of Te Paka?"

"Yes, certainly," replied the slave; "think you there are more Te Pakas than one, or more Te Kahu-rere-moas than one? This is certainly Te Kahu-rere-moa, and no other."

Now, fifty years ago an Anglo-Saxon, if he were young, on discovering that he had made such a mistake as Takakopiri had committed, would have immediately hurried back to the lady and expressed a hope that he might be excused for not expecting to find her so far away from her home, and also for failing to recognise her, considering how she had changed in appearance since the full charms of womanhood had burst upon her. Whatever excuses he might have framed, he certainly would have hastened to the lady and endeavoured to put himself right; but Takakopiri behaved in precisely the same way that an Anglo-Saxon of the present day under similar circumstances would behave. He squatted himself on the ground and observed, "Let us sit down here at once and wait till she comes up. Well, well, who would ever have thought that it was Te Kahu-rere-moa—that a young girl like her could ever have found her way to this place from so distant a part of the country? Well, well, well."

Presently Te Kahu-rere-moa, not hurrying herself in the least, but moving with slow, stately dignity, came over the hill. Of course, she knew that Takakopiri was now well aware of who she was, because even if he had proved himself so stupid, and she knew he was very far from stupid, as to refrain from inquiring of the slave, the slave was quite smart enough to have forced the knowledge upon him. But his altered manner towards her at once revealed the change that had taken place in the situation. Nothing now could be more respectful, deferential, in his tone and manner to the young chieftainess, and now it was entirely a matter upon which she might please herself whether she hurried or walked slow.

Then Takakopiri recollected that there were obligations upon him which he must attend to, so after the party had gone a little way together, Te Kahu-rere-moa smiling and chatting completely at her ease, whilst the young chief had suddenly become constrained and thoughtful, he observed, "If the young maiden, the daughter of my friend Te Paka, will pardon me, I will hasten onwards to the village and see that food is prepared and every necessary preparation is made for your reception?" Here was a change indeed.

"It matters little about our reception," answered Te Kahu-rere-moa, "but if it would please you best to go forward first to the village, by all means do so."

"You will follow on the path which leads to the village, there is still some distance to go; I beg you will not lose any time—I shall eagerly await your coming," said Takakopiri, and away he ran as fast as his long strong legs could carry him.

When he got near to the gateway of his pa he began calling, "Te Kahu-rere-moa has come; Te Kahu-rere-moa has arrived; the daughter of Te Paka is here; prepare for the coming of Te Kahu-rere-moa," in the most excited manner, insomuch that one old warrior observed, "Our young master has heard so much about the beauty of the daughter of Te Paka that he seems to be going frantic. Look at him; hear him; surely he has lost his senses and really thinks the girl is here."

But Takakopiri really did not care what any one thought or said, he was too full of enthusiasm, and so kept on calling, "Here comes Te Kahu-rere-moa; here is arriving the daughter of Te Paka."

Then another old warrior remarked, "Really, I begin to think there must be some meaning in it. Surely our young chief would not go rushing about in that ridiculous way and continue shouting about Te Kahu-rere-moa if the girl was not coming here."

"But how could she possibly find her way all this distance from Hauraki? That is the question," urged another.

"Of course, she must be coming here, and she is now not far off either," said another. "Hearken to the orders he is giving as to the food that is to be prepared, and the mats that are to be spread. Full surely she will be here directly."

"It cannot be!" declared another. "Why should she come here? The place is strange to her, and we are strange to her, and the distance to be traversed to find herself among strangers at the last, is very great. No, it cannot be Te Kahu-rere-moa!"

"You are right," concluded yet another. "It is but the wind that has wafted up from afar a name that hath long been familiar to our ears."

Presently, however, the news spread through the pa that Te Kahu-rere-moa and her female slave could be seen approaching the gate; then there was a hurry, a bustle, and an excitement. Upon the palisading and other defences of the pa there was a mounting and a scrambling in all directions; out at the gate there was a wild, mad rush; the enthusiasm, at first apparent only in the young chief, appeared to have suddenly infested the whole people, who seemed at a loss what to do in order to manifest their joy.

As the maiden, about whom every one had heard so much, drew near to the entrance there was a tremendous rustling and waving of garments and a bursting-out into joyous songs of welcome:—

> Welcome, welcome, thou who comest
> From afar, from beyond the far horizon;
> Our dearest child hath brought thee thence;
> Welcome, O, welcome here!

Takakopiri, like a gallant young chief, of course, met her at the gate. As they passed together down among the houses at every door there was some one who entreated her to stay but for a moment with them; but Takakopiri whisperingly urged her, "Press on, do not tarry; follow close, quite close after me"; and what could she, a stranger, do but heed what he said.

Yet their behaviour showed the kindly feeling which animated every one; for although they were face to face with the chief, their young lord, they could not refrain from begging the beautiful girl to stop at their house as she passed by. What were the feelings that swelled in the breast of that young lord now as he led the famous beauty to his home amidst the glad shoutings of a joyous crowd—his people? Gratified pride, admiration, exaltation, love! Never before had he had such a delightful experience. Naturally his heart turned warmly to Te Kahu-rere-moa, to whom it was all due.

At length the dwelling of Takakopiri was reached, and here for the first time was the progress of the young maiden stayed. When Te Kahu-rere-moa had seated herself, around came thronging all the people to gaze upon her and drink their fill of her marvellous beauty. Then food was spread before her. Fish from the sea, birds from the mountain, sweet potatoes, wild fruits, and other dainties—all, the best they had. Then, in honour of the glad occasion, the crowd were feasted, abundance was scattered, for the young chief was very happy and desired that every one should feel so too; but, whilst the people sat there, through all the feasting all eyes were concentrated upon the lovely maiden who had found her way to that country from far Hauraki—never had any sight been seen so fascinating. Particularly was this the

case amongst the young men of the village, who apparently felt as if they never could be weary of looking at Te Kahu-rere-moa; but no one dared to whisper one word of love, for there at her side stood Takakopiri, the chief.

Next morning Te Kahu-rere-moa pretended that she must resume her journey, and the mere suggestion of her departure excited Takakopiri amazingly. He found a whole host of objections to such a course. She was not strong enough; she had not sufficiently rested; the weather was too hot for travel; his people would not like it; he had a lot of things he desired to show her; even in some way the slave girl was worked into a reason why she should stay, but all was of no avail. It was only when Takakopiri, driven to extremes, blurted out that she should stay to please him that, after a pause and with some apparent hesitation, she yielded assent. Then was not Takakopiri a happy young chief!

But that day Te Kahu-rere-moa was by no means idle. Accompanied by Takakopiri, she visited the people in the forest who were making canoes, and, although a great chieftainess, she showed that she understood and took a great interest in their work. Te Kahu-rere-moa spoke a few words pleasantly to the workmen, and they were delighted with her amiability and good humour.

The next day again she proposed to take her leave, and Takakopiri was driven to his wits' end in devising objections to her departure. He urged everything he could think of, and was driven to despair by his failures; but again when he urged that she should stay to pleasure him her obstinate resistance died away, and she stayed on just as if she had never proposed to go. That day she visited the plantations, and charmed completely those that were working in the fields.

As the days went by, all through, Takakopiri never could get her to assent to anything he proposed until at last he came down to solicit it for his own sake, and then it followed that it should take place as a matter of course. The remarkable thing was that Takakopiri seemed sublimely unconscious of this. Had any one suggested to him that, intentionally or otherwise, he was being flattered he would instantly have been very angry. He would have been in a position to quote at once half a dozen instances in which Te Kahu-rere-moa had said or done things that were not at all complimentary; but these were trifles. When he appealed to her on his own behalf she always yielded—that was the great matter. This was not art on her part, nor design; it was the result of genuine feeling, and it succeeded when art would have failed.

Altogether apart from her beauty and charm, to Takakopiri there was about Te Kahu-rere-moa a subtle influence

and power which subdued him utterly, and which he never attempted to understand or fathom. It will have been seen that from the first she insisted upon proper respect being paid to her; but such was her love for Takakopiri that she would deny him nothing if he asked it in the name of love. Although her behaviour was as clear as an open book to every one, Takakopiri could not read it, and so he never knew exactly how he stood with her. In this state of confusion he grew more and more desperate, until it may truly be said that never was a man more infatuated, more completely helpless and lost in the vortex of love, than poor Takakopiri.

Before, however, a month had passed since her arrival at the pa Takakopiri and Te Kahu-rere-moa were wedded man and wife. A daughter, Tuparahaki, was born to them, and from her have descended all the principal chiefs of the Ngati-paoa Tribe.

THE LEGEND OF TUTANEKAI AND HINE-MOA.

In the days when Rangi-uru was a girl she was not only exceedingly lovely, but there was a sweet, soft *naivete* about her that was very winning. In due time Rangi-uru wedded with Whakane-kaipapa, who, as all men know, was the ancestor of the great Ngati-whakane Tribe. Whakane-kaipapa and Rangi-uru dwelt at Rotorua as happily as married people usually did in those days, and three sons came to bring noise and clatter, if not happiness, to their home. Their names were Tawake-heimoa, Ngararanui, and Tuteaiti.

There can be no doubt of the deep and devoted attachment which Whakane cherished for his wife. He attended to her assiduously and indulged her every wish, so that, notwithstanding the worries attendant upon having three big, sturdy boys, together with the devastating influences of the passing of time, the beauty of Rangi-uru continued as bright and fresh as ever. Indeed, so much was this the case that when Tu-whare-toa came as a stranger to Rotorua he could do nothing worse than fall desperately in love with her.

Tu-whare-toa was a very handsome man. He had a soft, low voice and a glib tongue, and Rangi-uru found it very pleasant to listen to him. She had plenty of opportunities of doing so, for generally early in the morning Whakane would start off with the boys to teach them how to snare birds in the woods, and then Tu-whare-toa would come lounging along to her house. Presently Rangi-uru concluded that to her there was no pleasure so great in all the world as to listen to the pretty speeches of Tu-whare-toa, and when he proposed to her that they should go off together to his home where he would do nothing but talk to her all day long, she gladly consented.

So it happened one evening that when Whakane and the two biggest of his boys came romping home from the forest they found Tuteaiti lying in a corner asleep, and save for him the house was empty. Rangi-uru had fled with her lover, Tu-whare-toa.

Now, as a true Maori, Whakane should have slain somebody—Rangi-uru or Tu-whare-toa for choice. Neither of them being handy at the moment, he killed a dog; it was a very old dog and good for nothing but killing, anyway.

Meantime Rangi-uru went happily to the home of Tu-whare-toa. She had a long way to travel, and she was very, very tired when she got there. She did not find the other wives of Tu-whare-toa anything like so civil as they might have been; indeed, they made no effort to conceal the fact that they did not consider her presence by any means welcome. However, the soft voice of Tu-whare-toa would console her for everything, and for some fourteen days—which really was a long while under the circumstances—he stayed pretty well with her, and she had that consolation. Then, when he had not got his plantations to attend to he had to go fishing, and she had to make nets or mats with the other women, who found not the least difficulty in cheering their hours of labour by pouring upon her the most atrocious insult and abuse.

Two months had scarce gone by, when Rangi-uru deeply regretted the step she had taken. The voice of Tu-whare-toa was no longer soft and winning when he addressed her—a thing he did not often condescend to do—and there was neither sweetness nor peace in her life. She had thoughts of wildly flying back to her husband, her children, her old home and begging forgiveness, but as frequently she put the thought away, in the hope that the morrow would bring improved conditions. Then, in a while, it became too late for her to think of undertaking such a journey, and she had to reconcile herself to her fate. About a year after her departure from Rotorua Rangi-uru had another son. The name given to him was Tutanekai.

Rangi-uru's fourth child was a very pretty boy, well formed and plump, with a merry little dimple in each cheek—very different from any of the other children of Tu-whare-toa—so it may be guessed that his advent by no means tended to add to the peace of the establishment. The condition of affairs grew worse daily. Not only was the old harsh abuse with accentuated force hurled upon Rangi-uru, but her baby came in for every sort of disparagement, a thing which no true mother could be expected to quietly submit to. At last life became so unbearable to Rangi-uru that, having completely recovered her strength, one fine morning she picked up her babe and fled back to Rotorua.

Whakane was delighted to recover his wife, but he did not so express himself—that, he felt, would not have been judicious. As far as a really kind-hearted man could find it in his nature he reproached Rangi-uru at some length for her evil behaviour, then he let the matter drop. After a while he remarked that it was a big mistake for a husband to be always considerate and affectionate to his wife. After his wife had deserted him he had discovered by observation that the husbands who invariably treated their wives with a becoming harshness were always more respected, and, indeed, much better treated, than those who fondly gave them their own way. He supposed he was in part to blame for what had occurred, but promised that in this respect he would prove a better husband in future.

To little Tutanekai Whakane gave a most cordial welcome, and never at any time did he manifest the slightest difference in regard as between him and the children of which he was the father, conduct which shows what a genuinely good man he really was.

Shortly after the return of Rangi-uru Whakane removed his place of abode to the Island of Mokoia, probably being moved to this action by a desire to escape the *badinage* of illnatured neighbours. Here Rangi-uru bore to him another son, who was named Kopako. Then, finally, there came to bless his home a pretty little daughter, to whom the name of Tupa was given. Tupa proved the last of the children of Whakane.

Then the years went quickly by, as from time immemorial they have always had a trick of doing, and Whakane and Rangi-uru grew old as their children passed from youth into the vigour of life. Not that it is to be supposed it was all fine weather and life a blissful dream in the beautiful isle of Mokoia. Although as affectionate and devoted as ever, Whakane discovered a great many more desires than he used to have, and was rigorous in seeing that they were strictly attended to. The boys disputed and wrangled, they quarrelled and fought, as boys will. They had races to prove their fleetness, rowing and swimming to try their endurance, wrestling and the exercise of arms to test their strength and skill, and in all Tutanekai was pre-eminent. If any reflection was ventured upon his birth the scoffer usually had to pay dearly for it. His tall, slim, straight, muscular figure, his free and manly bearing, his bright laughing eyes, his cheerful smile and merry dimples rendered him an object of attraction everywhere, and, of course, he was much talked about. The child of passion, Tutanekai was passionate; when he lost his temper, an event that rarely occurred, his half-brothers and sister knew it were best to keep out of his way. Such was Tutanekai, the son of Tuwhare-toa.

A chief of acknowledged wisdom, known far and wide and respected for the amiability of his disposition, it was required of Whakane that he should attend the assemblies of the people at Rotorua. Then would he get his manly sons to row him across the waters of the lake in his largest and most imposing canoe; and, when the shore of the main had been attained, whilst he went in to council he left his young men to amuse themselves as best they could at any sports or festivities that might be going forward. For Tutanekai the first practical result of these expeditions was that he made the friendship of a youth of about the same age as himself, whose name was Tiki. Tutanekai and Tiki delighted in each other's company; they became inseparable at Rotorua, and to such an extent was their attachment carried that Tiki frequently accompanied his friend back to his home; finally he sealed the bond of union by taking up his abode at Mokoia altogether.

The second practical result of going to Rotorua with his reputed father and his half-brothers took place at a much later period—when, in fact, Tutanekai was a young man—and was attended with much more important consequences. It was at Rotorua that Tutanekai first beheld the beautiful maiden Hine-moa. The daughter of the great chief Umukaria, Hine-moa was, of course, of high rank, and, being lovely beyond description, she had frequently been the subject of conversation among the brothers at Mokoia. Little did Tutanekai then think that she would so soon become the one absorbing object of his life. When first Tutanekai saw her her beauty startled him; to him it seemed a really wonderful thing. It chained, it riveted, his attention; he gazed and gazed again until he seemed to grow stupid under this new and marvellous influence. He would assert himself and shake it off. He seized upon Tiki and led him down to the margin of the lake—there was something about the canoe he wanted to see; but when they had gotten to the waterside he could not tell what it was. Back again, and there present to his gaze was Hine-moa, with that strange fascination about her for which he could not in any way account. He turned himself away—he would look no more. It was a vain resolve: back he was drawn, and fast he was held. Tutanekai could not tell what the feeling was that governed him, but decidedly it was not unpleasant; presently he resolved that it was a real happiness to gaze on that calm, sweet face and seek to fathom the mystery that lay concealed in the depths of those dark, liquid eyes. Oh, yes, it was amazing, and it was delightful. He would struggle no more; what a fool he had been to attempt to struggle at all. He took up this new happiness and revelled in it.

Hine-moa, for her part, had observed the handsome young

man who stood so straight and bore himself so proudly; a kind of god he seemed, so different from those by whom he was surrounded.

"Tell me, Tara," she said, turning to a stout old woman who sat close to her, "who is that man standing yonder by the pine-tree?"

"Ho, that," answered the old woman carelessly," "is the chief Te Awa-pere; he is good for nothing, he is so fat."

"Nay, I do not mean the fat man, I know him," said Hine-moa; "I mean the man nearer the tree."

"He is a slave," replied Tara contemptuously; "why should you trouble?"

"Nay, nay, it is not the slave I mean. It is the tall one now going away towards the lake; look, he is talking to his friend," cried Hine-moa impatiently.

"O, him!" exclaimed Tara; "why, that is Tutanekai. You have heard of Tutanekai—you know—Rangi-uru and Tu-whare-toa—you know."

Then the conversation ceased suddenly, but Hine-moa's interest in the young man who had attracted her attention did not relapse; on the contrary, it seemed to have gathered strength from what she had heard. She looked for his return with his friend from the lake, and presently they appeared. Tiki was talking with great animation to his friend, whose manner seemed abstracted. Yes, assuredly Tutanekai was a handsome man, and he had the air of a noble chief.

Hine-moa had been listening to some story told by the garrulous Tara when, turning her head suddenly, she beheld a smiling face and a pair of large lustrous brown eyes gazing intently upon her. It was Tutanekai, who had drawn close to where she sat. Instantly she cast the glance of her eyes to the ground; every fibre of her body seemed to quiver, whilst her blood coursed through her veins like molten lead. She felt she dared not encounter those burning orbs again, and for that day Tutanekai was shunned.

But the memory of that noble form, of that eagerly intent face, could not be shut from out the chambers of the brain by any process of mental compulsion known to Hine-moa; and if she had known of such a process she would not have put it into execution, for, indeed, she found everything connected with Tutanekai afforded matter for very agreeable cogitation. She made every haste possible to increase her stock of cogitable subjects, and the success which attended her endeavours was quite surprising. She learned, for instance, that when Te-para-para had said something to Tutanekai disparaging of his mother he was felled to the ground, then drawn along the trunk of a big tree that had fallen into the lake, then dropped into the water where it was deep, and then—Tutanekai grasp-

ing him by the top-not—he was bobbed up and down, all the while begging for his life, until he was nearly drowned. This story made Hine-moa laugh, it pleased her immensely, and many more stories she listened to of the same kind. What did it matter about one's mother when there was such a champion as Tutanekai to resent insult? And so she discovered quite a new and delightful happiness in thinking and talking about Tutanekai.

As for Tutanekai, poor man, the delight he experienced when in Hine-moa's presence was changed to despair in her absence. Through the night he tossed and tumbled on his mat, getting up frequently to stare reproachfully at the placid moon, as if the queen of the night had been responsible for all his troubles. Through the day he wandered sadly, or was afflicted with bursts of sudden energy—a wild longing to do something the fame of which would cause Hine-moa to think of him; for, of course, he had no idea that her case was almost as pitiable as his own. To Tiki he confided the secret of his woes, but that young man, having no experience of the disease which afflicted his friend, whilst professing to sympathize, privately concluded that the moon, then near the full, had seriously affected his wits.

Then it was that a happy thought suggested itself to Tutanekai. On the slope of the hill he would erect an elevated structure, upon the top of which he would build a balcony, where he and his friend could sit in the evening, and, under the blue, and broad, and starry vault of heaven, survey the peaceful beauty of the lake and hills until far into the night. This work would afford abundant scope for the expenditure of energy by both brain and body. Tiki thought it was a really capital idea—such a design, in fact, as could only occur to the mind of a truly great and genuine genius. To work the young men then went with a vast amount of enthusiasm. Members of the family came, surveyed the operations, passed some ridiculous criticism, and turned away with a laugh or a sneer; but this did not disturb the equanimity of the architect, the clerk of works, or the artificers one whit. Speedily the elevation raised itself conspicuously to sight, and on the top of it there was a rather pretty balcony or bower.

"Ho!" exclaimed Tiki, "what a famous place this will be for me to come and play my pipe."

"Excellent!" cried Tutanekai, "and I will bring my horn up here so we may play together."

The unsuspecting and innocent Tiki did not guess that this idea of using the balcony as a place for the practice of musical exercises had been from the beginning the leading motive in the mind of Tutanekai for the erection of the structure; but he had left the suggestion to come from his friend, thinking it

would please him to be able to make some proposition in connection with the matter.

Behold the two young men now on calm evenings up in the balcony—Tutanekai with his horn and Tiki with his pipe—discoursing sweet music to those who sailed upon the waters of the lake or couched upon the grass at their feet. Both were very fond of music, and were fairly capable performers. To Tutanekai the greatest part of the pleasure he experienced was derived from a belief that the gentle breezes of the night would waft the plaintive notes which emanated from his horn far away to Owhata, where dwelt the beautiful Hine-moa he loved so well. It is astonishing what labours youth will cheerfully undertake in the hope of exciting sensations of pleasure, however momentary, in the bosom of the beloved. In the case of Tutanekai it is gratifying to feel assured that his efforts were not wholly unsuccessful. Hine-moa heard the music that came, softened by distance of all harshness, to her across the water with a dim yet passingly sweet consciousness that it was all intended for her.

Surely no one need be told that for both Hine-moa and Tutanekai Rotorua suddenly blossomed into the most important place in all the world. Neither of them ever lost an opportunity of going thither in the hope that somebody might be there too. At all the public gatherings that were held at Rotorua they might be relied upon to be present. Nothing, indeed, but a broken limb, sickness, or death would be likely to keep them away. Nor need it be attempted to describe with what palpitating anticipations they looked forward to their next meeting. Oft and oft did Tutanekai reflect upon the language with which he should address her, but could find within himself no thoughts sufficiently worthy; the garden of his mind grew no flowers which could be gathered into a bouquet of beauty to present to his beloved, and this thought perplexed him sorely. For her part, Hine-moa knew he would advance to her; she pondered deeply what he might say, she wondered what she would reply. As almost invariably happens, nothing like the genteel and highly poetic comedy which each had anticipated ever took place.

"Ho, Tara, how are you?"

Hine-moa turned quickly round. The words were not addressed to her, but naturally she wished to see who was speaking to her companion, and so turned instinctively. Tutanekai was not looking at Tara, and again the eyes of Hine-moa fell, and all her blood rushed to her heart and face.

"Eh, Tutanekai," cried Tara, "how do you do."

"Why, Tara, I have not seen you for this many a day; where have you been hiding?" went on Tutanekai joyously.

"It is not easy for me to hide," replied Tara, glancing approvingly at her stout proportions. "Hine-moa and I were here a week ago, but Tutanekai has no eyes apparently for his friends when they grow old and stout."

"Then is Tutanekai a wretch and deserves never to be spoken to again; but you Tara, being warm-hearted and good-natured, will forgive him the more readily perhaps if he promises never to offend in that way again. Henceforth I will speak to no lady but you."

"No lady but me?" echoed Tara, surprised at a declaration so liberal.

"Well, one beside you. Save her alone, you shall be the one lady recipient of all my conversation," declared Tutanekai gallantly.

"And who may the fair maiden — the exception — be? I make no doubt she is very beautiful," said the stout old Tara, trying to assume a playfully arch expression.

"Nay, I dare not mention her name, but beautiful she is beyond compare."

During this conversation Hine-moa felt that the eyes of Tutanekai were upon her, that what he said was leading to her, and presently she knew he stood beside her and was speaking. What it was he said she never could well remember, but his voice was low and soft, as his father's had been, and his manner was attentive and deferential.

Decidedly Tutanekai was a great chief, and she loved to listen to him, although the subjects on which they spoke were common-place to a degree. Tutanekai rejoiced. He had spoken with Hine-moa; they knew each other, and, oh, he loved her beyond the power of words to express.

Hine-moa had not been betrothed to any one by her family. They knew there was no young chieftainess in all the land could surpass her in beauty; they were sensible of her amiability, her sweetness of disposition, her virtue, and they doubted if there was any chief in their part of the country worthy of having her for his bride. Under these circumstances, Hine-moa was jealously watched and scrupulously guarded. So, too, it was that Tutanekai was oppressed with a sense of the difficulties of his position. What right had he to suppose that a young maid of such high rank and so transcendently lovely would ever dream of uniting herself with him? If he dared to touch her hand, could he hope that she would bestow upon him the least encouragement? Everybody admired Hine-moa—her lovers were numerous. What was he that he should flatter himself that he was preferred? Distracted by these considerations, and by many doubts and fears, therefore it was that after his first advance Tutanekai

hung back, contenting himself with gazing as one afar off on the beautiful form of his beloved.

According to Maori custom from ancient days Hine-moa, without being guilty of the slightest impropriety, was as free to make revelation of her love to the object of her affections as was any of the opposite sex. She did think of taking this step, but was deterred from proceeding by the fear that she might have misunderstood the glances of Tutanekai.

"Oh, a repulse would kill me!" she passionately exclaimed; "and yet if he loves me not I shall die in any case." Thus for some time Hine-moa and Tutanekai in secret continued to cherish a despairing passion for each other.

There was to be a great assembly of the people at Rotorua, and before going Hine-moa determined that if opportunity offered she would show such a spirit of kindliness to Tutanekai that, if he cared for her at all, he would be bound to show it. Her plan was by some device to get quit of Tara and her other companions, and go somewhere where she could hold converse with Tutanekai alone. She succeeded in carrying out her little scheme admirably, as a clever girl desperately in love is bound to do. She kept her people near to the edge of the forest where the undergrowth was thickest, and when she became conscious that the eyes of Tutanekai were upon her she engaged Tara and her people in a hot disputation and slipped away. Tutanekai had marked her disappearance, and without being observed by any one he quickly joined her. They went quietly through the forest until they came to a leafy bower and there they sat down. They talked pleasantly of many things, but never one word of love. Hine-moa could not stay long away from her people, and soon she had to return. When the place was reached where they must separate she gave to Tutanekai her hand, and so they parted.

That night when Hine-moa returned to Owhata no maiden ever had a more desolate, aching heart than she. Her little effort had been made—gently and judiciously—and it had failed. Tutanekai, as far as she could judge, cared not for her. She had foolishly sown her affection upon a desert waste, and there was nought now to gather of crop but heart-break, sorrow, and tears. In the night, her heart heavy with misery, Hine-moa wandered away alone into forest by-ways, gazing at the stars and marvelling if there was happiness in the deep and beautiful region which they inhabit; then she turned towards the lake, whose stilly depths reflected the radiance of the sparkling orbs of heaven; all was calm, and still, and beautiful—so different from the tumult raging in her unhappy breast. Then, from Mokoia's Isle softly over the glistening waters came upon her ears the plaintive notes of a horn.

"O Tutanekai, Tutanekai, how I have loved you; but it is good of thee to comfort me thus in my distress!" she despairingly exclaimed.

She had found her way to the landing-place, and there she sat down listening to the music, and as she pondered in a vague, unconnected, dreamy way suddenly upon her startled ears there fell the sound of paddles—a canoe was approaching, and from Mokoia. Who can it be at that hour, and for what purpose comes he hither? These were questions that naturally suggested themselves to the listening maid. She was not afraid. She stood forth boldly and faced the single rower as soon as the prow of the canoe touched the shore.

"Whence come you, who are you, what is your business here?" she demanded with the air of a queen standing upon her rights—the deep misery in her breast for the moment had made Hine-moa seem hard even to herself.

"From Mokoia I come," answered the figure in the canoe.

"Aye," said Hine-moa, who had guessed as much.

"For my name—no matter. I am a slave attached to Tutanekai, my master."

"Aye," again said Hine-moa, and again her voice seemed so dry and hard that she marvelled at the sound.

"For my business, it is for the ear of the Lady Hine-moa alone; to none else will it be told."

"I am Hine-moa; you may speak."

"Pardon!" said the figure in the canoe, who was standing up and leaning on a paddle; "I could not distinguish you clearly in the darkness, and failed to recognise your voice."

"Go on; what says your master?" demanded Hine-moa haughtily, indifferent to the apologies of a slave.

"Then, thus it is: My master Tutanekai hath bidden me to say that from the moment in which he first beheld Hine-moa he loved her. That as since that time the days have passed his love hath gone on increasing until now the burden of it is more than he can bear alone; that now he asks of Hine-moa that she should share it with him; that she will know how—considering her rank, her possessions, her great beauty, the estimation in which she is held far and near—he has not hitherto presumed upon her regard—if, indeed, it be that she hath any; but now since his return from Rotorua he would know his fate, for if it prove that Hine-moa cares not for him he will depart into the land of the people of his father, where never he may behold her more."

Whilst this speech was being delivered Hine-moa drew herself up to her full height; she seemed to dilate with the rapture swelling within her; her eyes flashed with a brightness beyond that of the stars which but recently she had been admiring.

"*Eheu*!"* she exclaimed; "so it seems our love hath been mutual without either of us suspecting it."

This was the answer of Hine-moa, and as she delivered it with outstretched arm she pointed to the Island of Mokoia, looming dark and dim in the distance. The figure in the canoe, without a word, sank to his seat, the paddles were got to work, and in an almost incredible space of time the little vessel was far on its way speeding to its home.

After this the lovers met frequently, for palisading, however high, no more than stony limits can hold love out; but their meetings were always in secret, and necessarily they had to be brief. It would appear, too, that something illicit was suspected of Hine-moa. Probably it arose through Tara, who had an opportunity of observing certain things—such as mysterious disappearances—and who might have been led to resent her not having been taken into confidence. However this may be, it is certain that the watch upon Hine-moa became more strict, and the difficulties of her position much greater.

Then it was that Tutanekai developed another fit of excessive energy. This time it was a house for himself that he wanted to build. Some sniggered, others laughed—what did Tutanekai want with a house all to himself? This question was put to him direct by Tawake-heimoa.

"I want a house to live in, of course; what do people build houses for?" answered Tutanekai.

"Tutanekai wants a house for his family," sneered Ngararanui.

"Tutanekai hopes to have a family some day, and if he ever does have a family his boys are sure to be a great deal better looking than some people he knows of," replied the hero with spirit.

"The sons of Whakane-kaipapa are now not good enough company for the son of Tu-whare-toa," laughed Tuteaiti; "people of unstained birth should keep by themselves."

"You need not make reflections upon my mother, who at the same time happens to be yours," retorted Tutanekai. "But now you have said it. Many times have I been constrained to listen to nasty things said inferentially of your mother which you should be the first to avenge if they came from other than yourselves. If others had said what you have said and I was by they should not go unpunished. Now I propose to relieve you of my society you should be very glad, but I do not see you rejoice as you ought to do. Instead of condemning me for building a house, you ought to be found hurrying round to help me, determined, for the honour of the

* "*Eheu*," it will be noted is a purely Latin exclamation.

family, to make it as large and as handsome as possible. That is what you should do."

"Tutanekai is quite right!" exclaimed Tawake, "and I for one will very gladly help him."

"And so will I," cried Ngararanui; "I will assist. Tutanekai is a good sort."

"And so will I too, and we will make it a fine big house, and very lovely," said Tuteaiti.

Even Kopako, who was a little chap, insisted upon being allowed to help in the building of Tutanekai's house; and so with the assistance of his friend Tiki the young man had plenty of hands at work, and the building—which promised to be a very pretty as well as comfortable dwelling—soon began to rise into view.

It happened one evening, Tutanekai's dwelling not having been then completed, that—all the family being then assembled together in the great house—the conversation unfortunately drifted upon the subject of Hine-moa. Upon this Tutanekai immediately became silent—he could take no part. There was, of course, general laudation of her beauty, of her sweetness, of her maidenly reserve; and then the question arose of her lovers, some of whom were known to be very serious, whilst the ridiculous behaviour of others afforded abundant scope for merriment.

"But what chance do any of the members of my family stand of winning this prize?" asked Whakane with a smile; "that is what interests me."

"Oh, we all have a chance," cried Kopako, the boy, at which there was a roar of laughter.

When the fun had subsided Tawake said gravely, "When we were last at Rotorua I saw Hine-moa, and had some minutes' conversation with her. She was very, very pleasant to me."

"Did she press your hand?" demanded Kopako, bent upon keeping up the joke.

"No-o; there was some wrestling going on, and she remarked on the long arms of Parata, which made me look at them attentively. I said they were long arms, and I went on talking—talking—and at last when I looked round there was no Hine-moa to be seen, she had gone."

This was so characteristic of the simple, good-hearted Tawake that everybody—except Tutanekai—laughed hilariously.

"That is very good—very promising indeed," smilingly remarked Whakane. "Now, Ngararanui, did you see Hine-moa when you were at Rotorua?"

"Oh, yes; and we laughed and talked a long time; she was more than pleasant to me. I was just about to tell her of my

"Whence came you, who are you, what is your business here?" she demanded

great love for her when that fat old Tara came right in between us. But I am satisfied she loves me," asserted Ngararanui.

"That Tara loves you—oh, no doubt you can have her!" suggested Kopako, and then there was more merriment.

"No, Hine-moa, Hine-moa loves me!" shouted Ngararanui as soon as his voice could be heard.

"Did she press your hand?" persisted the irrepressible Kopako.

"Of course, she did—gave my hand a firm, hard squeeze," unblushingly asserted Ngararanui.

"This is not so good," said Whakane; there is a bit too much of it. Now, Tuteaiti, how did you fare? Did you see and speak to Hine-moa?"

"I did," replied Tuteaiti.

"There! I told you we were all in it," shouted Kopako. "Did she press your hand?"

"She did. It is I that have her love, and no one else," declared Tuteaiti.

All this was very awkward, not to say painful, to Tutanekai, who was very glad, when the family proper being exhausted, the scene promised to be over; but Kopako had a spear yet left for him.

"Oh, but," exclaimed the privileged youngest son, "why should Tutanekai escape? Perhaps he too saw Hine-moa and had speech with her?"

The idea of such a thing appeared to all the members of the family to be enormously funny. Tutanekai remained silent.

"Speak, Tutanekai," said Whakane; "you may as well give us the benefit of your experiences."

"Why, from the time we landed at Rotorua till the time we left Tutanekai was never seen," sneered Ngararanui.

"He was playing leap-frog with Tiki in the bush," suggested Kopako.

"Let Tutanekai speak for himself; he has more sense than any of you," urged Whakane.

Thus constrained, Tutanekai said simply that he did see Hine-moa at Rotorua; that he spoke to her, and that he was permitted the privilege of pressing her hand.

"Did she press yours?" demanded the pertinacious Kopako.

"She did," reluctantly admitted the questioned.

At this there was another roar of laughter; but Ngararanui was angry.

"That is not true!" he shouted. "Do you think Hine-moa would take any notice of such a low-born fellow as you are?"

Tutanekai's eyes flashed fire; he grasped his *mere* and would have brained his half-brother had not Whakane instantly interposed.

"Nay, nay, no violence!" cried the old man. "And for you, Ngararanui, you are entirely to blame. It is your father and your mother you insult when you use such language; the birth of any of your mother's children is a matter for me to deal with, and no one else. Never let this occur again."

It was in consequence of this scene that Tutanekai seized the earliest opportunity of having a conversation with his reputed father, whenever he was sure that he could speak to him without interruption and without their words being overheard. He revealed to Whakane the story of his love from his first meeting with Hine-moa; the fears that assailed him in consequence of his birth and her high rank; the watchfulness of her family and the people about her, which rendered his meeting with her very difficult; and the encouragement she had eventually given to him by the pressure of his hand. Whakane listened very gravely, as one who doubted whether such things might be.

"Aye," he said at length, "but Ngararanui and Tuteaiti have both declared that Hine-moa hath given to them the pressure of her hand, and both are equally assured that they have her love. Hine-moa is a maiden above reproach, and how can such things be?"

"They are mistaken," emphatically declared Tutanekai. "Hinemoa hath never given to them the pressure of her hand with any thought of love. She knows they are my half-brothers, and hath been kind to them in consequence. See here this balcony which Tiki and I have built so that we might play to her across the water."

"Ho!" exclaimed Whakane, "but how was Hinemoa to discriminate between the pipe and the horn? She might well have thought that it was Tiki, not Tutanekai, that was playing to her."

"Tiki!" cried Tutanekai; "Tiki has no thought of Hinemoa, his thoughts are otherwhere."

"And this house you are building, hath that anything to do with it?" inquired Whakane.

"Everything to do with it," replied Tutanekai. "It is to be the home of Hinemoa when we are wed."

Whakane smiled. The hopefulness, the confidence, the enthusiasm of the young man amused him. Perhaps they reminded him of his own young days when he went wooing to Rangi-uru.

"And when think you this happy event will take place?" he asked.

"Whenever I am ready," promptly replied Tutanekai. "It has been arranged between us that Tiki and I shall give up playing as hitherto we have been doing, and then when our house hath been finished and everything is prepared I shall sound my horn so that she may know. Then shall she take a canoe and row across the lake to me in the night, and we shall be wed. This is how it hath been settled; but I beg you do not mention the matter to any one, for if our plans were known our wedding would be prevented, and we should have nought but misery."

Whakane readily promised that he would keep Tutanekai's love affairs a secret. He said he was very glad to be the recipient of such confidence, and he wished the young people might have much happiness. The wedding of Hine-moa under such circumstances, he declared, would make a great noise amongst all the tribes round Rotorua, and would make of Tutanekai a chief of great consequence, a position, he added, he was well fitted by his qualifications to fill and maintain.

This ended the matter for the time, but the next morning Whakane went to where the young men were working at Tutanekai's house, and by the directions he gave and the suggestions he made, he showed that he took an interest in the proceedings. Then when the dwelling had been finished Tutanekai went into possession.

In the evening of the third day Tutanekai went into the balcony and sounded his horn. He did not take Tiki with him, because he anticipated the occurrence of events of which he did not desire that his friend should have any knowledge. Tutanekai continued to play until it was dusk, and then he went down to the waterside and waited. Slowly the lagging hours went by, whilst, unseen amongst the bushes, Tutanekai, with rapturous anticipations throbbing in his heart, gazed across the waters in eager expectation of an appearance that came not. Every sound that usually broke the stillness of the night was familiar to his ear, but now in his impatience he fancied he heard sounds when there were none. No eyes were so quick and sure to distinguish objects in the gloom, but now in his agitation he frequently felt certain he saw an object moving where there was only vacancy. The thoughts that whirled through his brain in these hours of waiting of possible discovery, of accident, of sickness, of something of which he could form no comprehension, filled him with a vague feeling that his hopes were blasted, his life was wrecked, so that when at last he arose and sought his new home where he had looked for so much joy the tendrils of his heart were torn by despair. Hine-moa had disappointed him—she had not come.

Whatever had happened to increase suspicion Hine-moa could not guess, but she was conscious that since her last return from Rotorua her conduct was more jealously regarded than ever. Save by the waterside, it mattered not in what direction she rambled from her home she was always sensible that a pair of eyes were following her, and that some one of her tribe was not afar off. This espionage made her indignant, but she controlled her feelings, remembering that she was a chieftainess of high rank, so she affected to be quite unaware of what was taking place around her. She knew she would assert herself at the proper time, and demonstrate how futile all their cares were; then the triumph would be hers, and so long as the waterway was left open to her she could smile.

The eventful period arrived. Across the shining waters of the lake came the tooting of a horn, which seemed to call her, saying, "Come, love; come to the fond arms of your lover. Come, Hine-moa, to the husband who awaits you, whose heart palpitates with joy at the prospect of receiving you. Come!" Never to mortal ears did music sound so heavenly as did that horn to Hine-moa. It filled her with such joy and gladness that she scarce was conscious of the earth beneath her feet. Ecstasy was hers. As soon as darkness fell down she hurried to the shore. Lo! every canoe had been drawn up far away from the water; even the very smallest she could not hope to launch unaided. This precaution, it appeared, had been observed for some time past, and this was the reason why, without attendance, she had been left free at any time to go towards the lake. She had been foolish. She might have read the secret of their behaviour if she had only stayed to think.

Now the call for her had come and she could not go—she could not answer—no explanation to Tutanekai was possible. The thought was maddening! She returned to her home, her eyes flashing with the excitement flaming within her; but she spoke no word, nor—whatever was thought—did any one speak to her, all being well satisfied that she was safe—she could do nothing. She went forth again; again her steps led her to the lake—it was the way that she would go. She was like a bird that had been trapped, and she beat her wings against the bars of her cage furiously. What! after all the indignity she had suffered, after all her patient waiting, after all her confidence that her happiness lay within her own hands, was she at the last to be beaten, baffled, controlled? The thought was insupportable. Some way must surely be found to triumph over the difficulty which obstructed her.

She was young and strong and a good swimmer. She looked across to where Mokoia lay like a cloud resting dimly upon the surface of the waters, and she seemed to measure

the distance with her eye. She shook her head wistfully. No, she feared it was beyond her powers. A raft suggested itself, only to be immediately dismissed. She had not the necessary lashings, even if she could find the lengths of light timber, and then it would take too long to construct. And then, again, she seemed to hear the horn of Tutanekai calling to her—"Come, love, come, to the fond arms of your lover." It was as if an earthquake had stimulated her faculties to action. She would attempt the distance—she would swim across. Having so decided, then it was that the idea occurred to Hine-moa that she might get floats to aid her, and, filled with this thought, she eagerly sought in the canoes. Yes, what she wanted had been left in them, and she took six large, dry, empty gourds back with her to the water-side. There was a rock known as Iri-iri-kapua that ran some distance into the lake, and going out to the furthest point of this rock—the spot is known as Wai-rere-wai—Hine-moa divested herself of her clothing, lashed the gourds to her body, three on each side—taking care to see that each was securely fastened, so that there might be no mishap—then gently she slipped into the water, and her memorable adventure began.

Hine-moa found that the gourds sustained her splendidly, but they interfered sadly with her swimming, so that her progress was slow. It required a lot of effort to drag the gourds through the water, and the labour soon began to tell upon her strength. The top of the barrel of a tree—it was called "Hine-whata"—projected above the surface of the water, and as a first stage Hine-moa hoped to find a rest there. The top of the stump, however, proved too high for her to reach, so the seat she expected to find was denied to her; all she could do was to clasp the tree for a few minutes and so recover her breath. Abandoning Hine-whata, Hine-moa swam onwards, doggedly and perseveringly, until she wearied with her exertions; then supported by her floats she rested. The night was very dark; the water seemed black and it was chill; the stillness was profound. She lay like an inanimate thing lonely upon the lake, and a sense of the danger she had braved fell upon her. Then did the thought of Tutanekai, of his devotion and her love, steal upon her and nerve her to further effort. Often did she weary, often did she pause to rest, but as she drew nearer to Mokoia and her success became more assured, the feeling of satisfaction derived from a victory achieved swelled within her so that she forgot all that she had endured, forgot to what a terrible risk she had exposed herself.

Hine-moa landed at Mokoia just below the village where Tutanekai had built his home, so that at last she was near to her lover, though he knew it not. No lights shone forth from the dwellings of the people, so she realised that the hour

must be late. The excitement of her struggle had passed away; she was exhausted with her labour; now she felt numb with cold. Separated, however, from the lake by a narrow ledge of rocks close to her was the hot spring known as Waikimihia, and into this hot water Hine-moa tumbled herself without delay. The genial heat soon restored the circulation of her blood, swept away all feelings of lassitude, brought back her confidence and high spirit, and the maiden of Rotorua was herself again.

Then Hine-moa made a discovery. She was naked! In her excitement—in her eager agitation—to attain to Mokoia she had never thought of the condition in which she would certainly find herself on arrival when she left her clothes at Wai-rere-wai. There were some overhanging rocks which threw a blackness over one part of the pool, and into this darkness she crouched in the excess of her trembling modesty.

Tutanekai had gone to his house with a burning brow and an aching heart. He was disappointed and distressed; a fever was upon him, and he could not rest. The night wore on, and of all the village it seemed as if only he were awake.

"Here, slave," he exclaimed to the servant who always attended upon him, "I am thirsty; get me to drink."

Without a word the slave took a calabash and went to the lake to fill it so that his master might have drink. Hiding in the dark shadows of the pool Hine-moa heard the heavy striding footsteps of a man approaching, and being frightened she drew herself further back into concealment; but when she heard the calabash being dipped into the waters of the lake she stole forward and peered over the intervening ledge of rocks.

In the plight in which she found herself it was a relief to have some one to talk to, so—assuming, as far as she was able to assume, the deep, gruff voice of a man—she said:—

"Ho! that is just the very thing. I have been wanting a drink so badly and didn't know how I was going to get one. You might pass that calabash here."

The slave, being of a kindly disposition, handed the calabash as desired, and Hine-moa drank a little.

"For whom are you fetching water at this hour of the night?" she asked.

"For my master, of course," came the answer quickly.

"Certainly, your master; but who may your master be?" demanded Hine-moa.

"The chief Tutanekai is my master," replied the slave.

Directly the word Tutanekai was uttered Hine-moa dropped the calabash on the rocks, and it was smashed into a thousand pieces.

"Oh!" exclaimed the slave, "you have broken the calabash of Tutanekai; what made you do that? I shall

have to go back now for another one," and he went back accordingly.

"Where is the water I sent you for?" demanded Tutanekai, when he saw his slave returned.

"If you please the calabash got broken," answered the slave.

"You careless fellow; how did you come to break the calabash?" again demanded Tutanekai.

"If you please, I did not break the calabash; it was the man in the bath that did it," pleaded the slave.

"Well, never mind the man in the bath," said Tutanekai, "I am thirsty get me to drink."

So the slave procured another calabash and again proceeded to the lake for water.

Hine-moa heard the slave coming; she knew it was the same heavy stride that broke upon her ears. Directly she heard the calabash dipped in the water, she cried:—

"Oh, I am so glad you have come; I was just consumed with a longing desire for a drink. Do pass me the calabash like a good fellow."

Again the slave, thinking no evil, handed the calabash to Hine-moa, who again drank a little.

"Did you say this water was for Tutanekai?" asked the figure in the pool ingenuously.

"Yes, it is for Tu—— oh!"

The exclamation was caused by the fact that the second calabash had gone upon the rocks and was all in fragments.

"Why, what a careless fellow you must be; have you no sense at all?" cried the slave. "Whatever am I to do now?"

"Oh, go back and get another one," retorted Hine-moa coolly.

"I suppose that is all I can do," said the slave, and he went.

When his servant returned a second time without any water for him to drink, and announcing that another calabash had been broken, Tutanekai began to get angry. He declared his patience was not built to stand such strains; but all he could get from the slave in reply was that the man in the bath had broken the calabash, and it was no fault of his. Still Tutanekai must have his drink, and a third time the slave was sent for water.

When a third time the slave returned without the water, and with the same story that the man in the pool had broken the calabash, then the wrath of Tutanekai boiled over, and he declared his intention of making the circumstances of the man in the pool a great deal hotter than the water with which he was surrounded. Seizing then a club he stalked forth into the night, determined upon inflicting rough and summary punish-

ment upon the individual whose persistent blundering carelessness had so destroyed his peace.

"A stranger did you say he was? A pretty rascal to come here and smash my calabashes. I feel like to die with rage; but I will teach him, or know the reason why."

Hine-moa knew by the light swift step she heard that it was not the slave that was coming this time, and she withdrew as far as she could go into the darkness cast by the overhanging rock. Of course, she knew that Tutanekai would find her—he was bound to find her—but her sentiments of modesty prompted her to make the task as difficult for him as possible.

"Where's that fellow that broke my calabashes?" cried a voice which she knew well, and the sound of which thrilled her with delight. "Come forth, you rascal, and let me drub you!"

To this pleasing invitation no sound followed, although Hine-moa felt strongly moved to titter.

"Oh, you are hiding in there are you; I will find you, never fear," and Tutanekai went groping round the pool in the darkness, announcing the stern things he was resolved to do. "It's in there you must be; oh, I will fish you out if you be human at all."

Now, Hine-moa felt that the moment of her capture was close at hand; she could hear the breathing of her lover, almost feel his breath upon her cheek.

"Hallo! who have we here?" he exclaimed, as he grasped a hand she had put forth—fearful indeed, lest after all he might miss her.

"Tutanekai—it is I," came the soft, low, rapturous response.

"I, indeed! and who may *I* be? Come forth and let us see you."

"Tutanekai—it is I—Hine-moa!"

"Ho, ho! Ho, ho! Oh, my beautiful, my beloved, oh my adored!" cried Tutanekai, as he seemed to dance with delight. "Come to my arms, come to the home I have prepared for you!" And he clasped her eagerly, passionately in his arms.

"Yes, yes, Tutanekai, yes—but—but—but—I am—I am naked," stammered the maiden.

This appalling information somehow did not seem to have the effect upon Tutanekai that was expected. His delight seemed rather to increase. Passing his arms round her chest and pressing her close to him, he lifted her straight out of the bath until she stood on the ledge of rocks, and then he threw around her the mat he wore, so that her form was concealed; then, taking her by the hand, he led her to the house that was to be her dwelling for evermore.

Thus, according to the ancient laws of the Maori, did Hine-moa and Tutanekai become man and wife.

In the golden light of the morn the village on Mokoia presented its usual scene of animation; crowds of dark figures were moving hither and thither, and heaps of little children were running, capering, calling joyously, for even in those days Aotea-roa was a wonderful land for little children. From numerous fires columns of light-blue smoke ascended, for the people were about to partake of their morning meal, which had just been prepared, and there could be no doubt whatever of the healthy appetites they brought to the consumption of the birds, the fish, the kumara which constituted the staple of their repast. Breakfast was over before some one noticed that neither the door nor the window of Tutanekai's house had been opened, nor had he been seen that morning, and Whakane's attention was directed to the fact.

"It is indeed a strange thing that Tutanekai should have slept so long," remarked the old chief, with a smile playing about the corners of his mouth, for he suspected what had occurred. "Never have I known him to tarry so long within doors. Tutanekai has ever been afoot with the first streaks of morning light." Then Whakane glanced towards the lake, where, fastened to the shore, he no doubt expected to discern a canoe that did not belong to any of his people; but no such object met his gaze. "Ah!" he continued, the smile giving way to a troubled expression, "perhaps he is ill. Go, rouse him from his slumbers and bring him here—here to me."

The man to whom this direction was given proceeded at once to the dwelling of Tutanekai, and, pushing aside without ceremony the shutter that covered the little window in the front of the house, he peeped in. What saw he there that astounded him? Lo, from under the mat there were four feet protruding, when, according to his reckoning, there should only be two. How did Tutanekai come to have two extra feet—that was the mystery! Ah, he had discovered it. Tutanekai must have a companion. That accounted for it; but who could his companion be? One mystery was overcome only to become involved in another. He hurried back to Whakane seeking a solution.

"Four feet; I saw them myself—four feet sticking out from under his mat; there could be no mistake about it," declared the man, with a great deal of emphasis.

"I wonder who his companion can possibly be," said Whakane, whose smile had not only come back but had broadened to a grin. "You had better hurry back and find out."

In a great state of excitement the man hastened to Tutanekai's window, pushed back the shutter, and again peeped in. This time the noise at the window disturbed Hine-moa so that she looked up, and the man saw and recog-

nised her. Then, amazed, he darted back among the people, calling at the pitch of his voice,—

"Hine-moa, Hine-moa—Hine-moa is here—Hine-moa is with Tutanekai—Hine-moa is here!" and much more, with great excitement, to the same effect.

"What nonsense are you talking? Don't make a silly of yourself!" said Tawake, gravely.

"But Hine-moa is here. I tell you I saw her with these eyes. She is in the house now with Tutanekai!" exclaimed the man positively.

"What a liar you are!" cried Ngararanui, and he aimed at the man a blow that would have knocked down a tree. Luckily, Ngararanui was a clumsy lump of a man.

"But I tell you I saw Hine-moa with Tutanekai inside his new house," reiterated the man.

"Ho! ho! the fellow's got the lik-a-lily!" sneered Tuteaiti, and he also prepared to deliver a blow, whilst all the people gathered round attracted by the tumult.

Just then the door of Tutanekai's house opened, and the young chief emerged followed by Hine-moa, both looking joyous and happy. The people stared as if they doubted the evidence of their senses, whilst his half-brothers were completely dumbfounded, and did not know which way to look.

"It is true!" said Tawake-heimoa.

"Oh, she is married to Tutanekai!" groaned Ngararanui.

"And I thought she loved me!" cried Tuteaiti.

"Hoo-ra for Hine-moa, and bravo Tutanekai!" shouted Kopako, as he cut a caper.

Presently everybody was very merry, and when Whakane came forward and declared that their union had made him very happy, what could any one say?

After his wedding, Tutanekai being wholly devoted to his wife, poor Tiki found himself in danger of being wholly neglected, nor could he behold the happiness of his friend without feeling a trifle envious.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "happy Tutanekai; he has wedded the beautiful Hine-moa, whom everybody coveted, the woman of his heart, his beloved. Alas for me, I have no wife. I have lost my friend. I am very lonely. Then very sorrowfully Tiki quitted the island of Mokoia and returned to his own village.

Amongst the pleasures which Hine-moa found awaiting her at Mokoia was the companionship of Tupa—Tutanekai's half-sister—a very sweet and amiable young girl. Tupa, like her brother Kopako, was always very bright and merry and much given to joking; but after Tiki's departure, strangely enough, all this disposition died out of her. Hine-moa, however absorbed in her own happiness she might seem to be,

possessed a quick divination as to the affairs of others, particularly in regard to what concerned their peace, and therefore spoke to her husband about Tupa.

"I feel very sorry for Tiki," remarked Tutanekai to Whakane one day. "I feel sure he is grieving over much, and I must go to his village and comfort him."

"Why, what is the matter with Tiki?" demanded Whakane.

"Tupa is the matter with Tiki. Didn't you know—didn't you suspect?" answered the wily Tutanekai.

"No, of course not. Tiki is a good lad. Go quickly and see him, bring him back with you if you can."

So Tutanekai went to Tiki and cheered him up a lot. Then the two old friends came happily home to Mokoia again, and after a while Tiki and Tupa were united, to the great joy of all the people, and they lived together happily ever after.

Umukana (Hine-moa's father) was the great ancestor of the Ngati-unui-kara hapu or sub-tribe. Tutanekai and Hine-moa had many children, and their descendants dwell by the lake of Rotorua to this day. They are naturally proud of the accomplishments of the brave young chief Tutanekai; they never weary of singing the beauty of the devoted Hine-moa, and with feelings of pardonable pride they paint the course of that great swim across the lake accomplished by their great ancestress, the heroic maiden of Rotorua.

THE RIVAL MAGICIANS.

Once upon a time it happened that there lived in Aotearoa two great magicians, or sorcerers, very wonderful people indeed. Kiki was the name of one, Tamure was the name of the other. Kiki dwelt on the banks of the River Waikato; the abode of Tamure was at Kawhia. Now, the fame of both these great magic-workers spread over the land, and the wildest tales regarding their exercise of the black art found ready credence. Some held Kiki to be the greater enchanter; others pinned their faith to Tamure.

Now, of course, it could not fail but that the stories told of one should in due time reach the ears of the other, the performances to be pooh-poohed as a very simple matter indeed—nothing at all astonishing. And so it came to pass that in the breasts of both the professors burned a very fierce hatred and jealousy. Ah! how happy should not we be in these days of established scientific treatment, in this brilliant age of intellectualism, to be able to rest with confidence in the fact that we are free from the injurious influences of unworthy rivalry—of mean, jealous depreciation—amongst our noble-minded

necromancers, who never differ, maim, mangle, nor kill, as such people used to do in the bad old days.

The inhabitants of the Waikato, in proud memory of the great enchanter who once lived amongst them, still cherish this proverb: "The offspring of Kiki wither shrubs." This saying derived its origin from the circumstance that Kiki, being such a wonderfully great magician, was practically debarred from taking his walks abroad in the day-time, because, unless a place or spot which he was about to pass was specially protected from the fatal influence of the magical powers which appear to have been constantly exuding from him, as surely as the sun shone, when the shadow of Kiki fell upon that place it became *tapu*, and every plant within it would fade away and die. A moment's reflection will make clear how extremely inconvenient it must have been to have had such a potential sorcerer dwelling in one's neighbourhood. Unless he was gifted with the faculty of dispensing with the attendance of his shadow at will, death followed in his trail wherever he chanced to stray. If, for instance, in an absent-minded moment Kiki was invited into a plantation, that side of the path along which he walked where his fatal shadow fell would be immediately stricken desolate. Of course, it might easily be said that the remedy for such a painfully destructive condition of affairs as the possession of such a magician was to only allow him to come forth from his home when the nights were of such pitchy darkness that it could not be truthfully affirmed he had any pestilential shadow to boast of. But, alas, it transpires that it was not at all necessary for Kiki to leave his home in order to prove fatal. Up the river come a company of people in their canoes. They are laughing and singing joyously, thinking no evil of any one. The malignant spirit, Kiki, arises from his mat, walks to the sliding door of his house, and draws it open. It is enough! Thereupon all the happy people in the canoes are stricken; they slowly stiffen and die. In the case of people coming down stream from the upper parts of the river the process of Kiki was equally simple. This time it was the shutter. All he had to do was to draw back the sliding shutter of his window and Death—apparently making his escape through that medium—would immediately assail the people in the canoes, so that all would infallibly perish.

About the fatal feats of Tamure up to his trial of strength with Kiki no details appear to have been preserved. Probably his feats did not assume a fatal complexion; possibly—but this is very much to be doubted—his performances took the direction of restoring to life those whom Kiki deprived of it. It is unlikely, however, that such a trick as this would present itself to the mind of any one as in any degree commendable.

Nowadays it would certainly afford the greatest delight to be able to truthfully aver that it was through horror of the atrocities of Kiki, that Tamure, taking his life and the lives of others in his hand, went forth to wage war to the death with the sorcerer of the Waikato. It was not so. There were two kings of necromancy existing, each boasting his powers, when naturally and rightfully there should have been only one; therefore one must be swept away, so that the other should reign with claims indisputable. It was no high motive involving the destinies of his race or the welfare of his fellow-men that took Tamure to the Waikato, but personal hatred arising out of jealousy of the fame which Kiki had acquired. What was about to take place was a duel between two renowned professors, masters of their weapons, and those weapons the diabolical arts of enchantment.

Tamure, who was about to invade the domain of Kiki, thought out all the details of his plan carefully. He chose the season of the year which he judged likely to prove most propitious. When the time he had fixed upon arrived he selected two only of his people, and, taking them and his young daughter with him, he departed upon a journey from which he was perfectly conscious he might never return. The four travellers crossed the mountain range from Kawhia and descended upon the River Waipa, which, as everybody knows, flows into the Waikato. Embarking in a canoe, Tamure and his friends found the journey down the river easy and pleasant. Soon they were approaching the village where dwelt Kiki. O, now Kiki, haste thee, haste thee to draw back the sliding shutter of thy window that the ministering agents of thy power may go forth to slay! Alas for Kiki, he sleeps, and this time the shutter of his dwelling remains fatally unopened!

Tamure, it is recorded, managed so well that his canoe attained to the landing-place at the river-side unseen by any one. Learned as he was as a great magician, Tamure, nevertheless, was by nature a very cautious man, and now every faculty he possessed was keenly on the alert—as, indeed, it had need to be—to preserve himself and his friends safe from all the arts of sorcery which might be practised against them. Tamure, whilst dropping down the river, had kept repeating an incantation—that known as "Mata-tawhito"—which proceeding on his part will be recognised as the exercise of a most judicious precaution. Other incantations and charms to preserve from those arts of enchantment of which he was himself so well acquainted, to ward off bad spells, to keep off evil spirits and shield from the machinations of demons, to gather around him the good genii and their beneficent influences, these things did the careful Tamure do unceasingly. And so at length

they were enabled to step ashore and haul up the canoe on the landing-place of the village of Kiki.

Presently they heard a voice calling to them and bidding them welcome in the most friendly spirit. It was that of the old sorcerer himself. Then they were invited to proceed up to the village, and up to the village accordingly they went. When the square in the centre of the enclosure was reached they seated themselves upon the ground in the manner usual with visiting strangers. Then some of Kiki's people kindled a fire in an enchanted oven and food was cooked for Tamure, his daughter, and his friends. At the time this was being done Kiki kept seated in the inside of his house, just outside of which on the ground sat Tamure and his people; but the cautious Tamure never for one moment ceased the repetition of his incantations to insure protection and to shrivel up with enchantment the notorious Kiki directly he attempted to cross the threshold of his dwelling. Then the coverings were pulled from off the enchanted oven and the cooked food was spread out upon clean mats. At this stage Kiki made his appearance and invited the visitors to enter his dwelling and partake of food with him. But well Tamure knew that the food was all enchanted, and the object of the old sorcerer in getting him to eat of it was that it might kill him.

"Nay," said Tamure, "I do not require food, but my daughter here is smitten with the pangs of hunger, and she will eat of your provision."

So the food was given to the girl, and whilst she ate a little she repeated in her thoughts powerful incantations for her protection and that of her father. Tamure aided her by repeating the incantations known as "Mata-tawhito," "Whaka-ngungu," and "Pare-pare," which are completely effective antidotes to the evil influences arising from the consumption of enchanted food. Meanwhile Kiki waited on expectantly hoping that hunger might drive Tamure to eat, or that he might be persuaded by the tempting appearance of the viands to partake of them, so that he might soon die; but he was fated to be disappointed. Neither Tamure nor either of his two male companions could be induced to swallow a morsel. At last, the girl having finished her meal—and at least half of the things she took she dexterously hid away under her cloak—Kiki went inside of his house again, leaving the visitors still sitting outside on the ground. As has been said, Tamure had enchanted the threshold of Kiki's residence; but he now bethought him that his work was incomplete, so, by incantations, he enchanted the door also, in order that it might be certain the old sorcerer could not possibly escape when he designed to leave his dwelling.

After this Tamure concluded that it was time for him to go,

so, he and his party having descended to the landing-place, he ordered them to launch the canoe. They quickly got on board and away they paddled up stream. Scarcely had they departed than Kiki, passing through the portal of his house, was smitten with sudden sickness. However, his late visitors' chief concern at this time was to widen as greatly as possible the distance between them and the landing-place of Kiki's village, and with this object in view they continued to paddle away with all their strength. Presently they came to a large village situated on the river's bank, and as there were a goodly number of people assembled at the landing-place Tamure thought it judicious to hold some conversation with them. Speedily he and the villagers were upon the most excellent terms, so that Tamure had to give expression to his great regret at being compelled to decline their hospitable invitation to stay with them for a time.

When Tamure and his party had gotten aboard of their canoe, and were about to resume their journey, he said to the villagers, "If it should so happen that another canoe, rapidly paddled, comes up the river, and the people in that canoe ask you if you have seen us pass, you will, of course, tell them that you have?"

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it we will tell them so," answered the chief.

"That is right," answered Tamure. "And if they ask how far we are ahead of them, would you mind telling them we passed a long while ago, and that we must be by that time a very long way up stream?"

"Yes, yes, we will tell them so," readily responded the chief. "We should all be very sorry if any evil should befall you. You may rely upon us."

After which assurance the farewells were said, and Tamure and his friends resumed their progress up the river, paddling so as to make all the haste they could.

Meanwhile the illness that had overtaken Kiki made such rapid strides that his people were not long in concluding that it could arise from no other cause than the acts of his recent visitor. Their great enchanter had been enchanted. Whenever a realisation of this fact had come fully home to them a number sprang into a canoe and started in pursuit of Tamure. As every man assisted in the work of the canoe and they applied all their energies to the task of propulsion they travelled at a very great rate. Presently they came to a village where a number of the people were gathered at the landing-place. They were awaiting the arrival of this particular canoe, but, of course, the people in the canoe did not guess that.

"Ho, I say!" shouted the head man in the canoe, "have you noticed a canoe pass up this way?"

"What kind of canoe was it?" asked the chief.

"Oh, a little canoe. There were four persons in it, one of them a girl," quickly replied the head man.

Then the people at the landing-place talked together—they seemed to be considering—so that the head man in the canoe had to call again.

"Some of my people say they remember noticing such a canoe pass, but others were not here at the time," replied the chief.

"How long ago is it since they passed?" again queried the head man.

Again the people at the landing-place seemed to be debating. At length the chief answered,—

"Some say it was long ago, others say it was a considerable time ago; all agree that the canoe was travelling very fast."

"Is the canoe far ahead?" was the next question, which came promptly.

"Oh, yes," came the answer just as promptly; "considering the time that has elapsed and the rate at which they were travelling they must now be a very long way ahead; oh, a very long way indeed."

It was now the turn of the people in the canoe to deliberate. It was evident the information they had received took them by surprise; yet from the way in which it had been delivered they did not doubt its truth. After a while their minds were made up, the canoe was turned round, and, after a shout or two of farewell to the people at the landing-place, it quickly disappeared away down stream.

Upon the arrival of that canoe at the landing-place of Kiki the people on board learned that the great sorcerer of the Waikato was dead—dead through the enchantments practised upon him by Tamure.

Rapidly continuing their course up the Waikato, and following up the Waipa, Tamure, his daughter, and his friends recrossed the mountain-range and reached Kawhia in safety, somewhat tired, it is true, with the excitements and the dangers through which they had passed, but rejoicing in the success which had happily attended their expedition.

Descendants of Kiki still live on the banks of the Waikato and the Waipa, where, as may be realised by the way in which the proverb already quoted is repeated, his memory as one of the greatest of sorcerers is held in great respect. Kiki's powers transcended those of any other sorcerer save Tamure, who vanquished him.

Descendants of Tamure are to be found amongst the

Lake Roto Iti.

people living in the neighbourhood of Kawhia; it is said they belong principally to the Ngati-maru Tribe.

When a *tohunga* greatly skilled in the arts of sorcery was about to die he left to his children, as a precious legacy, a knowledge of his incantations, spells, charms, enchantments, so that the secrets of power might be retained in the family. The art was transmitted from father to son; so when it was known that among the ancestors of a man there had been a great magician it would be taken for granted that, by descent, he possessed a power not enjoyed by others. This power would be credited to him, and it would exalt him in estimation until his predictions proved a failure.

THE LEGEND OF THE MAGICAL WOODEN HEAD.

There is abroad in the world a more or less popular idea that there are many wooden heads—that is to say, heads so brainless and stupid that they might as well be wooden as anything else for all the good they are to anybody, or, for that matter, to their possessors. Now, the head the subject of this legend was not a head of that description; it was a block of wood shaped into the form of a human head, and, if it was as dull and stupid as some other kinds of wooden heads, it made up for that brainlessness by the possession of very ample and very formidable magical powers.

Now, in a strong pa situated upon the summit of a hill which was known as the sacred mount dwelt Puarata and Tautohito, two sorcerers, and their people. They were the possessors of the wonderful wooden head the fame of which spread through all the country. To the River Tamaki, to Kaipara and to the tribes of the Nga-puhi, to Akau, to Waikato, to Kawhia, to Mokau, to Hauraki, and to Tauranga—everywhere the fame of this magical head spread throughout Aotea-roa. That mysterious magical wooden head enjoyed the power to command the services of the gods. All the genii and spirits that wait upon man either for good or ill were subject to its power, and so dread—so deadly fatal—was its influence that no mortal could approach the pa on the sacred mount and continue to live.

As might naturally be expected, men rebelled against the existence of so infinitely destructive an institution as this magical head, so they gathered in war parties to ascend the sacred hill, storm the pa, and carry away the head. Alas! when the would-be invaders got to the foot of the hill they were all bewitched, so that they perished miserably. Larger, and subsequently still larger, armies of brave warriors were assembled with intent to storm the pa, destroy the sorcerers,

and capture the head, but the same terrible fate befell them all. Down upon them came that dreadful sickness, and every man died in agony. No mortal dared attempt to approach that evil place. Even the people—whether they travelled in large parties or as single individuals—who followed the forest track to the northward towards Muri-whenua, when they attained to the place where the track passes over Waimatuku, were sure to sicken and die, all through the infamous agency of this magical head.

Fortunately there was in Aotea-roa at this time another great sorcerer, whose name was Hakawau, and at last a report of these awful doings of Puarata and Tautohito, carried out through the mediumship of their magical head, reached his ears. Though Hakawau was deeply grieved at the loss of the lives of thousands of people, he could not be other than incensed at the folly of those who thought they were able by numbers and the use of spears and clubs to conquer the powers of the spirit.

"No," he exclaimed; "there is but one way in which to meet and subdue the powers exercised by the wretches on this sacred mount, and that way is their own way. The forces of the spirit world must be appealed to, their aid must be implored, and when their assistance has been obtained all the rest is easy. Marshalling against Puarata and Tautohito powers superior to those they command, then will they fall, and the influence of the magical head will fail to save them."

The people besought Hakawau to intervene on their behalf; they recognised him as a great *tohunga* and sorcerer: and they felt that if any relief was ever to come to them from the destructive powers of the magical head it must be through his agency. Before giving an answer to the prayers of the people Hakawau thought it most judicious to consult the gods on a matter so important—a course of conduct which every prudent person will be disposed to applaud—and therefore he threw himself into an enchanted sleep or trance. In this remarkable slumber Hakawau beheld the head of his own superlative genius penetrate into heaven whilst its feet remained upon earth, and he realised that a genius so lofty and so mighty was certain to succeed in any enterprise upon which it might be engaged, notwithstanding the powers of any magical heads that might be opposed to it. As may be easily imagined, the people were overjoyed when they learned that Hakawau had entered the lists and would do battle on their behalf.

Taking with him one friend, Hakawau started on his momentous journey. First he travelled through the district known as Akau; then, going along the sea-coast, he passed

through Whanga-roa, following the sea-shore to Rangi-kahu and Kuhawera. He came out upon the sea-coast again at Kororou-manui, after which he arrived at Mareatai. There was a large pa at Mareatai, the good people of which sought to persuade the travellers to rest and have some food; but Hakawau, declaring that they had partaken of food as they walked and therefore were by no means hungry, determined to push on. They crossed the river at Putataka, and, proceeding along the beach, reached Rukuwai. Notwithstanding the inducements held out to them by the people of Rukuwai, they refused to tarry, but pushed on without delay to Waitara. At Waitara it was where the friend accompanying Hakawau first began to manifest symptoms of alarm.

"Oh," he cried fearfully, "we shall perish here; we shall surely perish here!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Hakawau, "we are not going to perish here, nor anywhere else."

Nevertheless, Hakawau thought it well to begin the exercise of his own enchantments, for they were drawing near the circle within which the influence of the magical wooden head operated.

When the travellers got to Te Weta the heart of Hakawau's companion again began to beat hard and fast with trepidation.

"Oh, I am absolutely certain we shall perish here; nothing can save us here!" he cried, in a paroxysm of fear.

"Why, what's the matter with you? Who is hurting you? What are you afraid of?" demanded Hakawau in a tone of irritation.

"When anything is the matter with me it will be too late to cry out, even if I should be able to do so, which is not likely," retorted Hakawau's companion.

"That is the way that people perish," replied the great magician; "they are dead of their terrors before the fight begins. Pluck up a spirit and come on"; and for his part, by the repetition of incantations, Hakawau tried to pluck up all the spirits he could think of.

Te Weta was passed in safety, but the next place, Waimatuku, gave them such an experience as in their wildest dreams they never could have contemplated. Death was everywhere. The air was so thick with the stench of the carcases of those who had dared to venture that way before them that it was quite suffocating. The travellers were nearly overpowered. They staggered and would have fallen had not Hakawau, just in the very nick of time, remembered an exceedingly enchanting spell, which enabled them to get forward a few yards.

"O, this is awful, horrible, abominable!" gasped Hakawau's companion. "That stench is sticking in my nose and throat and poisoning me. O, I shall die!"

"Yes, it is a bit bad," confessed Hakawau, "but we'll get through all right."

Bad as the circumstances of Hakawau and his companion might justly be considered, the real struggle was not with them. The truth was that Puarata and Tautohito had, through the agency of the magical head, collected all the evil and most malignant spirits to destroy these two too intruding travellers, and these diabolical powers, by the exercise of their arts, would certainly have accomplished the end desired by the sorcerers had it not been for the obstruction offered by the good genii which Hakawau successfully summoned to his aid. Thus, there was a terrific encounter going on between the bad spirits familiar to the sacred mount and the good spirits fighting on behalf of Hakawau, and whilst this contest, with awe-inspiring energy, was proceeding Hakawau and his friend, gazing with horror and affright on the many thousand corpses that strewed the beach or lay hither and thither in all sorts of agonising postures amongst the dense bush and fern, whilst they expected death at every moment, contrived to struggle through.

Heartily congratulating themselves on their escape, the travellers, following the track which led them over some low hills, at length reached a place from whence they obtained a clear view of the sacred mount and the pa of the two detestable sorcerers which surmounted it. Here for the first time since starting upon their journey they sat down and rested. Then by a powerful incantation, known as "Whangai," Hakawau rallied the forces of his good genii to the attack upon the pa. He sent forward quite an invisible cloud of genii as skirmishers, whilst the main body followed at a distance in the orthodox and regular way. Presently the spirits controlled by the magical wooden head espied the good spirits formed up in martial array under the guidance of the potential spells of Hakawau, and they sallied forth from the sacred mount to again encounter them. Then Hakawau artfully induced his good spirits to feign a retreat, and so they seemed to break and fly. Immediately, believing they now had an easy conquest, the diabolical spirits plunged madly forward in pursuit. But the good genii had not all fled. A strong body lay posted in concealment on the right, and as the malignant spirits swept onwards with a rush this detachment, in their thousands, fell upon the unprotected pa and captured it. Then the evil spirits, discovering their mistake, turned back upon the pa; but the good genii, who had so recently been the pursued, now became the pursuers, and followed upon them

hard, so that they were caught between the two lines of their enemies. The good genii who had stormed the pa came forth with confidence to encounter the demoniacal spirits, every one of whom was destroyed.

Satisfied with the operation of his enchantments, Hakawau induced his companion to arise and walk with him straight up to the gateway of the pa on the sacred mount.

When Puarata, to his immense surprise, beheld the two travellers coming up the hill he at once rushed to the magical wooden head, exclaiming, "Ho! strangers coming, strangers coming; two strangers come, two strangers come."

But from the wooden head there emanated nothing but a low, wailing sound; the far-resounding voice that so recently had thundered forth anathema and marshalled all the fiends of hell previous to sending them forth upon some diablery was gone; nothing now could come from it but low moans and wails, the expression of its sense of utter helplessness. Needless to say, had the old power of voice remained with the magical wooden head Hakawau and his companion would both have instantly perished, for thus it had been in the old time. When the magical head had called with a mighty voice all into whose ears the enchanting sounds penetrated immediately fell stone dead.

Whilst Puarata stood gazing at the magical wooden head, lost in amazement at his unlooked-for failure to get the thing to act, Hakawau and his companion continued to approach the pa. When they had drawn near to it,—

"Do you go along the path that will take you to the gateway leading into the fortress; as for me, I propose to show the old sorcerer, Puarata, my power over him by climbing over the parapet and the palisades."

"Very good," replied Hakawau's companion; "but take care you don't stake yourself on the palisading, for it is very high, and such an accident would be very awkward." So saying, he went his way along the path as desired.

For his part, Hakawau went boldly up to the defences. He found no difficulty in getting over the parapet. To surmount the palisading, however, was a different matter, the posts being lofty, of irregular heights, and sharp at the top. When the people inside the pa beheld a stranger taking the unwarrantable liberty of finding his way into the interior in that irregular fashion they naturally became very angry. They demanded whether he knew what he was doing; why he did not go along the pathway and enter the gateway in the usual sensible manner; whether he was aware that Puarata and Tautohito were chiefs in the pa; whether he set any value upon his life; what that value might be; and a lot more questions of a similar nature, to all which Hakawau made no re-

sponse. Having completed his ascent and descent of the palisading, Hakawau further astonished the Natives of that place by walking straight into all the sacred places—places which no one not himself sacred might dare to enter—feeling, as he did, well assured that neither of the two old socerers, Puarata and Tautohito, knew anything like as much about magical powers as he himself did.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary acrobatic performances of Hakawau and the fearfully evil name attaching to the people who dwelt in this pa on the sacred mount, it appears that the two travellers had been in the pa only a little while when food was prepared for them. This is apt to convey rather a better impression; things, after all, might not have been quite so bad.

The two travellers having for a time rested in the pa, Hakawau suddenly said to his friend, "Come, let us depart." Upon which his companion jumped up with great alacrity, exclaiming, "By all means. Let us go."

But the people of the place seemed vexed that they should be treated in this discourteous fashion. The way in which one of the two travellers had come into the pa was quite bad enough; he had followed his bad conduct up by intruding himself into all their sacred places, and now he proposed to rush away without partaking of their hospitality. It is a wonder their patience did not give way; instead of which they entreated their visitors to stay, to rest, to partake of some food.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Hakawau, "we ate only a little while ago; not far from here we took some food," a statement which may have been true.

So Hakawau and his companion, starting to their feet, proceeded through the pa to the gateway, in order to take their departure, and as they passed out Hakawau smote his hands together sharply. Behold, the two travellers had gone but a little way when there was not a soul alive in that fortress—every man, woman, and child perished through the magical arts of Hakawau.

The wooden head having been deprived of the faculty of speech and of all its magical powers, ceased, of course, to be of any account, and appeareth not again in any tradition of the Maori.

THE LEGEND OF KAHU-KURA.

The infatuations that afflict mankind are very various, and they differ in intensity. One man pines for a good canoe, another for a good woman; one man indulges a passion for spears, another for *meres*; one is fond of a good cloak,

another dotes upon feathers: but none of these longings appears to have been the particular vexation of Kahu-kura. The trouble of his life was a haunting desire to visit Rangiaowhia, a place lying far to the northward, near the country occupied by the tribe known as Te Rarawa, and there apparently promised never to be any earthly satisfaction for Kahu-kura until there came the prospect of his wishes being gratified. So one day it happened that he started on his journey. Travelling along by the seashore, lo, he came to a place where it seemed that a large number of people had been recently engaged in the cleansing of mackerel, for everywhere about the entrails of the fish were strewed, and there were not wanting other signs which pointed to such a conclusion.

"Oh," cried Kahu-kura, "the people of this district have caught quite a lot of fish, and they have been very busy here."

The remarkable success which the people must have experienced in their fishing operations exciting the astonishment of the traveller, he looked about, paying critical attention to every footmark and every sign that showed, and then he broke out into the following conclusion: "Ho! these footmarks were made in the night; not in the daylight yesterday, not in the glory of this morning's sun; but in the darkness of the night were they imprinted." Then, looking still closer, he continued, "This work does not speak of the presence of men; had they been men who had been here engaged there would be seen lying about some of the reeds and rushes upon which they had sat when in their canoe. No; spirits and fairies have been here at work."

So, taking careful note of every particular feature that presented itself, in order to be enabled to relate the circumstances to his friends at the proper time, Kahu-kura resolved to rest in the neighbourhood awhile and watch the development of events.

That night Kahu-kura returned to the sea-beach near to where he had seen the fish-refuse, and hid himself behind some bushes that grew near. He had not lain long concealed when along came a troop of fairies, and, apparently quite oblivious of the proximity of any mortal, they set to work immediately.

But what filled Kahu-kura with most astonishment and no little curiosity was a long thing which they put into the water, crying as they did so, "The net here—the net here."

Kahu-kura had never heard of a net, and could not comprehend what it was; but clearly the fairies were working away very busily with something they had in the water, and that something they called a "net."

Then it appeared that the fairies were quite sufficiently like unto ordinary mortals as to be the possessors of a canoe, which did not present itself to the mind of the attentive watcher in the bushes as by any means a strange thing. This canoe was paddled out a distance further from the shore, and then another net was dropped into the sea.

"Drop the net into the sea at Rangiaowhia and haul it in at Mamakau," was the song that presently arose in the pleasant voices of the fairy fishers. For, like all true fishers of fish, the fairies thoroughly revelled in the sport, and their hearts were full of the joy of it.

As the nets were being hauled to the shore in the darkness Kahu-kura stole away from where he had been hidden. He mingled with the fairies, and even lent a hand in hauling upon the rope. It is related that Kahu-kura was exceedingly light coloured, and that fact served to enable him to pass the more easily unobserved amongst the fairies—for all fairies are fair—but it being dark the absence of darkness in his skin did not signify much. It is a vain thing to strain after the unprofitable. Amidst great cheering and shouting from the fairies the net began to approach the shore.

"Go out into the sea some of you," called the chief fairy in tones which resounded far above all voices. "Get you in front of Tawata-wauia-a-Tewete-weuia" (the name of a rugged rock standing out from the shore), "lest the nets be entangled and torn to pieces," and immediately a troop of the fairies hastened to obey the command, whilst the main body kept hauling all the time, Kahu-kura toiling away manfully in the midst of them.

Then it was that the full meaning of the net and its abundant usefulness burst upon the intelligence of Kahu-kura. It was a really splendid invention—so it seemed, at least, to him.

The light of the dawn had begun to streak the heavens before the fish captured in the nets were all landed upon the shore. Unlike the practice of mortals, when the fairies picked the fish up from the sand they did not divide them into lots for allocation to the fishers, but each one took the fish he most fancied, and, running a twig through their gills, appropriated them, calling out as they did so, "Ho, make haste, make haste, all of you. Hurry to finish the work before the sun rises."

Kahu-kura had selected his fish, and he, like the fairies, had kept on stringing them. He made a slip-knot at the end of his string, which, unfortunately, was very short, and then in the usual way he proceeded to cover his string with fish. This work having been completed, he attempted to lift his burden up. Hardly had he done so when, through the

weight of the fish, the slip-knot gave way and down they al came. With great good nature two of the fairies, when they beheld this mishap, came hurrying to Kahu-kura's assistance. One tied the knot at the end of the string for him whilst the other helped him to string the fish. Directly the first fairy had gone, however, Kahu-kura surreptitiously unfastened his knot and made a slip-knot of his own as previously, and then, the string being loaded with fish, he again attempted to lift his lot. The mishap occurred a second time. The slip-knot gave way and down off the string came all the fish, strewn all over the beach. Again the fairies hurried to his assistance, for the day was approaching and there was no time to lose. They tied the knot for him and put the fish on the string, but again Kahu-kura contrived to undo the knot, and again the fish fell upon the beach. This trick the cunning Kahu-kura contrived to repeat several times.

At last the sun arose, and by its light the fairies were enabled to perceive that an intrusive mortal had been sharing their company the whole night long. Leaving their canoes—which turned out after all to be no more than stems of flax—abandoning their fish and their nets, the fairies fled away in confusion and despair to their own homes. Then it was that Kahu-kura possessed himself of a knowledge of the stitch used in making a net. It is not stated that the fairies' nets, which were made of rushes, were appropriated by Kahu-kura; they would be too heavy for him to remove, and so they were probably left on the beach to shrivel up and perish. But the idea of catching fish by means of a net, and the stitch to be used in netting a net, was what Kahu-kura learned that memorable night from the fairies, and when he got back to his home from Rangiaowhia he taught that stitch to his children, and through them and their descendants the Maori people have been made acquainted with that art which has come down to them from remote ages, and has proved to them more precious than any other of their blessings.

THE LEGEND OF TE KANAWA AND THE FAIRIES.

Te Kanawa, a great chief of Waikato, one day went out with his dogs to catch kiwis. When night fell this hero and his friends—for, of course, he did not go alone—found themselves on the topmost peak of Puke-more. The range was thickly wooded, but on the summit there was one gigantic

tree—the obvious monarch of the forest—which claimed their attention at once. Its far-spreading umbrageous branches would protect them from the influence of the heavy dews that fall in the night; its immense gnarled roots, rising high above the surface of the ground, divided into natural sleeping-places, and gave shelter from the force of the wind. This tree would be their home for the night. Near the tree they made a fire, and, having partaken of some food they had brought with them, they shortly after retired among the roots to rest.

Voices, voices, voices of the night! Not the whispering murmurs of the zephyr winds amongst the branches overhead; not the ceaseless, never-varying babble of the water which streamed over and about the stones in the creek; not the hooting of the owl nor the croaking of the frog—the voices of the night familiar to every one acquainted with the bush, and which lend to it an ineffable weirdness and a charm—these were not the sounds which broke upon the ears of Te Kanawa as he lay that night upon Puke-more. From far-away distances at first it seemed the sounds came, murmuringly and broken. Nearer still they grew and louder still they swelled. Nearer yet, and more distinct they fell upon the startled ear. Te Kanawa knew them. The voices of men and of women mingled with the cries of children—a great crowd, buzzing and humming and coming that way. Te Kanawa pondered who these people could be. Enemies? No; Te Kanawa did not know of the existence of such beings. Friends? No; no friends of his would be likely to go hurrying through the forests and over the ranges at that unseemly hour of a moonless night. Te Kanawa guessed it—there was but the one possible conclusion—they were fairies. Presently the voices were close upon them, and all his people were awakened from their slumber. They were dreadfully frightened. In the midst of a thick forest, on the top of a lonely mountain, in a night of pitchy darkness, what could they do, whither could they fly? Te Kanawa and his followers remained still—as still as if they were dead.

The fairies were now on the top of the range and close upon Te Kanawa and his people. Some of the fairies, being moved thereto by a perhaps very pardonable curiosity, approached the chief to have a look at him, for to say the truth Te Kanawa enjoyed the reputation of being an extremly handsome fellow. So whilst Te Kanawa's people lay in a state of perfect insensibility, through fear, the fairies crept in and about them until they came to the largest of the roots, and over this they peeped at the noble form of the chief, which lay extended before them. Whenever through an extra puff of wind the fire would flare away would dart the fairies out of sight; but when the flames subsided and the fire sank low out they

would steal from their hiding-places, singing merrily as they came—

> Here you come climbing over Mount Tirangi
> To visit the handsome chief of Nga-puhi,
> Whom we have done with.*

Then, although he was half-dead with fear, a brilliant conception entered into the brain of Te Kanawa. Those whom it was impossible to drive away by force have often been induced to give up their position by other influences, and it might happily prove so in this case. So thinking, Te Kanawa took off his *tiki*, a beautiful little figure carved in green jade which he wore as an ornament hung round his neck; also a carved jade eardrop from his ear, an ornament regarded as of great value; also his other ear ornament, consisting of a perfectly formed shark's tooth of large size. Driving a stick into the ground, Te Kanawa hung his jewels upon it, and so offered them to the fairies, who were all seated round about watching his proceedings. But the fairies did not want the jewels nor any of the precious things of Te Kanawa. Nothing of the sort. They took the jewels and passed them round their company from one to the other, looking at them with arch and curious eyes. Then, very dexterously, they took patterns of their design, and, this being accomplished, they disappeared, and nothing more was seen of them.

It is alleged the fairies recognised that, though Te Kanawa was very handsome, he was nevertheless a very decent, extremely well-meaning mortal, and therefore it would serve no good purpose to injure him; so they took away similitudes of his jewels, but the jewels themselves they were quite content to leave behind. This, of course, was very good of them.

As soon as the radiance of the sun streamed up from the east Te Kanawa and his people hurried down from Puke-more and wended their way home as quickly as their legs could carry them. They were not anxious to have anything more to do with the fairies. At the same time it must be said that the fairies behaved very well; they did not do any harm, nor is there any evidence that they contemplated doing any harm. The fairies in appearance resemble Europeans; their hair is fair, and so also is their skin. They are very numerous, and are a merry, cheerful people, always singing, and presenting every appearance of being very happy.

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* Te Whero-whero, the first Maori King, was the handsome chief referred to. This legend was related by him to Sir George Grey, but he did not remember the whole of the song. What is quoted is probably only the concluding verse.

THE LEGEND OF TAKA-RANGI AND RAU-MAHORA.

In all Aotea-roa there was no maiden whose beauty could compare with that of Rau-mahora. Indeed, the loveliness of Rau-mahora was such that the fame of it had been carried into every pa and village of the people of the North Island. She was the daughter of Rangi-rarunga, a leading chief in Taranaki, whose pa, Whakarewa, was very large and renowned for the strength of its defences. Of course, Rangi-rarunga was very proud of his people; he was very proud of his great and strong fortress; and, as may well be supposed, he was no less proud of his lovely daughter.

Now, if Rangi-rarunga had a beautiful daughter, it so happened that Rangi-apiti-rua had a brave and handsome son, whose name was Taka-rangi. Rangi-apiti-rua was the chief of the powerful Ngati-awa Tribe, and the pa in which he dwelt was known as Puke-ariki. It was situated on the hill where once stood the Governor's house in New Plymouth. Taka-rangi being the son of this great chief, being as handsome as Apollo and brave to madness, it was quite natural that he should form the subject of as much conversation as Rau-mahora; so his fame, too, spread abroad.

Thus it happened that from visitors to Whakarewa the lovely Rau-mahora heard of the handsome young hero, who was so gallant, so bold, so recklessly daring; and, whilst her bosom heaved, she sighed, "Could such a young man be?"

And so, too, from visitors to Puke-ariki Taka-rangi learned of the surpassing loveliness of Rau-mahora, her grace, her liveliness, her saucy repartee; and much he marvelled if it were possible such a being could really exist. Taka-rangi's sad condition was the worst, for he was of that age when the fires of passion sparkle in the eyes, dance in the blood, impel to action wherever danger frowning sits. The stories to which he had listened of the wondrous beauty of Rau-mahora filled his heart with strange, mysterious longings, and inflamed his soul with passionately wild desires.

How it came to pass tradition doth not declare, but it is the fact that presently the tribes led by Rangi-rarunga and Rangi-apiti-rua quarrelled, and in those halcyon days when a difference of opinion occurred between two tribes there was but one sensible way known of settling the question in dispute —one side usually swallowed the other. So it came about that the young, brave, and gallant Taka-rangi was soon discoverable leading the armed warriors of the Ngati-awa south to Taranaki; sweeping the country, whose terrified inhabitants fled before him; capturing their stores, burning their villages, leaving behind him a wide track of blood and destruction. Suddenly their progress came to a full stop,

for there before them loomed the great fortress of Whakarewa, and as they gazed so threatening became the appearance it presented that the invaders sat down to have a look at it.

Taka-rangi and his warriors continued to sit looking at Whakarewa for a very long time. It is true they frequently sought to vary the monotony by jumping up and making wild rushes at the fortifications, but the result was not by any means amusing—neither was it encouraging—but that, of course, failed to deter them from the making of similar experiments. They had many funerals whilst they sat before Whakarewa—how many they never could tell—but it requires the efforts of a supernatural genius to be able to extract fun out of funerals, unless indeed it be by taking only the first three letters.

It must be said that, for their part, the people of Whakarewa strongly objected to be constantly gazed at in the eager, hungry-looking glare of the eyes which the Ngati-awa cast upon them. The rushes against the gates and palisading did not trouble them much, because from their points of advantage they could use their spears and *meres* in a way that afforded them much gratification, if not wild frenzied delight; but the Ngati-awa prohibited them from going to the sea to catch fish, or strolling into the forest to snare birds, and in that respect they were worse than a nuisance. Then, when the followers of Rangi-rarunga beheld their store of provisions melting quickly away and only a few drops of their supply of water left, their hearts—and other no less important constitutional parts of their organization—completely collapsed. From the days of the first fighters it has been held a hard thing to fight on an empty stomach. "Feed your men, and feed them well," has been held the first principle of warfare, even down to these modern times.

Alas! Rangi-rarunga and his people soon came to find it extremely difficult to discover anything eatable within those walls, which once filled them with so much pride. But, bad as the want of food was, the absence of water was a still greater privation. The engineer who designed that impregnable-to-assault fortress quite overlooked the simple matter of providing a well or supplying a spring. Save pride, he provided nothing filling anywhere.

So it came to pass that one day the aged Rangi-rarunga, overcome with thirst, appeared on the top of the defences and made a piteous appeal to the enemy: "Ho! I pray you, good people, give me something to drink; let me have a drop."

Now, there were amongst the Ngati-awa some excessively good-natured people, who did not subscribe to the principle that the primary object of all warfare is to bring your opponent into entire, complete, unreserved harmony with your way of thinking, so they exclaimed at once, "Oh, yes,

by all manner of means," and one man, seizing a calabash, which fortunately happened to be lying handy in the trenches, was about to run off with it to the spring.

This generous proceeding, however, proved too much for the temper of a number of the Ngati-awa warriors, who were neither soft-heartead nor soft-headed, and they strenuously protested against any such proceeding as the supplying of the needs of their enemies. Thereupon a great dispute arose among the warriors of the Ngati-awa. When the man came back from the spring with the calabash full of water the objecting warriors broke the vessel. Not to be baffled, however, the man procured another calabash and went again to the spring; on his return this calabash also was smashed. This proceeding happened several times, the old chief standing on the ramparts listening to the disputations of his enemies, inspired with hope when he saw the man go off with the calabash, filled with the anguish of despair when he beheld the calabash shivered into fragments and the pieces and the precious liquid strewed upon the plain. Oh, that water, that water, except the surrender of the pa what would he not have given for a drop of it? Deeply interested as the old man necessarily was in this water-supply question, there was presently an appearance on the scene which completely riveted his attention.

A young man of noble form and proud and stately bearing, wearing upon his head a long white comb made from the bone of a whale, together with a plume of the long downy feathers of the white heron, with other symbols of his rank and emblems of his chieftainship, came slowly forward, apparently quite unaware of the dispute which was distracting the warriors of the Ngati-awa.

"Who art thou?" shouted the aged Rangi-rarunga from the summit of the defences.

"Lo, he who stands before you here is Taka-rangi, chief of the Ngati-awa!" cried the young man, with a lofty consciousness of his power and dignity.

"Young warrior," exclaimed Rangi-rarunga, "tell me—tell me, art thou able to still the wrathful surge which foams on the hidden rocks of the shoal of O-rongo-mai-ta-kupe?"

This was no mere rhapsody, as might be supposed. To the mind of the old chief the angry controversy going forward amongst the braves of the Ngati-awa—a controversy from which in the agonies of thirst he was suffering extremely—seemed like to the foam and the spume of the sea—wrathful waters, with which, as they surged round a rock, it was hopeless to strive.

In the same figurative language the young chief haughtily replied, "The wrathful surge shall be stilled; this arm of

mine no dog dares to bite," conveying that his deeds and his rank lifted him into a position so sacred that no mere member of a tribe dared dispute his will.

In the meanwhile Taka-rangi had recognised Rangi-ra-runga, and his heart was grieved for his manifest sufferings; still more grieved, it must be owned, was the brave chief when he thought of that young and beautiful maiden, the daughter of the aged warrior who stood before him, and who at that moment was languishing into death, tormented by the pangs of thirst. His heart was touched by wondrous sympathies; there was, besides, an opportunity presented to him. Obeying at once the tumultuous feelings swelling within his breast and the inspiration with which his brain had been suddenly seized, Taka-rangi obtained another calabash and himself hurried to the fountain Orangi.* Dipping the vessel in the cool waters which spring from the earth, he took it to the waiting warrior on the defences. The fierce and but recently angry braves of the Ngati-awa stood silent, resting upon their spears, watching this scene. Not a sound emanated from any one of them. The wrathful surges of disputation were stilled; the foam and the spume of opposed feelings had disappeared.

"Behold!" exclaimed Taka-rangi, as he passed up the calabash to Rangi-rarunga, "there is water for you and for that lovely maiden, your daughter, whose praise is loud on the lips of men. Said I not to you that no dog would dare to bite this arm of mine?"

Then it was that Rau-mahora, having missed her father, and being anxious for his safety, hurriedly appeared on the defences by his side. The aged chief, having quenched his burning thirst, eagerly and with trembling, nervous hands gave the calabash to his daughter, and she too drank of the life-restoring stream. The joy of this sudden and unexpected relief, however, proved too much for her, and with a blissful sigh she sank at her parent's feet. Beholding the lovely girl thus sink upon the ground, with a quick leap Taka-rangi bounded upon the defences and climbed to her side. With a smile of admiration and tenderness the young chief gazed into the fathomless depths of those wondrous melting eyes of which he had heard so much, whilst Rau-mahora recognised that she saw before her the gallant young brave to whose generous hand her beloved parent and herself owed their lives.

"Ho!" cried one old warrior standing amongst the ranks of the Ngati-awa, "our noble chief loves war, but methinks he loves the maiden Rau-mahora quite as well." And this saying passed among the braves and caused all to smile, but they stirred not.

* The spring of Orangi is still well known to the inhabitants of Taranaki; so also is the site of the pa Whakarewa, which stood near to it.

In the meanwhile Rangi-rarunga, from where he stood, in a dazed kind of way looked down upon the serried ranks of the warriors; then his glance went beyond them to the forest-covered hills, green and glowing in the sunshine; then it travelled into the deep blue of the serene heavens. Presently, recovering himself, he came back to earth again, and there at his feet were Rau-mahora and Taka-rangi, seemingly on the best of terms with each other. Then Rangi-rarunga had an inspiration. Nothing more charming than the picture they presented could well be imagined.

"O, my daughter!" said the old man, "dost thou think you couldst love this young man as thy husband?"

"Indeed, my father," responded Rau-mahora promptly, "I like him very much."

Thus it was that Taka-rangi won his beautiful bride. The warriors of the Ngati-awa went marching home again, and the only one of them that brought back a prize was their young chief; but the fame of that prize was great, and the manner of winning it was greater. Never after did the Ngati-awa make war against the people of Taranaki. The union of the brave chief Taka-rangi and the lovely maiden Rau-mahora represented the union of the peoples then and for all time.

Taka-rangi and Rau-mahora had a daughter named Rongo-nga-roa, who in due time was wedded to Te Whiti. Te Whiti and Rongo-nga-roa, again, had a son, who was called Ani-waniwa, who in the natural order of things took to wife Ta-whiri-kura. They, again, had a son named Rere-wha-i-te-rangi, who married Puku, who, as all men know, was the happy mother of the chief Te Puni, who, with his relatives and descendants, dwelt here in Wellington; and this is the happy ending of the legend of Taka-rangi and Rau-mahora.

THE LEGEND OF POU-RANGA-HUA.

THE chief Pou-ranga-hua dwelt at Tauranga, in Poverty Bay. He had taken to wife Kanioro, who, it is asserted, was a sister of that Taukata who gave to the aborigines of Aotea-roa a knowledge of the kumara. That Kanioro dearly loved her husband will appear hereafter. It is related of Pou-ranga-hua that he was successful in the accomplishment of some very marvellous deeds. For instance, by the utterance of an incantation he so contracted the hills that he drew them across the gorge of a deep valley, and thereby formed a lake at Te Papuni.

When Pou-ranga-hua had almost finished the building of his pretty house at Tu-ranga-nui-a-Rua, and taken thither

his lovely wife, he fondly thought he would have nothing but happiness for all the remainder of his days. The house was not, however, completely finished, for, lo, the stones which should make the fireplace were still wanting. It was sorrowful having to part for even the briefest period with the beautiful Kanioro; but, surely, if there was to be joy in his home there must be a fireplace; and to obtain the required stones there was nothing for it but that he should set off for Kauae-o-Muri-ranga-whenua. Fixing up therefore his canoe, Pou-ranga-hua set out upon the uncertain ocean to fetch the *takuahi* (stones) for his fireplace.

That the ocean was uncertain he presently discovered, if he had no knowledge of the fact before, for the strong wind known as Te Hau-o-pohokura arose in his might, and wafted the unfortunate Pou-ranga-hua far away from his home into waters to him unknown. Indeed, it was subsequently believed—and not altogether without good grounds—that that arch and most mischievous demon, Rua-mano, had a great deal to do with the confusion that fell upon poor Pou-ranga-hua. However this may be, after many days had passed Pou-ranga-hua found himself and his canoe dashed upon the shores of a land altogether new and strange to him. That it was not Aotea-roa he speedily became aware. He thought of his home, of his charming young wife, all that life now meant for him, and his heart became filled with despair. Then came to him the great chief Tane-nui-a-rangi, together with many of the people of that land, and to him they extended much kindness, so that his fears were relieved. Pou-ranga-hua discovered that the land he had attained to was one of which he had often heard, a bright, warm, sunny land—it was Hawa-iki.

How long Pou-ranga-hua dwelt in Hawa-iki is not stated; but, as it would have been very equivocal taste for him to seek to hurry away from a place where every kind of kindness was showered upon him, it may be taken for granted that he remained there for some considerable length of time. At last the hunger gnawing at his heart for his home and Kanioro became absolutely insupportable, and he felt that something would have to be done, however desperate the issue might be. Ho! a happy thought occurred to him. He would consult the god Tane.

Addressing himself therefore to Tane, Pou-ranga-hua, poured forth all his woes and his wishes. "O, Tane," he cried, "how long must I tarry in this strange land, how long must I be severed from my beautiful home, how long must I be parted from my wife—the lovely Kanioro? Is there no hope of my ever returning to the land of Aotea-roa?"

Then, answering, Tane said, "O, Pou-ranga-hua, get thee

to thy great ancestor Ta-whai-tari; behold, he will show thee a way in which to attain to Aotea-roa."

Pou-ranga-hua, no doubt, felt that this was pre-eminently satisfactory, and so to his great ancestor he hastened with all convenient speed. To the ingenuous mind it may seem strange, but the fact there is no controverting, that this great ancestor was a huge bird, a bird altogether peculiar to Hawa-iki. Pou-ranga-hua's great ancestor readily agreed to convey him across the intervening waters that lay between Hawa-iki and Aotea-roa, but it does not do to rashly pledge oneself to certain performances without first fully realising all the circumstances and conditions. Pou-ranga-hua, inflated with love and hope, buoyant beyond expression, on learning that his redemption from Hawa-iki was imminent, immediately set off for the summit of Pari-nui-te-ra, and there gathering together two baskets of *kumaras* (sweet potatoes)—the name of one basket was Hou-takere-nuku, and the name of the other Hou-takere-rangi — and having gotten also two *kaheru* called Manini-tua and Manini-aro, he returned to Te-whai-teri and piled them all on the back of the bird. Then lightly he jumped up himself. Under this great load the devoted Te-whai-tari struggled persistently to rise, but it proved much too much for him. This great ancestor of Pou-ranga-hua, therefore, proved a failure.

Then back hurried Pou-ranga-hua to Tane to recount the failure, pour out his woes, and supplicate a more assured means of success. Tane listened with the patience universally accredited to him, and when Pou-ranga-hua had finished he said calmly, "There is now no other resource but to go to another great ancestor of yours—Rua-kapana. He will surely take you across the solemn waters." Rua-kapana was another great bird peculiar to Hawa-iki. There could be no doubt about it this time, for Tane himself went with Pou-ranga-hua. When Pou-ranga-hua had gotten himself and his *kaherus* and *kumaras* on the great bird's back, then Tane addressed him. He said, "Farewell, O, Pou-ranga-hua, go back to thy home which lies yonder across the dark waters; but do you remember my words—see that they are not spoken in vain: Be kind to thy ancestor who is doing this for thee—to Rua-kapana. Do not allow him to touch the ground in your country of Aotea-roa, but when on nearing the shore the bird shakes itself do you then quickly alight, so that the bird may safely return home."

In thus addressing Pou-ranga-hua, Tane, being a god, of course knew very well that at Hikurangi—a high mountain near the East Cape of Aotea-roa—there dwelt Tama-i-waho, a most pernicious demon, who, the better to be enabled to carry out his evil designs, had assumed the aspect of a very old

man. So vicious was Tama-i-waho, so vast his command of all the arts of sorcery and enchantment, that except at one propitious moment no living thing was ever suffered to pass the dread mountain of Hikurangi. When the sun in the west had so far declined as to cast his dazzling beams into the face of Tama so that he could not see, then it might be possible for some astute creature to sneak by; but the risk was very terrible, and few there were that ever dared adventure, far fewer they that ever lived to tell the story of their experiences. Thus it was that the time of Pou-ranga-hua's departure from Hawa-iki was carefully fixed by the god so that he should arrive at Hikurangi mountain at the opportune moment when Tama-i-waho was temporarily blind.

The sun had not yet risen, but all the eastern hemisphere of the heavens was bathed in his golden glory when Tama and Pou-ranga-hua completed their final arrangements. Carefully packed on the back of Rua-kapana were the *kaherus* and *kumaras* when Pou-ranga-hua mounted to his seat, and the great bird began to stretch his immense wings. "Farewell! O, farewell!" exclaimed Tane, and with a short run Rua-kapana began to ascend. In order to clear a neighbouring range a considerable altitude had to be attained; the atmosphere was delightfully pure and cool, the glorious orb came suddenly into view, and Pou-ranga-hua felt exhilarated and refreshed.

For Tama-i-waho on Mount Hikurangi, the day had not been a success. The sun was low over the horizon, the day was nearly done, and he had not been able to destroy anything. He was disappointed, confused, dazed, nearly quite blind, when Pou-ranga-hua approached Hikurangi; nevertheless, as might naturally be expected, the hero felt a very considerable amount of trepidation as the dread mountain began to loom into sight. His fears, however, proved groundless. Observing the helpless condition of the sorcerer, Rua-kapana—who perfectly understood the position—hurried past Hikurangi at a great speed, so that it was not until they were safely out of danger that Tama-i-waho discovered them. "Ho, ho!" exclaimed the demon, "Who is this that dares to fly past Hikurangi?" But Pou-ranga-hua had too much discretion to stay to answer such an inquiry.

When at last the shores of Turanga were reached Rua-kapana flew low to the ground and made vigorous signs that Pou-ranga-hua should dismount, but the hero had no intention of doing anything of the kind, his purpose being that the great bird should convey him all the way to his own door. Then Rua-kapana knew that he was a lost bird. He could not possibly get back to Hikurangi in time to escape his fate. "O, Pou," exclaimed the doomed and wretched creature,

"what an evil man art thou!" It was all very well for the bird, but Pou-ranga-hua was in a hurry to see his wife.

When over the water near the shore of Turanga Pou-ranga-hua, reaching down, plucked a plume from the bird and dropped it in the sea. Lo, any one that feels sufficiently curious can see for himself that from that plume there grew a tree—a kahika *(Podocarpus dacrydioides)*—the name of which is Makauri, and in the ocean solitary it stands and bears fruit to this day. Further, a branch of that kahika being broken off, it was cast inland, and from that branch came the noble forest that covers the earth between Ma-karaka and Te Waerenga-a-hika, a forest also known as Makauri.

Rua-kapana set down his burden near the door of the dwelling of Pou-ranga-hua at Tu-ranga-nui-a-Rua, and immediately started upon his return. Alas! he could not now escape. He came within the sphere of influence of the monster, and all untimely perished. Days went by and Rua-kapana, the great bird, returned not again to Hawa-iki. Then did Tane, feeling assured that some fearful disaster had befallen, summon Taukata, whom he bade go forth in search of the bird and the evil genius who had slain it. "Ho"! exclaimed Taukata, "but how shall I discover the slayer of the bird should I come near him"? "The slayer of the bird," answered Tane, "is Tama-i-waho, and you shall recognise him at once by the sign of the *niho-tapiri*"—that is to say, by his uneven or irregular teeth. Then did Taukata, in obedience to the command of the god, set forth accordingly. He was transported across the ocean from Hawa-iki to Aotea-roa by a water-demon.

The blackness of night had fallen when Taukata approached the enchanted Mountain of Hikurangi. Giving constant utterance to the most powerful incantations known to him, Taukata concealed himself near the doorway of the habitation of Tama-i-waho. Soon there came along a number of people who entered the house, and, thinking boldness the wisest policy, Taukata, plucking up courage, entered with them. Taukata failed to comprehend the talk that went on in the dwelling of the demon; to him it sounded like the most nonsensical gibberish. When it came to his turn to give expression to a sentiment, Taukata said, "*E kore e tangi te whatitiri, no-e, no-e*" ("the thunder will not sound, *no-e, no-e*"). As he gave utterance to these words Taukata patted the shoulder of the individual whom he suspected of being the slayer of Rua-kapana, and this performance so tickled the assembled company that they all burst into a roar of laughter. Then, as they laughed, was the ogre discovered. Taukata had found the slayer of Rua-kapana. In due time the lights were extinguished and all the company composed themselves to rest;

but an ordinary slumber would not satisfy Taukata for the purpose he meditated. Arising from his mat, he breathed an invocation of the most potential character,—

Sleep on, sleep on! The great night, the long night,
The night devoted to sleep, to deathlike slumber—
Sleep on, sleep on!

This, as might be expected, threw all the people into a most deathlike trance, but more particularly did it affect Tama-i-waho; he lay stiff as a dead tree. Then, behold, Taukata produces a *kete*, or large basket, and into this he quickly shuffles the prostrate form of the wizard. Outside awaited the convenient water-demon (taniwha), placed at his disposal by the genius of Tane. Then away in the darkness of the night, over the sleeping waters, Taukata hurries with his prize to Hawa-iki. The fate that awaited Tama-i-waho when he arrived at Hawa-iki may be anticipated. Tane gave his body to the enraged people to eat as Tama-i-waho had eaten his tapuna, Te Manu-nui-a-Rua-kapana.

During all the time of Pou-ranga-hua's absence Kanioro remained within the *whare-potae* (the house of mourning), steeped in grief. For her the earth did not yield its fruits, the flowers ceased to bloom, the bright sun refused to shine; she sorrowed for her husband as one dead. Pou-ranga-hua came not; no, never more would the gladness of his voice delight her ears; silent and dark had now become the world, and for her all the beauty thereof had departed. When many days had passed Kanioro returned to her home. One evening there came a tapping at her door. "Who is there, who is it that comes tapping at the door of Kanioro?" was demanded.

"It is I, O Kanio? It is Pou-ranga-hua."

"Nay, not so; for my husband was swept away by the Hau-o-pohokura,"* answered the voice within the house.

"But I tell you it is I, Pou-ranga-hua, your husband, Pou!"

"Still I do not believe. What want you here?" asked Kanioro, still doubting.

"I am Pou-ranga-hua nevertheless, and I want some of thy valuables, Kanio; give them to me quickly," cried Pou-ranga-hua, growing more peremptory.

"Wherefore do you demand my valuables," asked the voice of the unseen Kanioro.

"As a reward, O Kanio. A reward for the Manu-nui-a-Rua-kapana that brought me hither. Open the door quickly, dear Kanio, for time flies and Rua-kapana must return."

Thereupon Kanioro opened the door and beheld her husband, whom long she had mourned as dead. What unspeak-

* Te Hau-o-pohokura is a sea-wind which blows in the spring of the year.

able joy, what rapture was theirs! Then, when the mutual embracing and endearments had come to an end, Pou-ranga-hua kindled a fire whilst Kanioro hunted out all the valuables in which she stood possessed as a gift for Rua-kapana. The great bird accepted the gift, but as has been seen neither the bird nor the gifts ever reached Hawa-iki. From the time of her reunion with her husband Kanioro took the name of Tangi-kura-i-te-rangi. And Pou-ranga-hua having prepared a plantation set the seed of the kumara which he had brought with him from Hawa-iki, and so was the means of introducing its use among the people of Aotea-roa. The Ngati-manu-nui Hapu of Tuhoe, residing at Te Umu-roa, it is affirmed, derive their name from the great bird Manu-nui-a-Rua-kapana.

THE LEGEND OF TE PONGA AND PUHI-HUIA.

In the far-off olden time a bitter warfare raged between the combined tribes of Awhitu and Waikato and the inhabitants of Maunga-whau. Maunga-whau was a very large pa, with defences massive and strong, situated upon a hill which subsequently came to be known as Mount Eden. This war lasted for a very long time, victory seeming to incline sometimes to one side and sometimes to the other, but Maunga-whau remained unassailable and supreme.

Then the wastefulness and the hopelessness of the struggle dawned upon the comprehension of the people of the Waikato, and as a result a peace was arranged, which it was fervently believed would prove lasting and sure.

Te Ponga was a young and handsome chief of the Awhitu people, who had greatly distinguished himself during the later scenes of the war. Fierce had been his enmity; daring to rashness had been his valour; unequalled his skill with his weapons; so that for a long time his fame had been in the mouths of men on both sides. Now that peace had been established Te Ponga resolved to pay a visit to the great fortress on the hill—Maunga-whau.

Whilst Te Ponga and his people were yet a long way off they were descried by the expectant and eager people in the great pa. Then the whole of the inhabitants ran to the gates; there was mounting on the palisading, there was waving and flapping of many garments, and vociferous shoutings of "Welcome, oh, welcome, ye strangers from afar!" from the throats of a thousand enthusiasts, betokening that all feelings of rancour had passed away, and nothing but sentiments of

the warmest kindliness and fellowship had taken their place. Encouraged by these reassuring cries, Te Ponga and his people came slowly on, and in due time they passed the gates and stood in the courtyard in front of the house of the chief; there all seated themselves.

Now, in the great pa of Maunga-whau there dwelt the maiden Puhi-huia, the fame of whose beauty and gracefulness had spread far and wide through the Waikato and amongst the people of the Awhitu. Indeed, if the truth were really known, it was this great fame of Puhi-huia that had brought Te Ponga to Maunga-whau. He longed to behold the maiden of whose supreme loveliness such things were said; so from the moment of his entering the pa Te Ponga kept eagerly scanning all faces looking for the bright eyes of Puhi-huia.

The inhabitants being now all assembled watching the new-comers sitting stolidly on the ground, the chiefs of each party stood up one after the other and delivered speeches—speeches of welcome and appreciation, speeches of thanks and deprecation. After which fires were lighted, food was cooked, and, being divided into shares, each of the visitors was served, a chief calling aloud his name as his food was handed to him. But the thoughts of the visitors did not run on feasting. They were mostly young men, and they were disposed for amusement. They knew that in the evening there would be dancing. The people of Maunga-whau would certainly dance, and probably the famous beauty Puhi-huia would show her gracefulness; then they, too, would be called upon to exhibit their skill. They realised that if they gorged themselves with the food so liberally bestowed upon them it would not only destroy the comeliness of their figures, but seriously interfere with the gracefulness of their movements. Therefore they ate slowly and very little, all the while speculating upon the pleasures of the dance, and longing for it to begin.

The time soon passed. As soon as it began to grow dark the inhabitants of Maunga-whau gathered in the courtyard of the house which was occupied by the visitors. Then the dancers stood up in ranks, duly arranged in proper order, and the delightful entertainment began.

If Te Ponga and his followers had been looking forward with eager anticipation to the time of the dance, so, it may be guessed, had Puhi-huia, the young daughter of the chief. It is possible that she remained in sweet unconsciousness of her own transcendant loveliness, but she must have known that in gracefulness she excelled all others in the dance, and, feeling always assured of a triumph, she looked forward with palpitating heart to the advent of opportunity. Her opportunity soon came. Puhi-huia awaited the moment when the beating of time with the hands and feet and the deep tones of

the voices of the men were all in exact unison, then forth she bounded before the throng a fairy vision of grace and beauty. First, with many appropriate gestures, she bent her charming head to the people on one side; then, with similar gestures, she bowed to the people on the other; then away she lightly sped, a thing of loveliness and life. Radiant in youth and beauty, she danced as one inspired with the poetry and the sensuality of motion. The glory of her full-orbed eyes—clear and brilliant as the moon rising from beyond the line of the ocean—Puhi-huia casts upon the dazzled strangers. It fell upon Te Ponga, and he was swept away in a whirlwind of passion like a straw in a tornado. His heart surged with emotion; never had he dreamed of such loveliness, of such grace. He followed every movement of the young girl with his whole soul enraptured, and when the dancing of the lovely girl ceased Maunga-whau seemed to be swinging all round him. He had, however, to calm himself, and by the exercise of a superhuman will he succeeded in doing so. His time had come.

Up sprang the visitors to dance. They ranged themselves in order, rank behind rank, and began to beat time with their hands. Te Ponga stood waiting the propitious moment, then, having caught the measure, he sprang forward and, bowing first to one side then to the other, with suitable and numerous gestures he danced away lightly and gracefully. Indeed. Puhi-huia, who, unobserved, was watching the dancing of Te Ponga, concluded that she had never beheld any performance in any degree equal to it; she greatly marvelled that such a clumsy creature as a man—all her male friends were big, heavy and clumsy—could be so light, harmonious. rythmical, and her heart went out in sympathy with the movements of the young chief. Before Te Ponga's dance was ended Puhi-huia had conceived a strong passion for him. and for the time her peace of mind was gone.

At length the dance was concluded, and all in Maunga-whau, visitors and people alike, retired to rest. All, no doubt, found the desired repose save Te Ponga. The young chief was too agitated, too overwhelmed with tumultuous thoughts to be able to compose himself to slumber. When he lay down he tossed about as if possessed with a fever; if he arose and passed into the night, visions of Puhi-huia in all her wondrous beauty and captivating grace presented themselves everywhere. Te Ponga's slave, of course, was made to suffer for the restlessness of his master, for such is the engrossing and o'ermastering selfishness of love that the most innocent in some way or other fall victims to its unreasonableness. Quickly the slave realised that if he was to have any rest the sooner he found a salve for his master's distemper the better.

"O, sir," he presently exclaimed, "I think I have discovered a plan by which you may realise the desires which fill your heart."

"Ho!" cried Te Ponga. "Tell me, what may your plan be?"

"Listen," said the slave: "to-morrow, at nightfall, sit you in the courtyard attached to the house of the chief of Maungawhau; I, for my part, will take care not to be near you—I shall be at a distance from the place. Then will you become possessed of a consuming thirst. You will call to me for a drink of water; I, of course, will not hear. You will call again, loudly and angrily. Then will the chief send his daughter to the spring for water, and she will go. But you, being incensed with your slave for his want of attention to your needs, will leap up determined to inflict upon me proper punishment; but instead of seeking me you will follow the maiden down to where the fountain is, and there you may hold converse with her."

"Very good, very good; you are a very clever fellow, and if this scheme of yours prove a success you shall not go without reward," said Te Ponga; and so the slave and his master talked their design over, discussing every point and providing for every possible contingency, until they were well assured there could not be any failure. After which Te Ponga sought his mat and at last found the repose he needed.

The following evening Te Ponga visited the chief at his house and sat in the place of honour. The conversation proved very interesting and the time passed very pleasantly, the young chief fondly watching the graceful movements of the young Puhi-huia. As darkness closed in Te Ponga, pretending to be very thirsty, called loudly upon the slave that usually attended him, "Halloa, halloa, you there, sir, fetch me some water! I would have some drink." But no slave answered to him.

When about a minute had passed Te Ponga called again, "Plague take the lazy thief! Where can he have got to? Water, I say, water! fetch me to drink." But there was no appearance of the slave, nor any word of response. The young chief continued to call as if in sore distress.

"Nay, trouble not," at last said the chief. Then, turning to Puhi-huia, he exclaimed: "Run, my child, and fetch some water for our guest. Why do you permit him to call for water in this way, and do not haste to fetch him some?"

The truth appears to have been that the maiden was too deeply absorbed in the contemplation of the young chief to care to leave his company. However, in obedience to the command of her father she arose and, obtaining a calabash, went forth to the spring.

But this proceeding of hers by no means stilled the impatience of Te Ponga; on the contrary, he became more angry and more disturbed than ever about the infamous carelessness of his slave. So, starting up in a fury, "A fellow," he cried, "for whom I have done so much! A lazy, good-for-nothing scoundrel! A miserable wretch that deserved to be devoured a hundred times to neglect me thus! But I will teach him—I will show him—I shall not be treated like this for nothing! I must find this abominable slave. I will go for him. Forgive me. I shall be back directly."

So, threatening, ejaculating, denouncing, Te Ponga contrived to get out of the chief's house; and then, when he felt sure no one saw him, he bounded down the path that led to the spring after the young girl. He did not know the path, being a stranger, and so easily he might have been led into a position of great difficulty; but Puhi-huia, full of the glad feelings which had been awakened within her, went along singing light-heartedly and happily, and the young chief followed the sweet tones of her voice.

It was dusk when the young girl reached the spring; not so dark, however, but that she was able to recognise Te Ponga when, just as she was about to dip the calabash into the water, hearing footsteps behind her, she turned and beheld him.

"Ha!" she exclaimed in tones of astonishment; "what broughtest thou hither?"

"I came for water—I would be refreshed," replied Te Ponga.

"Oh, indeed!" ejaculated the maiden. "But did not I come to draw water for thee? Did not you hear my father bid me go fetch the water for thee? Did not you see me go forth to bring the water to thee? Wherefore, then, should'st thou come?"

"O, Puhi-huia, it is not any water which thou could'st bring me in a calabash for which my soul thirsteth," answered the young chief, and even in the rapidly gathering darkness the maiden could distinguish the ardour which was shining in his eyes; "thou thyself art the water I desire; you alone can quench the thirst which burns within me."

"Ah, he loves me, he loves me, he loves me!" murmured the maiden, and she thrilled with joy at the thought. Her love was returned.

Thereupon Te Ponga proceeded to pour forth the story of his love with an impetuosity which at times rendered him almost incoherent, but Puhi-huia liked the story none the less for that; indeed, she felt it to be very delightful. In circumstances new and strange—to her so exceedingly peculiar—with mysterious feelings and sympathies stealing over her which she could not attempt to comprehend, Puhi-huia felt that there

was but one thing proper for her to do, and she did it. She sat down. Te Ponga at once sat down beside her—close beside her—he knew that was the proper thing for him to do. Presently his arm stole round her waist, whilst he talked, talked, talked all about his love. Little chance he gave to her to speak; but she had no desire to speak; she only wanted to listen to this wonderful story the like of which, she felt sure, had never before been poured into mortal ears, which seemed never to have had any proper beginning, and which certainly promised never to have any end.

In a dazed kind of rapture, she gazed into the deep and dark blue heavens and at the twinkling stars which one by one came forth to shine upon her, the low sweet tones of his voice all the while murmuring of love into her ear. To Puhi-huia it was such a heaven of happiness as she had never dreamed. And all the while the calabash, coggled up against a stone, seemed to be looking at them in a grotesque kind of way that was irresistibly comic. Not improbably the empty calabash was reflecting upon the miserably unsatisfactory part it had been made to play through all this business and was reproachfully leering at them accordingly. And so time fled, and the story of love was told, and Puhi-huia had spoken. Yes, she would be his wife; she would fly with him to his home, and there they would talk of nothing but love for ever—for evermore!

"My beloved," said Te Ponga, as they were about to part, "it will be a hard thing for you to leave your parents and your people and go to dwell amongst strangers."

"It is the hard fate of every woman; a time comes when she must surrender all to follow her love," replied Puhi-huia.

"Thy people are a brave tribe. The Awhitu have met them in battle and they know it," observed Te Ponga, reflecting on the honourable reputation of her people.

"Aye," said the maiden proudly, "my people are a brave people; they are better at fighting, though, than at thinking."

A very intelligent and remarkably observant girl was Puhi-huia.

"O, my beloved," cried the enraptured Te Ponga, "truly it is a great thing to be able to think, but how few there are who can think to any good purpose. They can't think properly."

After this Te Ponga and the maiden contrived to have many meetings, and the days sped happily.

When the time appointed for the departure from Maungawhau of Te Ponga and his following had arrived, the young chief, having carefully selected some of his men for the purpose, desired them to proceed to the landing-place where the canoes were all hauled up on the beach, at Manukau Harbour,

and prepare one large canoe, capable of holding all his people, in order to be ready for them to make their escape. This canoe should be kept afloat close to the shore, so as to be easy of access, and every paddle should be in its place ready to the grasp of the rowers when they should come aboard, so that there should not be a moment's delay in their departure. This work having been done, his men were then to go to the other canoes lying on the beach, cut the lashings which bound the top-boards to the sides, withdraw the plugs from the bottom, and otherwise effectually cripple them for immediate use.

The morning after this work had been accomplished Te Ponga and his people assembled in the courtyard of Maunga-whau to bid their friends farewell. Then did the chief of the pa stand up and deliver an eloquent address, at the conclusion of which he presented to Te Ponga his *mere* as a parting gift, and as a token that a lasting peace subsisted between the peoples. Then, too, did Te Ponga stand up and in his turn deliver a speech in which he thanked the people of Maunga-whau for their hospitality and good-heartedness, concluding with the presentation to the chief of a beautiful greenstone *mere*. Then, all the formal rites and ceremonies proper to such an occasion having been duly completed, Te Ponga and his people arose, passed through the gates, and went their way to the Manukau Harbour, where lay their canoe ready to convey them home. As they quitted the pa all the people shouted, "Depart, depart in peace! joy go with you; may you return in safety to your homes!"

Previous to this, however, Puhi-huia and a number of other maidens had stolen out of the pa and proceeded some distance along the path which the returning visitors would have to follow in order to reach the harbour. They had a farewell of their own to make. Presently Te Ponga and his men came marching proudly along. Then the girls marched gaily with them, some on each side; laughing, joking, a very merry company. Te Ponga and those in his confidence encouraged the girls to accompany them as far as they possibly could; but soon the voice of the chief of Maunga-whau was heard calling them back—"Children, children, come back here; you have gone far enough!"

They went on, however, some distance further, the voice of the old chief still calling them. Then some of the older of them stopped, concluding, apparently, that they had indeed gone far enough; but Puhi-huia still went on.

Presently she was further from the pa than any one. Then, to the surprise of every one, she began to run. Bending her body low, she sprang forward and ran with a speed that was perfectly amazing. Ahead of her were some large scoria rocks

—it was to these that Puhi-huia hurried; but when she got to these rocks, which sheltered her from the sight of the people in the pa, she ran still faster.

"Ho! What is the meaning of this?" cried Te Ponga in a tone of surprise. "Where is that young girl going to? What is it she means to do? Let us make all speed after her lest she comes to harm."

Thereupon Te Ponga and the whole of his followers started in pursuit of Puhi-huia, running with all the speed of which they were capable.

Soon it dawned upon the comprehension of the people of the pa—poor thinkers as they might be—that the beloved daughter of their chief was gone — Puhi-huia would not have run so fast and gone so far if she had any intention of coming back. Then there was an immediate call to arms, and a wild, mad rushing to and fro for weapons. This necessarily took time, so that when at last the chief and his people angrily sallied from the gates of the pa Te Ponga and his followers were a long way ahead.

Now began a most exciting and desperate chase. Puhi-huia, light and agile, like a feather borne upon the gale, led the way; after her at a steady trot, like men who had measured the distance and their strength and were saving themselves till the last, came Te Ponga and his followers. Then hot and eager in the pursuit followed the warriors of Maunga-whau, who saw before them a bloody prize and a great revenge. These were the men that but a few minutes previously had been making complimentary speeches, expressing mutual good wishes, exchanging symbols of peace and love, and now—through love—the hearts of the pursuers, at least, were filled with such hatred and bitterness that nought but the most utter and complete extinction of the Awhitu would satisfy them.

Between the site of Maunga-whau Pa and Manukau Harbour the distance is some six miles, so that some idea of the trying nature of that prolonged struggle may be formed.

Te Ponga—the throbbing, palpitating Puhi-huia in his arms—and his people reached their canoe, where they found everything prepared for them as had been designed, and they had attained but a short distance from the shore when their gasping and exhausted foes reached the waterside. The distance now between them and their enemy was as nothing; the pursuers were triumphant. They ran to their canoes to haul them to the sea; alas, the top-boards came away in their hands; the bottoms of the canoes remained unmoved on the sand, and even they were plugless; the paddles were strewn about in the bush. Practically they had no canoes, and the continuance of the pursuit was impossible. Stamping with disappointment,

rage, and fury, they stood upon the shore and watched the canoe of Te Ponga go dancing joyously over the waters, bearing away with it their young and beautiful chieftainess, the boast and the glory of their tribe.

Puhi-huia was eagerly and warmly welcomed by the Awhitu people. She subsequently became the mother of many children, and she lived until a good old age; but whether after that memorable morning of her flight from Maunga-whau she and her gallant husband talked of nothing but love is one of the questions which tradition—perhaps judiciously—has left unsolved.

THE LEGEND OF PAOA.

It is not improbable that immediately following upon their dread extrusion from the delights that bordered the beautiful paths of Paradise, the first parents of mankind began to differ—and to differ fiercely—as to which of them was really due the responsibility for the eating of a forbidden apple. If it did take place this quarrelling constituted the introduction to all that inconceivable mass of human wretchedness and woe which has since distracted this sorely suffering world. But whether it was really the case that quarrelling between those whom "God had joined together" began with Adam and Eve—as may fairly be suspected—or otherwise, few things there are more certain than that the institution of marital disagreements dates from a period very far back indeed in the world's history. And—it is lamentable to have to confess it—when differences of a serious character arise between those who have sworn to love each other until death do part, it is scarcely possible for any outside human judgment to justly decide with whom the fault doth truly lie. In this regard the most exalted virtues of man, or woman, may appear as damnatory evidence against them. Our virtues scourge as severely as our vices.

When it is written that the wife of Paoa left her husband, "being overcome with shame," a grossly unfair statement is put forward. Taken by themselves, the words would lead to the conviction that the woman had been guilty of some serious fault which she had admitted. Such was not the case, for the same authority immediately goes to state that she "went away to other places, to stop there, and mourn and weep for the manner in which she had been treated by her husband." It appears, therefore, from this second affirmation that Paoa's wife did not abandon him because she had been guilty of any shameful acts, but simply because of the grievous treatment she had experienced at his hands—a very different thing indeed.

As for Paoa, whatever his treatment of his wife, it will presently appear that he was very fondly attached to her, and therefore was not likely to be guilty of subjecting her to any shame. At the time that the quarrel occurred Paoa was living with his father, Rongo-tiu-moe-whara, at Whai-a-pawa (East Cape), which was the country of his ancestors. His wife having gone from him, Paoa waited in the expectation that, having recovered from her temper, she would return to him; but she came not back. Then when many days had passed Paoa reasoned, "Ho, she has gone to a great distance; she has travelled far, and it will take some time yet before she can return."

Then, after waiting a still longer period, and still no loving wife came to cheer him, he said, "I will arise, and go forth and find her." So Paoa could not have been very bad.

Taking with him only a slave as a travelling companion, Paoa set out to seek for his runaway wife. He passed over a great extent of country and visited very many villages, but nothing of his wife could he see nor hear. Once, it is affirmed, Paoa came to the village where his wife was, but she, hearing his voice, ran away and hid herself. Surely, she could not have cared for him very much.

After a great deal of travel Paoa at length returned to Whai-a-pawa, having failed in his endeavours. Here, however, he found he could not long rest, the desire to have with him his wife still hungering at his heart. This goes to prove that at bottom his was an affectionate disposition, and he could not have been a very bad man. So at last he announced to his father, "O, my father, I must go forth again and seek to find my wife. I and my slave will go from village to village, from pa to pa, in hope to find the lost one, and if we find her not, lo, still will we search."

"Yes, go, my son," said his father; "tarry not here in unhappiness. Go forth and find your wife, and be joyful when again you have her in your arms; but, I pray you, take with you some of your brethren to bear you company upon the way."

"'Tis well, my father," responded Paoa, "I will take with me my brethren. If we succeed in finding my beloved, then will we all return to you here in Whai-a-pawa; but if we find her not soon, then my brethren shall return to you and my slave and I shall continue our search alone."

"Be it so, O, my son," replied Rongo-tiu-moe-whara.

Then, accompanied by his brothers and his slave, Paoa started off once more on his search, visiting all the pas and villages throughout the country. Through forests and over plains, along by the margin of the sea, and far into the hidden interior they journeyed; at length they reached the

Lake Taupō. Patarimoana came near to sent anything to the feast."

"Let the young fellows," said Paoa, "then they will turned back from by the great lake. Don't let the little that you return to your father." He answereth not, and he feeds you with the [illegible] a man he gained with his children; [illegible] with the age.

Paoa's brothers perceived that this was a good speech—[illegible] the females that a thing set right to entertain [illegible] brothers-in-law they were with to share their eldest [illegible] they answered the chief of [illegible], and entertained [illegible] to assist to feast with company yet [illegible]. But Paoa's young wife considered the matter [illegible]. He said what was due to [illegible] [illegible] that he had gained—that his brothers [illegible] return so that the father should not [illegible] in positive terms he told them they must go. [illegible] their way [illegible] and in the time they reached Whakaari with Taupō.

Then early Paoa took up his staff and resumed his weary way, accompanied by his faithful slave he journeyed [illegible] he [illegible] reached Tongariro, then still toiling forward, [illegible] many difficulties—thick forests and [illegible] streams—he attained to the Taranaki country, and [illegible] the sea. Following up the west coast he reached the Waikato, striking the river one evening some distance above [illegible]. At a village there he rested for the night.

Then it was that Paoa having wandered away alone, the people of the village gathered round his slave questioning him.

"Who is your master?" demanded one.

"My master is the chief Paoa," replied the slave.

"He is a good man, this chief Paoa, a fine, tall, handsome, strong man," said another.

"Aye!" assented the slave, "that is what all men say."

"From whence doth Paoa come?" was the next query.

"Paoa came far from the eastward, from where the sun flares up from out the sea in the morning," answered the slave.

"And for what purpose doth Paoa travel so far—what end doth he seek?" questioned another man.

"Paoa seeketh to find his wife," said the slave. "He hath been south, west, north seeking the woman to whom he is wed. [illegible] where can he find her!"

This report seemed to tickle the fancy of the people very much. "Fancy that a chief should go to all that trouble over a woman that had fled from him!" Loudly they laughed.

One man, growing indignant at such a performance, de-

The Runaway.

manded, "Why should such a woman be sought after in this persistent manner by such a chief as Paoa? Behold, there are maidens here in plenty, and surely a wife can be found for him!"

"We have in the Waikato maidens as lovely as there are at Whai-a-pawa," declared another with great emphasis.

"The thing is ridiculous," asserted another, "that Paoa should wander about the country looking for one particular woman for his wife. Lo, from amongst our maidens he can choose a wife. We have lots of maidens; they are common enough!"

So when Paoa returned to the village all the people gathered round him expressing their views. They desired him to choose a wife from amongst their maidens, and begged him to be content to stay with them; and so it came to pass that Paoa married a chieftainess of the Waikato and made up his mind to dwell in that district. His place of abode was Kaitotehe, and there, in the course of some two years and a half, two children were born to him; the eldest was named Toa-whena, and the second Toa-poto.

And now, having shown the devoted manner in which Paoa sought to recover his first wife, there comes the disclosure of a course of conduct which seems to show that his first wife might have had good reason to complain of his treatment after all. In the neighbourhood of Paoa's home there lived a very beautiful girl, who, however, was a slave of very mean descent. Paoa's heart was caught by the surprising beauty of this girl; he made love to her; he made her his slave-wife. He deserted his wife, who was a woman of rank, and his children to adhere to the girl whose charms had captivated him. When Paoa's faithful slave, who had followed him in all his wanderings, saw what had occurred he mourned greatly.

"My master has abandoned his wife of high rank," he exclaimed; "but, as for me, I shall not desert her; I shall serve my lady."

So he continued to live with Paoa's second wife as a slave, working for her arduously and always to the best of his ability; and in order to support herself and her children Paoa's wife of high rank had to labour in the company of her slave. But they were fortunate, and they prospered. In the first year the garden of sweet potatoes which they cultivared yielded one hundred baskets; in the second year they had no less than two hunded baskets; and as they went on, working together and extending their plantations, their prosperity increased.

It is but the truth to admit that Paoa and his slave-wife were equally industrious. They laboured together assiduously;

they extended their cultivations; their production developed to as great an extent. It was in the matter of consumption where their loss accrued. Paoa constantly had visitors, and ever and anon strangers coming to the Waikato must needs call to see the chief Paoa, who occupied the position of the principal person in the neighbourhood; and so it was that the demands constantly made upon his stores were more than could be well afforded. Gradually then, in spite of his industry and his utmost efforts, Paoa became poor, and thus things went on getting worse with him as the years went by.

It happened in the third year after Paoa's union with his slave-wife that a number of his principal wife's connections and friends came visiting. They came into the River Horotui, and they landed at Pepepe, where she dwelt. They were glad to see her, of course; still, they desired to see the chief Paoa also, and they inquired after him.

"Where is Paoa?" asked the leader of the party.

"Oh!" exclaimed Paoa's principal wife, "Paoa is not here; his place is a little down the river. He dwells at Kaitotehe."

"Is that so?" said the leader of the party; "then, we will go on to Paoa's place, Paoa is a great chief"; and, getting into their canoes again, the travellers paddled down the river to Kaitotehe.

Paoa was not at the landing-place to greet them when they arrived, but soon the cry of "Strangers, strangers!" arising from his people arrested his attention, so he went forward to meet the strangers that were so good as to come visiting the chief Paoa.

Alas, for those visitors, they had come to Kaitotehe at a bad time! Supplies of food had run very low. Indeed, so desperate had become the situation that Paoa's slave-wife had felt herself constrained to go into the forest and gather such edible wild stuff as she could pick up. Sprouts of the manuka-tree, sprouts of the mauku, and other descriptions of coarse food, such as grow wild in the woods and are only consumed in times of scarcity and dire necessity, she collected in order to make a meal. Returning to the village, she prepared the sprouts by binding them in leaves of the wharangi and the karamu, so that when properly cooked they might prove juicy and tender, and then, putting them in an oven, she carefully covered them over with hot ashes from the fire. The beautiful slave-wife of Paoa had just completed this task when she heard the cries announcing the arrival of the strangers from Pepepe, and, not wishing to be discovered, she immediately ran away out of their sight. Up the strangers came from the river, hungry and full of pleasant anticipations of rest and

enjoyment. Some went straight to the houses, others advanced to the fire and sniffed.

"O, what a delicious smell," said one.

"Ho, ho!" cried another, "there is something nice here."

"Eels, I think!" ventured yet another.

"No-o, I don't think it's eels," doubtfully said a fourth, sniffing hard.

And so the travellers lingered by the fire awaiting the happy time when the person to whom the food belonged would appear and, removing the hot ashes, give them of the precious contents of the oven; but no one came.

So far from going forward to the fire, Paoa's slave-wife was trembling with fear lest, taking matters into their own hands, the strangers should themselves open the oven and see the nature of the stuff she was cooking. "Oh," she could imagine she heard them exclaim, "what abominably beastly stuff the wretched people of this place must subsist upon."

Paoa, for his part, felt so crushed with shame that he could not open his mouth to utter a word. Oh, the disgrace of not having any food fit to offer to his guests. It was awful, overwhelmingly awful.

At last an idea occurred to him. "Oh, do," he said to his slave-wife, "run to Pepepe and ask my wife to let me have some sweet potatoes to feed my guests."

"What is the good of me going?" asked the slave-wife; "she will not give any sweet potatoes to me. You know that very well."

"I do not know; she might; one never can tell. Any way, it is worth an effort, and you can but try," urged Paoa.

So in obedience to her husband's desires the slave-wife hurried away to Pepepe. Toa-whena and Toa-poto, Paoa's two boys, were out-of-doors playing and they saw the slave-wife coming in haste, so they ran to acquaint their mother, who was in the plantation not far off.

"Oh, here comes that horrid woman that lives with father at Kaitotehe," cried Toa-whena.

"Yes, yes, that big-eyed, long-legged slave-woman that father lives with is coming running this way with her nose in the air!" shouted Toa-poto.

When their mother heard the words of her children off she ran too, and got into her house to hide herself, for she hated the sight of the slave-wife who had stolen from her the love of her husband. The slave-wife knew that Paoa's children had observed her approaching; she had seen them run to tell their mother that she was near; and she saw Paoa's principal wife hurry into her house in order to avoid her; but she went on to do her husband's bidding nevertheless.

When the doorway of the house was reached the slave-wife, by bending her body, was able to get a peep at what was going on inside, and what she saw was Paoa's wife of rank working away industriously, weaving a garment of flax. The two wives saluted each other with all proper ceremony, for it was not likely that a woman of rank was going to allow a woman of mean origin like her husband's slave-wife to outdo her in courtesy.

"Paoa has sent me here to ask you to let him have a little food to set before the strangers who have just arrived at Kaitotehe," said the slave-wife when the ceremonies of salutation had been finished.

"That is a pretty thing for him to do!" exclaimed the principal wife of Paoa, who, however, had guessed the purpose of her visitor's coming.

"It is not a pleasant thing for me to have to do," replied the slave-wife.

"No, I suppose not," answered the principal wife. "I suppose I seem as agreeable to your eyes as you appear beautiful to mine."

"Will you let Paoa have a few sweet potatoes?" said the slave-wife, anxious to bring her mission to a close. "They are your friends that have come to see him."

"Where have I got provisions with which to stuff the hungry strangers that come visiting to Paoa?" fiercely demanded the principal wife. "Am I strong as a man to labour and till the soil? Has a poor woman such as I the strength required to cultivate the ground? I am asked to part with my hardly earned little store of food, which I require for the sustenance of my children, in order to stuff the guests of Paoa! What is Paoa to me that I should do this for him? And who are you, you miserable slave, that you should dare to come here with such a message?"

"I take your answer to Paoa that you will not let him have the food he asks for," returned the slave-wife "As for what I have been, it matters little; I am now the wife of the chief Paoa; and I am not only his wife, but the wife he lives with, the wife he loves, the wife he regards with such fond affection that for her he has sacrificed the companionship of his children. I, at least, am no castaway!" and so saying the slave-wife turned upon her heel and went back again to Kaitotehe.

Paoa awaited anxiously his slave-wife's return, and as soon as she came near he demanded of her, "Have you brought the food; what does she say?"

"She will not part with any of her provisions," returned the slave-wife.

"She will not?" again asked Paoa.

"No. She declared first that a woman like her could not cultivate the ground like a man; then she avowed that she needed what food she had for her children, who were famishing. What more she said matters little; I got the answer I expected."

Paoa had indulged the expectation that his slave-wife would return with food, so when he heard the answer she brought him from his principal wife he felt crushed to the earth—utterly and completely abashed. There being only one course open to him, he turned to the strangers and frankly declared, "I am very sorry, but the truth is we have no food in this place to offer you. I sent for some, and hoped to obtain it, but have been disappointed. What, then, am I to do? If you continue to stay here we shall be very hungry, and so can have no pleasant conversation, for, as you know well, it is only when the appetite is satisfied that conversation flows agreeably."

Notwithstanding this broad hint, Paoa's visitors did not go at once. Almost starving for the want of food, they sat with the chief at Kaitotehe until the shades of evening began to fall; then slowly they arose, and, going to their canoes at the landing-place, sadly paddled away from that comfortless and most wretched village.

As for Paoa, for a long time he sat full of dreary thoughts, overwhelmed with shame, grievously wounded in his pride, beyond measure humiliated! What now should he do? Suddenly a thought occurred to him. He would fly from the scenes where he had been exposed to such a shame. He could not look his people fair in the face, and—he would not. He would seek another part of the country where he was not known and begin a new life. His children, his plain wife of high rank, his beautiful slave-wife of no rank would see him no more. Both wives would prosper when he was gone. Aye, that was the course it was best for him to take. He was resolved.

On the morrow Paoa was not to be found in the Village of Kaitotehe nor anywhere in its neighbourhood. Kaitotehe would never see Paoa again, for in the darkness of the night he had sped away, a fugitive from his home.

Paoa pursued a course up the valley of the Manga-wara Creek, which flows into the Waikato at the base of Mount Taupiri on its eastern side, his intention being to make straight for Hauraki. The dawn of day discovered Paoa still pushing impetuously onwards. He reached the range of Tiki-tiki-maurea, where the Manga-wara has its source, and breasted the hill with all his energy. When he reached the summit he stayed to rest for awhile. Behold, far behind him,

in the mists of the morning, lay the broad and wide Waikato; before him lay Hauraki, whither, as a stranger, he was directing his steps. Then it was the feelings of Paoa overcame him. Lo, he was leaving his children, his wives, his people, his place; practically he was going into a new land, and going alone. His heart was sore with grief; long and bitterly he wept. Ah! what tears of anguish were these. Then when he had exhausted the flood-gates of his despair he arose and bid an irrevocable farewell to all his past; the time of his sorrowing was o'er; of the future now only would he think; so, steeling his heart and nerving his energies, he resumed his journey, making straight for the River Piako. When the banks of the river were reached Paoa rested at a strongly fortified village—a pa—named Miri-miri-rau, where the people received him very kindly and treated him well. When they learned who he was and the circumstances of his position, then their kindness increased, and they begged that he should stay with them and adopt them as his people. Paoa therefore dwelt in Miri-miri-rau, by the waters of the Piako, for a year, the time slipping quickly away. And then by degrees the fame of the great chief Paoa, who had made his abode in Miri-miri-rau, spread into Hauraki, and at length it penetrated to the Village of Ruawhea.

Now, the chief of Ruawhea—Taharua by name—was happy in the possession of a daughter the fame of whose wondrous loveliness had spread o'er all the land. But, indeed, her beauty was but a small part of the charm attaching to this high-born maid. Her courtesy, grace, hospitality, and general amiability afforded delightful themes for conversation everywhere, so that her low, sweet name, Tuku-tuku, operated as a spell to conjure with.

It chanced that there came a time when a large party left Miri-miri-rau on a visit to Ruawhea, where at the time there happened to be a great number of the people of Hauraki assembled. As soon as the people of Ruawhea beheld the visitors from Miri-miri-rau approaching they raised a great cry of "Welcome! welcome!" Then presently, making a discovery, they exclaimed, "Oh! these people come from a great way off; they come from a distance; they are from the Piako. Oh! welcome, welcome, welcome!" This was the way the strangers from Miri-miri-rau were received.

The visitors had allocated for their use some of the buildings which belonged to Tuku-tuku, into which they had no sooner entered than the warm-hearted young chieftainess caused them to be served with some roasted fern-root, in order that their appetites might be stayed whilst a more substantial repast was being prepared. When they had finished their meal, which consisted principally of delicate eels and young

birds, then they lay down to rest on the comfortable mats which had been spread for them.

Then, when they had stayed at Ruawhea many days, the members of the visiting party all assembled at the large house which was the residence of Tuku-tuku previous to their departure homewards. As soon as it was night a large fire was lighted in the house, and the dancers took their places in proper order, so that there might be some gaiety and amusement. At night-time the house of a chief or chieftainess could always be distinguished by the dancing which took place there.

Then it was, when the dancing was in progress, that Tuku-tuku took the opportunity to make some inquiries of her visitors. Addressing herself to a great big young man she knew to be a chief, she asked, "Which is he of whom we in Ruawhea have heard so much?"

"I pray you tell me of whom you speak?" responded the chief.

"I speak of Paoa, whose fame hath spread so far abroad," said Tuku-tuku.

"O, Paoa!" exclaimed the chief; "he hath not come with us. He dwells down by the Piako Stream."

"Think you we shall ever see Paoa here?" asked Tuku-tuku.

"Nay, lady," said the chief, "we cannot tell. Perhaps he may come; who can say?"

Now, when the parents of Tuku-tuku overheard their daughter inquire in this way about Paoa they became suspicious that the fame of Paoa had affected her mind in regard to him. Tuku-tuku had never been betrothed, and, although many chiefs had sought to win her, she had never shown to any the slightest favour or given the least encouragement; therefore her inquiries about Paoa were all the more noticeable.

"Why, surely the girl must have taken a fancy to this chief Paoa," said her mother.

"It seems very like it indeed," said her father.

When the hour for departure arrived the visitors, filled with admiration for the nobility of the maiden, the generous hospitality of her conduct, and the number of those attached to her service, presented her with large quantities of food, such as dried shell-fish and other delicacies, so that she might be enabled to extend to other strangers as liberal treatment as they had received at her hands. After which, with many pleasing testimonies of good will on both sides, the strangers took their way to return to their own country.

Immense was the excitement in the pa at Miri-miri-rau when the people saw their friends return from the visit they

had been paying. They waved their garments violently, and shouted at the topmost pitch of their voices, "Hasten, hasten, O, hasten hither!" This was their joyous welcome home.

In due time the members of the visiting party, having entered the pa, seated themselves in the courtyard and began to give to their relatives and friends a detailed account of all they had seen, heard, and experienced. So they began to talk, ever and anon as they proceeded pausing in the current of their tale to bestow praises upon Tuku-tuku. One time it would be her great rank, descended as she was from a long line of illustrious ancestry; another time it would be her dazzling beauty; another time her radiant good humour; and yet another time it would be the number of those who waited upon her commands, eager to carry to fruition her slightest wish. These interruptions necessarily prolonged the telling of the story. There was one interruption, however, of great interest, a notice of which must not be omitted here.

"O, father!" exclaimed the big chief to whom Tuku-tuku had spoken, "the maiden questioned me about you."

"About me?" said Paoa, who up to this time had been somewhat of an indifferent listener, seated though he was amongst the eager crowd, "what did she want to know about me?"

"Really, now I remember, Tuku-tuku was quite interested in you. She appeared to have heard a great deal," said the chief, "and wanted to know more."

"Pooh!" said Paoa, "she was only fooling you."

"Oh, no, she wasn't!" cried the big young man. "She asked me, 'Which is the chief whose name has been so much spoken here?' Then I asked her in return, 'Which chief do you refer to?' 'To Paoa,' she said. 'Oh,' I said, 'Paoa is not with us; he stays at his own pa.' 'Which is his pa?' then she asked. 'Miri-miri-rau is his pa,' I replied. 'Oh, indeed,' said Tuku-tuku, 'I should very much like to see him, his renown hath been so greatly spread abroad here.' 'Yes,' I said, 'Paoa is a great chief.' 'Thinkest thou Paoa will ever visit Ruawhea—will he ever come to our village?' went on the maiden; and indeed it is true she spoke much of you."

"And what answer madest thou to that last question?" asked Paoa.

"I said 'Paoa is a great chief,'" answered the big chief.

"What answer madest thou to the question after that?" persisted Paoa.

"There was no question after that," said the heavy, dull, young man stupidly.

"When Tuku-tuku wondered whether I should ever go to her village what answer did you make?" demanded Paoa.

"Oh, I said I couldn't tell—no man could say what Paoa might not do; that he might go and he might not, just as the humour took him. Paoa is a great chief."

"Tarry yet awhile," said Paoa. "When our crops have harvested and our food hath been stored, when we are in a position to leave our homes unembarrassed with the cares of labour and the solicitude attaching to our plantations, in about the tenth month, then will ye go again to Ruawhea, and Paoa will accompany you. Will that please ye?"

"O, yes; O yes!" cried all the people, delighted with the project. "Let us start in the tenth month."

"I am glad you are pleased," said Paoa.

"Let us all go," shouted the big chief. "Let the party be a large one. Let no one fail in going. Let us do honour to the wishes of Tuku-tuku."

"Be it so," responded Paoa, and thereupon the discussion came to an end.

So it came to pass in the tenth month, when the crops had been gathered and stored, that a very large party set out from Miri-miri-rau to visit Ruawhea, and Paoa was in the midst of the people. The party went in their canoes, stopping the first night at Kerepehi. The day following they paddled away down the river until they came to Rawaki, where they rested and partook of food. The tide beginning to flow, they hurried to their canoes and soon they entered the Hauraki River, up which they pursued their course without much labour, for the flood-tide was with them. When they were still some distance away from the next place at which they had to call the people in the village saw them coming, and speedily the air resounded with clamorous shouts of welcome. When they landed and moved towards the entrance the shouts of "Welcome, welcome!" increased until they were almost deafening.

Like a majestical tree rising high above the undergrowth, Paoa walked in the midst of his people. He was arrayed in an old coarse garment made of the leaves of the ti-tree. Next his body he had on a rough cloak such as is usually worn by chiefs; outside of that again he had a cloak made of flax; but over all he wore this old coarse cloak of ti-tree leaves, which gave to him rather a mean appearance.

When the visitors reached the courtyard they all sat down, and the people of the village gathered round to have a look at the strangers. Presently it became bruited abroad that the great chief Paoa was amongst the visitors, and there was much curiosity to ascertain which was he.

"Who is that tall fellow in the dirty old cloak?" asked one man.

"Perhaps he is the great chief of whom we have heard so much," said another.

"Oh, no! that cannot be Paoa," exclaimed a third; "he would never go visiting dressed like that."

Then fern-roots in plenty were brought, with stones to pound them on; bundles of wood were fetched, from which bright, clear fires were made; the fern-roots were pounded on the stones with wooden mallets and baked on the dancing flames, and soon they were ready for use. The fern-roots were served with baskets of cooked fish, and so the repast was prepared for consumption.

The visitors arose and went forward to the place where they were to dine. Paoa still sat in the midst of the people, and his deportment and manner continued to render him an object of interest. But the people would soon find out what manner of man this tall fellow in the old ti-tree-leaf cloak was; they devised a test which they would apply to him. They set before him a basket in which was a fine salmon (kahawai), saying to themselves, "Now will we see how he will use it. If he is a truly great man or only an affected fellow putting on airs we will soon know. If he is a weak, conceited fellow he will eat only of the best food, and scorn the indifferent and the worst."

Paoa, seeing at a glance the beautiful fish that had been given as his portion, at once passed it along to his companions sitting next to him, and, pulling towards him a flax dish in which was the refuse food, he ate of that, and ate so quickly, too, that it appeared as if he had scarcely stretched forth his hands twice when he had devoured it all.

"Ah," said one, "just as I thought; that big man is a low fellow, after all."

"Did you notice the stuff he ate? No chief would eat such refuse," said another.

"And the way he bolted it, too. Ho! he must have been hungry," cried a third.

At the same time there were not wanting observant and thoughtful men who arrived at quite a different conclusion from the superficial critics who expressed their opinions loudly, thinking value would attach from the noise they made.

"That man is a chief," said one of these; "he is trying to deceive us; he is endeavouring to appear a person of no importance when perhaps he is the greatest of all."

In the meantime Paoa, taking another dish of refuse food, devoured that also; and, upon seeing this, one of the people of the village, unable any longer to control his curiosity, inquired of a boy belonging to the party from Miri-miri-rau who that man might be.

"That man," replied the boy; "why, that is the chief Paoa!"

The man, upon hearing this, at once went over to where the chief men of Ruawhea were sitting watching their guests enjoying themselves.

"Behold!" he exclaimed, "that is the great chief Paoa. Notice how dirtily he eats."

Whereupon a chief who overheard this speech of the man's remarked, "It is Paoa the greedy." From this has come the reproach ever since applied to members of the Ngati-paoa Tribe—"as greedy as a Ngati-paoa."

Paoa having thus been discovered, the people all crowded round where he was, gazing at him curiously, and one man expressed the general opinion when he said, "Truly, it is little wonder that such reports have travelled over the country concerning this man, he is such a handsome, noble-looking chief."

When the visiting party had finished their meal they retired and took their seats on one side. Then a present was brought forth for Paoa. It was a *pueru* cloak. They also gave him a beautiful cloak they were then weaving, and which was nearly finished. By this time it was night, and all lay down to sleep.

As soon as the pale silvery streaks of the dawn appeared in the east the strangers from Miri-miri-rau were up and stirring; soon they were aboard of their canoes and paddling away on their journey. The people of Turua—which was then a great pa—beheld them advancing up the river, and in vociferous tones they called, "Welcome, welcome!" so that the strangers might not pass on. The strangers did not, in fact, intend to call at Turua, but when the people were seen waving their garments and making such demonstrations of joy Paoa said, "When there is a call to a feast let your ears be opened" (Then, let not the drum of your ears be thick), and ever since that time the Ngati-paoa have kept that saying alive among them as a proverb.

So, as may be guessed, a landing was made at Turua, where the people from Miri-miri-rau were received with the same joyful acclaim as at other places. Paoa did not abandon his old cloak made of ti-tree leaves, but wore it continuously. At Turua fires were lighted, fern-root was cooked, and there was feasting until night fell; then all slept. As soon as day broke there was a hastening to the canoes and progress was continued up the river.

The next halt of the party was made at Te Kari. A warm invitation was extended to them by the people of that village, which also was a fortified place, so they landed. Many of the inhabitants of Te Kari had been at Miri-miri-rau, on the Piako,

so they were not only known to the visitors, but they knew Paoa well. However, those who had never before beheld the great chief crowded round admiring him extremely. The tide ebbed, so that it would be hard work paddling against the force of the stream, therefore did the travellers wait; but messengers were sent up the river to Ruawhea so that the people there might know that they were coming, and Paoa with them.

In the evening, when again the tide began to flow, the messengers proceeded up stream, and in the darkness, when the canoe was passing Rangiora, a voice assailed the messengers from the bank, "Ho, there!" shouted the voice, "where do the people we hear paddling in that canoe come from?"

Then one of the messengers shouted back in answer, "Oh, we are people belonging to this part of the country."

Then again the voice, "Pray tell us which of our villages come you from?"

"From Te Kari are we," answered the messenger.

"What is the news at Te Kari?" was the next demand from the voice.

"Oh, there is nothing much in the way of news at Te Kari. They have a chief arrived there they call Paoa, and they feast him greatly. We go up the river so that the people may learn the news."

"Pray, will Paoa and his party come up the river on the morrow?" inquired the voice.

"Aye, surely," responded the messenger. "On the morrow, as soon as his people have partaken of some food and the tide makes, will Paoa come. But we must proceed onwards."

"Depart, depart, then, on your journey, and may success attend you"; and so the voice ceased, and in the silence of the night the canoe pushed on.

Presently the canoe was passing the Village of Te Matai, and here another voice came piercing through the darkness. The questions put were much the same as those demanded at the last village, and they were answered in the same way. Then on to the Village of Te Mangarahi, where again answers to the questions were demanded. At the Village of Tutu the people in the canoe were called upon to give an account of themselves, and render up the news of all the different places down the river, before they were sent on with good words. Late as it was, when the messengers reached Opukeko there were people at the landing-place. Opukeko was the fortified village of the chief Taharua.

"What news bring you that thus you come paddling up the river in the silence and darkness of the night?" asked one of the men at the landing-place.

"We come," answered the messenger who up to this time

had done all the talking, "to let you know that here is the great chief Paoa arrived at Te Kari."

"Ho!" exclaimed the man, "is it really the chief himself that has come, or is it only some of his people in his name?"

"It is really Paoa himself," replied the messenger.

"When will Paoa arrive—when will he be here?" demanded the man.

"The chief Paoa is a stranger in this part of the country, and at every village where he calls the people seek to detain him—they would have him stay with them always. They feast him and entertain him so that his progress is slow, but by-and-by he cometh," so said the messenger.

"But tell us," again spoke the man, "so that we may know to which village Paoa and his people are proceeding with intent to stay—in what village will they tarry for some time as guests?"

"It is here they are coming. It is in this Village of Opukeko where Paoa and his friends will tarry for a time; therefore have we hurried hither so that the people here may be made aware of the intention," said the messenger.

"That was well done of you; now shall we know what is required of us," said the man; and all the people at the landing-place were well pleased. The messengers from Te Kari did not proceed any further than Opukeko.

When Tuku-tuku learned the news of the approach of Paoa to her place she became a very busy girl immediately. First, abundant supplies of the best—the richest—foods had to be obtained; clean mats had to be procured on which they might repose; and the buildings had to be perfumed with precious resins and fragrant gums. No effort should be spared to produce a good impression on the great chief, and on Tuku-tuku the burden of the effort fell.

Slowly the visitors advanced up the river. When their canoes reached Rangiora the joyous people made such a demonstration that it was impossible for Paoa to proceed. At Rangiora the party were constrained to land, and they remained there all one day and a night. At Te Mangarahi the same thing took place. Out rushed a great number of the people in a state of the wildest enthusiasm, and amidst excited cries of "Welcome, welcome," they begged of Paoa to stay with them for an hour or two. So the people from Mira-miri-rau landed at Te Mangarahi, and they stayed there all that night.

Paoa all this time went attired in his coarse old cloak made of ti-tree leaves, and it was at Te Mangarahi where an attack was made upon him in regard to it. The chief most in his confidence addressed him on the subject. He said, "Oh, father! will not you now throw off that coarse old

thing? Surely it becomes you not. Before much longer its stiff, rough collar will have rubbed all your hair from off the back of your head!"

"Never mind, never mind," answered Paoa, "it pleases me well enough." And so in all the villages through which the party passed and those in which they rested Paoa went attired always in the same coarse, rude way.

In the morning the party left Te Mangarahi, and in due time they arrived at the Village of Tutu. What had taken place at the villages down the river occurred here again, the inhabitants wildly shouting "Welcome!" and invitations to Paoa to come with his people on shore. Nay, they insisted upon his complying with their demands, and when Paoa at length yielded the whole of the population of Tutu came to the landing-place and escorted him up to the village. The party had to stay at Tutu that night.

In the evening, lo, a messenger reached Tutu from Opukeko to ascertain how far Paoa had attained in his journey. As none of the inhabitants of Taharua's village had ever seen the great chief the messenger was directed to specially observe Paoa, so as to be able to give a description of him on his return. By this means they would be in a position to at once recognise Paoa when he arrived, and be enabled to do him all fitting honour. On his return to Opukeko the messenger told the people that Paoa and his friends would surely be with them on the morrow.

As has been said, during the days spent by Paoa and his friends coming up the river Tuku-tuku had been busy in her preparations, which in all respects were now complete, save in regard to one thing. Now, when she knew that the party would reach Opukeko next day she said, "Now, my people, early in the morning must you arise and gather the leaves with which to strew the courtyard and the dwellings, so that all may be fresh and sweet for the strangers."

Next morning the beautiful maiden, the daughter of Taharua, was early astir, herself setting an example to her people. It was her house that was to be given for the accommodation of Paoa and his more immediate friends, and, of course, special attention was devoted to this building. The walls were saturated with sweet-smelling gums, so that the whole interior was filled with a perfectly delightful perfume; fragrant leaves covered the floor; and then the door and the window was kept closed so that none of the scent should be lost. Beautiful clean mats covered the floor of the verandah; these were for the strangers to sit upon; and everything was rendered as complete and perfect as the mind of the Maori maiden could well design.

That morning Paoa and his party left Tutu for Opukeko, a

great number of the people of the first-named village escorting them on the way. The river, with the numerous canoes, the sound of many paddles splashing in the water and sparkling in the sunlight, together with the exhilarating tones of many voices, presented an animated scene. All on board the canoes seemed happy and joyous, filled as they were with the pleasurable excitement of accompanying a great chief upon a memorable visit of friendship to another great chief to whom he was a stranger.

Soon the assembled people of Opukeko saw the advancing canoes, and their cries and shouts swelled the excitement on the river. They mounted the palisading which surrounded the village; they scrambled up to every point of vantage; they shook their garments wildly in token of their joy; they uttered their cries of welcome in tones which penetrated and thrilled; finally they burst into that ancient Maori song of welcome the joyous notes of which could never find utterance from the voices of the insincere. It was indeed a great and most memorable scene.

But all things human come to an end. The canoes drew up to the landing-place; Paoa and his people stepped ashore, followed quickly by the people from Tutu who accompanied them, loud cries of "Welcome, welcome," continuing, and the visitors went onward to the village.

Then again it was that Paoa was approached on the subject of his old cloak, for he still wore the same disreputable old mat made of the leaves of ti-tree, in which he had attired himself from the beginning of the expedition.

"Oh, do put away that shabby, old, dirty-looking thing," cried one of his friends. "It is unworthy of you to go about like that."

"It will do for me very well," replied Paoa. "Those who do not like me because of my clothes can bestow their regard on some one else."

Paoa knew very well that true nobility was not dependent on the clothes a man wore—that if he was high-minded his character would shine through his attire, however poor it might seem; and it would appear that in this he was not mistaken. The tall, straight form, the dignified bearing, the lofty courtesy—amiable and kindly without descending to the familiar—which characterized the great chief distinguished him from all, notwithstanding his shabby cloak. The nobility of the chief could not be obscured by mats or cloaks.

"There, there! that is Paoa—that is the chief! Look at him—behold him!" cried the eager people, as they surged and crowded round, holding out their hands and pointing their fingers; and the fact that they could not see the good garments he had on under his old mat made no difference to

them. But all Paoa's friends were dissatisfied, because it was at this village of all others they were anxious that he should be held high in honour.

Paoa and his friends found the courtyard of the pa covered with newly gathered leaves in honour of their coming. They passed on, surrounded by the throng, all anxious to get a glimpse of the chief, until they came to the house which they were to occupy, and there a pause was made.

"We shall all go inside," announced Paoa, "so that these good people who accompany us may sit here and occupy this place."

Upon this one of the party drew back the door of the house so that the chief and his friends might enter, and as each passed in he sniff-sniffed, the perfume of the place was so delightful. "Oh, how sweet the house smells," they all exclaimed. But Paoa did not take any notice of the perfume, nor of the house, nor of the beautiful variegated mats with which the floor was covered; or, if he did notice them, he carefully kept his thoughts on such subjects to himself.

Soon eels and sweet potatoes were spread in liberal quantity before the visitors, and, the people having good appetites, they ate heartily. In the evening the whole population of Opukeko crowded to the house where Paoa and his friends were, for there, of course, would the dancing take place. Before the dancing began Paoa came out on to the verandah, where, sitting at the little window, he could see all that was taking place inside without being in the way of the dancers or mingling unduly with the people. When the best dancers of the village had displayed their graces, then the best dancers among the visitors stood up to show what they could do, and so the time passed very happily and pleasantly. Then, the dancing and the singing being over, the performers retired, and into the building—where Paoa and his friends had again taken their places—came crowding the chiefs and the principal inhabitants of Opukeko.

Now was the time for the exchange of news and the flow of conversation. Now, too, was the time when the young and beautiful chieftainess Tuku-tuku, unobserved, entered the building. At first her desire was to get as near to Paoa as practicable without showing herself; but she found it was impossible to overcome the timidity which was natural to her, so the daughter of Taharua seated herself in a dark corner, where she could observe Paoa and hear all that was said without herself being seen. This conference was prolonged far into the night, but Tuku-tuku never once approached Paoa nor made her presence known to him.

"Wherefore should you go?" asked Tuku-tuku, solicitously.

The visitors had stayed at Opukeko two days, and Tuku-tuku had not yet spoken to the chief. Often she had firmly resolved that she would make herself known to him, but when opportunity came so did her shyness, and she shrank from what appeared to her so great a task. On the morning of the third day Paoa remarked to his people that idleness was a bad thing; inaction vitiated; that the time at Opukeko, however pleasant, began to hang heavy, and they must return to their own homes at Miri-miri-rau. When information of this decision reached the ears of Tuku-tuku the lovely maiden became much disturbed. She contrived to obtain opportunity for speech with one of the visitors she knew.

"Is this true that I hear," she said to him, "that you are about to return?"

"Aye, lady, it is true," said her friend; "Paoa hath spoken."

"Wherefore should you go?" asked Tuku-tuku solicitously. "Do we not give you food enough that you leave us so soon—that you are so anxious to depart?"

"Oh, lady!" exclaimed the man, "food and everything else to satisfy we have here in abundance; but the chief says, 'Man should delight in action; he should not be content to rot in idleness'; therefore it is we go."

"Nay, stay yet a little longer; then presently shall you return to your own country," urged Tuku-tuku.

"Be it so, O, lady," said the man; "I will represent the matter to Paoa, and I doubt not he will consent to stay yet a little longer."

Now, the truth was that Tuku-tuku loved Paoa. It was the case, no doubt, that he was much older than she was—so old, indeed, was he that grown men called him father; but, still, he was a stately, noble chief, held by all in esteem because of his bravery, his wisdom, his high-mindedness. It was an honour to be the wife of such a man. To the mind of Tuku-tuku no one she had ever seen was comparable to the great chief Paoa, and therefore she loved him. She made revelation of her feelings to Taharua, her father, and to her mother and they offered no objection to her union with Paoa. She had never up to that time disclosed the slightest partiality for any youth of their own people; the young girl evidently had set her heart upon wedding a great chief, and, save Paoa, there was no great chief in the neighbourhood of Opukeko with whom to mate her, so they were content to let her have her way.

The evening of the third day of the stay of the visitors the young chieftainess caused a great feast to be prepared for the strangers. A great quantity of eels and tender young birds was spread before them, so that for the first time since

their arrival a suspicion began to dawn upon them of the wealth and vast resources of their entertainer. When night closed in there came those of the village who were to dance and sing, and all the people as usual gathered to see and hear them. Paoa sat next the door—the seat which no inferior person might occupy, the seat which is always reserved for the chief, which Paoa had always held since his arrival in that place; and lo, whilst he sat there silently and unobtrusively Tuku-tuku came and sat at the doorway. Paoa, however, did not take any notice of Tuku-tuku. Then after a time, according to the long-established custom of her people, the young maiden timidly stretched forth her hand to Paoa's hand and pressed it. This was her modest confession of love which any Maori maiden was free to make without the slightest cause for shame. Paoa apparently was not prepared for this demonstration and did not like it at all: he withdrew his hand abruptly and rudely. He doubted whether the parents of this girl had given consent to her wishes, and he was fearful that if he involved himself by accepting her love he and all his party might be slain by her friends. When, therefore, the young girl a second time attempted to take his hand he thrust her away.

But, as has been said, the disposition of Paoa was essentially affectionate, so that a moment after he had so acted he was greatly pained that his circumstances constrained him to be harsh towards one who evidently entertained nothing but the tenderest feelings for him. Immediately he ordered the song and the dance to cease, the result of which proceeding was that all the people at once quitted the building and left for their own homes, Tuku-tuku being, of course, swept away from the doorway with them.

When the young girl reached her parents she acquainted them with the bad success that had attended her declaration of love, and, as might be expected, she felt overwhelmed with a sense of humiliation and shame at her rejection. Taharua apparently did not know what to make of the position. "What!" he exclaimed, "do you mean to tell me that Paoa was not pleased at such a sign of your love?"

"Alas, no; he seemed anything but pleased," replied the maiden in a tone of deep distress.

But the mother of Tuku-tuku possessed a keener instinct, a more accurate knowledge, of the nature of men than her dull husband. "Ah," she exclaimed "Paoa judges that your father and I are not cognisant of your wishes; he thinks you have acted entirely on your own impulses; he is doubtless afraid that if he yielded to you he and his whole people would suffer. That is how it is, you may be sure. Now, do you take some of your female friends with you as witnesses of

your conduct, to show that you are not acting in any secret way, and go back to Paoa again. Nay, go again, and be not afraid."

This language, one may be sure, was very comforting to Tuku-tuku, so she dried her tears, and, going forth, she gathered together four of her principal female friends, to whom she confided the circumstances in which she was placed. As the result of Tuku-tuku's deliberations with her four friends they all went to a building which at that time happened to be unoccupied and hastily they perfumed it with sweet-smelling gums, and they covered the floor with beautiful mats, the interior being lighted with a lamp made of twisted flax steeped in shark's oil. Then, leaving Tuku-tuku seated on the verandah of this building, the four friends went to the dwelling occupied by Paoa to fetch him to his waiting bride. When they got to the house where the great chief was sitting by the door one of the girls went in, the other three awaiting her return in the moonlight.

"Come along with me," said the abrupt messenger of love to Paoa when she entered the house.

"Where to?" asked Paoa, with judicious caution.

"Oh, not far—in fact, just here," said the messenger reassuringly.

"What is the business that requires me hence?" asked Paoa, who, no doubt, was rather slow.

"It is a young lady who has sent me to you; she would speak with you," answered the messenger.

"Is it not me she wants?" cried one young man with twinkling eyes.

"You have made a mistake, girl, it was me she sent you for," said a short, fat man with a broken nose.

"Oh! I am going, any way!" exclaimed a big man, making as if for the door.

"We will all go, we will all go!" then became the general cry.

But the messenger of love stood her ground in the doorway bravely. "It is only the chief Paoa I am sent for," she declared firmly. "It is Paoa alone that is desired. Do you all stop here; you had best." So she turned her back upon the crowd, and Paoa followed her outside.

"Who may this saucy little baggage be?" asked the fat man with the broken nose.

"Oh, I know her!" exclaimed the young man with the twinkling eyes, "she is one of the friends of Tuku-tuku. She is always in her company going about.

"Ah!" said the big man, "then perhaps it is Tuku-tuku has sent her to fetch Paoa," which was a very good guess indeed.

In the meantime Paoa accompanied the messenger, with whom he had no further speech. She led him to the house, which was quite near, and here Tuku-tuku was seated with her three other friends, who had returned to her. When the maiden beheld Paoa approaching she called out gladly, "Welcome, welcome"; but, for him, he did not take any notice. He passed on and sat down at the door of the house. Tuku-tuku's friends called, "You are welcome—very welcome," and they invited him to enter the house, which he did. The chief, however, was ashamed to discover that only females were present.

As has been said, Paoa sat at the door. Tuku-tuku and all her companions sat on the verandah, save one, who busied herself in trimming the lamp inside. Then after a time, when all the females were gotten inside the building,—

"Now will we go," said the eldest of Tuku-tuku's friends. "You have no longer any need of us."

"Nay, do not leave me thus," cried Tuku-tuku; "stay with me yet awhile."

"For what purpose should we stay?" called another of the women.

"Stay with me because I beg it of you as a favour," supplicated Tuku-tuku. "Stay with me until the dawn of to-morrow hath well broken."

Then Tuku-tuku's friends, having consulted together, to please Tuku-tuku decided to stay, and, retiring to the far end of the house, they all prepared to go to sleep.

"I pray you, lady, are you of noble birth?" asked Paoa, when he found himself practically alone with Tuku-tuku.

"Aye, lord," answered Tuku-tuku, "I am nobly born. Save my father, Taharua, there is no great chief in this part of the country."

"That is well; that is very well," said the chief. "As you say it it is true, and it pleaseth me." Then, after musing awhile, Paoa continued, "Is your nation a great nation?"

"Aye," replied the maiden, "they are so. My people are a powerful people. If the chief Paoa would consider the greatness of my race let him cast his eyes as far to the northwards as the mountains of Moehau (at Cape Colville). Behold, the country of my people extends to there. Did the chief Paoa see these mountains as he passed Rawhaki?"

"Aye," said Paoa, "I saw them."

"From thence," continued Tuku-tuku, her bosom swelling and her eyes flashing with some degree of pride, "the territories of my father extend right round the cape and along the coast, following on to the eastward as far as distant Katikati; lo, there they end—there is their farthest limit." From this,

Paoa knew that it was with Tuku-tuku he held converse; her father alone could claim such a chieftainship.

Then it was that Paoa spoke, and his voice was low, and soft, and sad, "O, maiden, as for me, I have no people; no race there is over whom Paoa can claim to rule; nothing is left to Paoa but his *mana*."

The tone was enough for Tuku-tuku; she, sinking to her knees before the chief, reached forth her hands deprecatingly, entreatingly. But Paoa went on, taking no heed, "Paoa hath no broad lands stretching from sea to sea — from northern cape to southern river; he is but a sojourner here and there, a wanderer upon the face of the land."

Closer still the maiden drew, still more moving was the action of her eloquent hands.

"Paoa is a great chief," she gently murmured; "the *mana* of Paoa is very great; there is no chief comparable to Paoa." To her lofty mountain, fertile plain, sparkling river, the lordship over many tribes and peoples were as nothing compared with a noble nature and a far-resounding fame.

"Wherefore should one so young, so beautiful as Tuku-tuku link her fate with such as I? Lo, I have attained to years; behold the wrinkles on this face!" sighed Paoa.

"Oh, I have seen them. They are quite lovely wrinkles!" cried Tuku-tuku with much animation, and smiling through her tears, "but they are not all here. O, Paoa, there are such lots coming, though as yet they are not visible." Then suddenly, assuming a tone of great gravity and earnestness, she said, "Look you Paoa: a maiden—such as I, for instance —marries a youth! What are his possessions? Hath he wisdom? Hath he character? Hath he fame? He goeth to the battle and is slain; what then hath the woman—his wife? Did he—her dead husband—enrich her with noble thoughts? Did he stamp upon her the sense of a high and generous nature? Did he leave behind him a name the pride in which would be a comfort to her through all her days? No; he was no more than a dull brute — a mere animal. A young man, undistinguished, is no true chief. Tuku-tuku will have none such. Her husband must be great—great not as the hereditary chief of tribes and peoples; great not as the owner of mountains, and lakes, and rivers—fertile plains stretching from sea to sea — but great in himself, a king amongst men although he rule not one. Such a chief Paoa is, and here hath Tuku-tuku chosen."

Then, after some further words of little moment, Paoa, leaning his head upon his hand, his elbow on his knee, in a subdued, chastened tone went on to relate to the listening and wholly overcome girl the story of his life, his loves, his disappointments, his wanderings, his homelessness, his loneliness,

his woes, and very pitiful was the tale. His own proper country, he said, was at Whiapu—far away on the East Coast; but his people there he had given up all hope of ever beholding again. He recited the story of his wanderings for years in search of his first wife; how he went to the Waikato and married again a chieftainess of high rank; there were his children at the Waikato, on the west—his beloved children, lost apparently to him for ever. Finally he touched upon the matter of his slave-wife whom he had loved, but was constrained to leave. This he did pathetically showing the truth, so that the girl should not be deceived. "So you see," he concluded sadly, "I must have gotten into years."

"A man's life," responded Tuku-tuku promptly, "is not to be measured by the days that are passed, but by the energy, vigour, spirit, power which yet to him remain. By this token Paoa is still far from old; by this reckoning, indeed, he is still quite young. Let not Paoa's mind dwell on the wretched days that are past and gone—though of yesterday, they are of the dust of ages—but on the happy years that are yet to be, for indeed there is long life and much happiness in store for you—for us—in the golden time to come. But even if it were as you have said—which I deny—what matters to Tuku-tuku all the pitiful story of Paoa's past? Tuku-tuku loves Paoa, and she will take no other lord. Paoa is the rock upon which she has cast herself, and here will she cling. O, Paoa, I love you!"

By this, completely carried away by the transport of her emotions, the passionate girl had insinuated her palpitating form between his knees, her arms were clasped around his waist, her burning cheek was pressed against his breast whilst she murmured—"I love you, Paoa, I love you!" What could Paoa do but encircle her neck with his arm? Clearly, if he had a heart, the suffering girl must be comforted.

"O, Tuku-tuku, Tuku-tuku," he whispered, "for mountains, and valleys, and rivers, for prolific fishing-grounds and rich plantations, for pas, and villages, and hapus, for the lordship of many tribes and peoples, Paoa cares not—he has done without them in the past, and can continue until the end. He left his wife—a chieftainess of high rank—the mother of his children, to take to his bosom the slave-wife who loved him and whom he loved. Paoa now will take you for his wife, not because of your rank, for that indeed is nothing to him; not because of the possessions of your people, however vast they may be; not because of your beauty, though indeed that is bright and sweet to gaze upon; but because you love him and because he loves you."

"O, Paoa, and dost thou truly love me?" murmured the maiden.

"O, Tuku-tuku, beloved of my heart," answered the chief, "great is the space that intervenes between here and Miri-miri-rau, but across this great space—this great distance—there came to me the praise of a young maiden of whom Paoa had never before heard; praise of her thoughtfulness, her generous-heartedness, her high-mindedness, her sweetness, her beauty. And whilst Paoa yet sat and pondered these things, lo, across this distance this maiden stretched forth her arm and pressed his hand. So, after many days had passed, Paoa came. Behold, he is here, and clasps you in his arms."

"Oh, Paoa, O, my husband!"

Next morn Paoa arose and returned to his friends. Tuku-tuku and her four companions went to the house where dwelt Taharua and his dependants. Presently, addressing Tuku-tuku's mother, one of the girls said, "Paoa, the chief, last night came to our house."

"Indeed," said Tuku-tuku's mother, "and who brought Paoa there?"

"We did," was the response, "us four; our young mistress bade us bring him there."

"It is well," answered Tuku-tuku's mother. And after this the news spread quickly abroad that Paoa and Tuku-tuku were man and wife.

It has been already said in the course of this narration that the lovely maiden of Opukeko had many lovers and admirers to whose protestations of admiration she had always refused to listen. When these young chiefs learned that the lovely Tuku-tuku was wedded to Paoa they quickly organized a *taua*, or war-party, and proceeded to raid the property of Taharua, her father. When they called at Taharua's place seeking revenge they announced to him their intention of attacking Paoa.

"Nay," said old Taharua, "my daughter accepted no man of Opukeko as her lover, nor was she betrothed to any of you; what right, then, have you to trouble Paoa? He hath done you no wrong. Let the war-party plunder me if they will, but let them not intrude upon the property of our guests."

So the war-party went not near Paoa, but many parties visited the home of Taharua, robbing and plundering, taking *utu* for the marriage of his daughter.

Then presently those who had accompanied Paoa to Opukeko took to their canoes and paddled away down the river to their home at Miri-miri-rau, but Paoa remained with his beautiful young wife, with Tuku-tuku. And when a month of happiness had gone by Paoa said, "O, my beloved, the sweet treasure of my life in these my latest years, I grow aweary of this inaction. Something must I do, and I be-

think me of my friends that dwell down by the Piako, at Miri-miri-rau; fain would I visit them."

"O, my husband!" exclaimed Tuku-tuku, "that is a good thought, and sweet is your speech; it is worthy of you to remember former friends from whom you are now parted. Lo, we will go together, so you may become acquainted with all my relations and see all my people. It is now long since I sent, saying, 'Behold, I come down the river to see you,' and they may wonder and be vexed at my long tarrying."

"Yes, yes," cried Paoa, "let us go together."

So one morning, soon after the sun had risen, Paoa, Tuku-tuku, and those of their dependants they desired to accompany them entered their canoes and paddled away down the river. At each of the villages where Paoa and his party had stopped on their way to Opukeko they landed, and everywhere they were delightedly received by the joyous inhabitants. The people, of course, knew Paoa, and repeated all their former glad manifestations of welcome, whilst for their lovely young chieftainess they had nought but feelings of the warmest affection, admiration, and pride. By the time they came out of the river into the gulf two of the canoes were filled with the presents which her loving and admiring subjects had bestowed upon Tuku-tuku.

"Ah, my beloved," cried Paoa, gazing with rapture in his eyes at his bride, "see what a blessed thing it is for the country to have a sweet and lovely young chieftainess for its ruler."

What Tuku-tuku said in reply to this speech is not recorded, which is a pity.

At Tararu, situated on the shores of the gulf, the party stayed one night. Here it was that Tuku-tuku left the presents of dried shellfish she had received, intending to take them again on her return. Next morning the journey was resumed, and that day the party reached Te Puru, where they landed, and where again presents were made to them. The same day a return was made to Waiau. Waiau was part of the domains of Tuku-tuku, and Paoa liked the place because of the goodness of the mussels they obtained there. He declared them to be better than any he had ever eaten. Six canoes full of baskets of dried shellfish were presented to Tuku-tuku. Then, after a return to Tararu, the Piako River was entered. At Paraparenga Tuku-tuku desired that the people there should furnish her with a supply of fish, and her orders were immediately obeyed. This pleased Paoa very much, for naturally he was anxious that the people everywhere should pay the utmost respect to his wife. He declared that Tuku-tuku should be a ruler over them without doubt or question. At Miri-miri-rau, which was Paoa's former place,

abode, the people went mad for joy at seeing him once more. As for Tuku-tuku, she charmed all hearts, and the people conceived such an affection for her as they did not well know how to express. She greatly appreciated the attention they bestowed, and she manifested her kindly disposition towards the old friends of her husband. Indeed, nothing could be more affectionate or delightful than their stay at this place. Coming along the coast numerous presents of dried eels had been made to them, as well as dried shellfish, and here at Miri-miri-rau so liberally did she treat the people, feasting them and making them merry, that all the provisions, plenteous as they had been, were consumed. That, however, did not affect Tuku-tuku much. With great energy she went to work with the people digging up the roots of the whanake, the pohue, and the karito, and collecting aruhe and unios (fresh water mussels).

When the inhabitants of Miri-miri-rau beheld the chieftainess working thus they exclaimed, "Truly, it is no wonder the fame of this girl hath spread so far and so wide—she is as industrious as she is beautiful." And then, seeing her labour so, for very shame they set to work too.

And, then, it appears that up to that time the people of Paoa's village had not known the value of the foods to which Tuku-tuku now directed their attention, so that partly from ignorance, partly from indolence, the gathering of them had been altogether neglected. Now were remembered the proverbs, "The doings of a real chief surpass those of other men," and "Well done! you indeed are a chief of men"; also the proverb, "The hard heart of a tawa-tree differs much in the uses it can be put to from the soft sap of the outside."

Tuku-tuku, seeing that her dear husband was much attached to his old home, and cherished for the people there as great a regard as they felt for him, resolved that for the future Miri-miri-rau should be their home. And, behold, when it was known that Paoa and his beautiful wife had made up their minds to reside in Miri-miri-rau from far and near people came flocking to settle there too. Nowhere was there a greater chief than Paoa; nowhere a chieftainess so lovely, so gracious, so generous as Tuku-tuku; and all were eager to be with them and to serve them. A great fortification or pa was built, and, being so large, the number of Paoa's dependants seemed few; but soon their adherents so increased that the pa became thickly inhabited. Thus a new tribe was established. Paoa was active and industrious, wise and just, and he led his people well. Tuku-tuku was no less industrious; she possessed wonderful knowledge of natural resources and great skill in the arts, whilst her disposition was so free and

generous that no young woman could be a better aid to her husband in the work that was being forced upon them by the coming-in of the people. So it may be guessed that there were in those days very busy times at Miri-miri-rau; and if they were busy times they were also happy times.

Tuku-tuku had ten children born to her, the youngest being the renowned chief Horo-whenua.

And so the years went by. Paoa's people multiplied and prospered, and he grew to be an old man, bent, and supporting his footsteps with a staff. Then it came to pass that his thoughts went back to the days that he spent at the Waikato, and to the children that were born to him there. Ah, they must be old men now, with many children of their own. So at length Paoa spoke his thoughts to his sons when one day they were gathered around him. "O, my children," he said, "pray, let me be taken to see your half-brothers, who dwell away yonder by the banks of the Waikato."

"Aye, father," said the eldest, "we will take you thither."

So all assented save Horo-whenua, who exclaimed, "O, my brothers, you have set our sire a hard task to perform. In time to come it will be said, 'The children of Paoa were a brainless lot.'"

"What hard task has been given Paoa to perform," demanded the eldest of the brothers, "and for what reason shall it be said that his children are a foolish set?"

"Behold our father!" cried Horo-whenua. "See'st thou not that he is aged and infirm, and therefore unfitted to undertake such a journey? Knowest thou not that Paoa is sacred, and that if he be taken to the Waikato his sons there will detain him to bless their plantations so that they may bring forth abundantly—that they will give him a task to perform? But take him, take him, as you seem to wish it."

"Aye," answered another of the brothers, "but Paoa has asked that he be taken. We will take him as he desires, but twenty chosen men of our people shall go with him to see that no harm befall."

"That is well," said Horo-whenua; "then, if it should happen that our brethren at the Waikato detain our father, let those who go with him return here to us so that we may know. Then we can go and bring Paoa back again"; and so it was agreed. Then, turning to his father, Horo-whenua said, "O, my father, when that you have reached the Waikato we beg that you consent not to tarry long there. Had you been younger, you might have been easier spared; but now that your remaining days must be few we, your children, cannot afford that you be parted long from us—we cannot consent to lose you from amongst us for any length of time. Remember too, O, my father, that you now are an aged man possessing

little strength, almost, indeed, as good as dead—and that not one of us would think of appointing you a task to do."

"O, Horo-whenua!" replied Paoa. "thinkest thou my children at the Waikato will give me a task to perform?"

"Aye, father," answered the young man, "they will give thee a task. You have been many years parted from them; think you they cherish the affection for you that we do—that they will show you the respect that we do? I trust them not. It is right that you should see your children. Go then, but stay not longer with them than ten days."

"'Tis well; you have spoken wisely, no doubt." said Paoa. "Here will I sleep to-night, but with to-morrow's dawn I will depart upon my journey."

On the morrow, when Paoa and his party were about to set out, Horo-whenua said, "Hearken to me, and remember. Our father is now committed to your charge. He is an aged man, and feeble. To you let him be a sacred trust. Guard him well; beware no evil befall him; and if it happen that the people of the Waikato detain him longer than ten days, then do you with all speed hasten back to us, that we may know, and we, his people, will arise and fetch our father."

"It shall be as you have said," they all replied.

Then did Paoa and his party set out on their journey. When the top of the range at Tiki-tiki-maurea was reached, lo, Paoa beheld his former abode—the land where dwelt his children. Ah, what a flood of vivid memories, what overpoweringly sad recollections, swept over him then! To this land upon which now again he gazed he had come a wanderer and a stranger, seeking the woman who had abandoned him. Ah, yes, he remembered—remembered well: the woman of rank that had been given to him to wife; the two pretty boys—his children—that had been born to him; the sweet slave-girl he had loved for her beauty—there, there, all back again. What had happened to them; what had transpired in his long absence? And, ah, that morning—that cruel, fearful morn—when, crushed with shame, he had fled. Here on this spot where now again he stood he had turned to bestow one last, fond, despairing look on all he loved and treasured; here he had wept as if his heart would burst from his bosom and stain the range with hot, red blood. Lo, he was weeping now, and again the old choking sensation was straining at his throat. Then arose before him visions of his life at the Piako; of his rise into honour and fame; of his memorable visit to Opukeko; of the wooing of Tuku-tuku—ah, Tuku-tuku, the beautiful, the treasure of his life, the best-beloved of his heart; of his return to the Piako; of the many children born to him there; of the toils and labours, the hopes and fears, that had come to him through all those happy intervening years. Now here he was again, as one who had passed through a

blessed dream, on the range of the Tiki-tiki-maurea, and before him lay the scenes of other days, and his children. Ah, yes, Paoa wept tears, bitter tears, for the days that were no more—the days of youth, and strength, and hope, of hot-blooded passions which, like the ashes of a fire which once had leaped and flamed, were now cold and dead.

Proceeding on their way, when the shades of evening fell the party halted and slept upon the road. Paoa being so feeble, they could travel but slowly. With the dawn the journey was resumed, and the outskirts of the Village of Waita-wheta were reached just as evening closed.

As soon as the people of the village beheld the party coming they called out loudly, so that all within hearing might know, "Strangers, strangers; here are strangers coming to Waita-wheta!"

Then ran out from the village one to meet the advancing party in order to ascertain who the strangers might be, so that the news could be given to all the people; and he, returning, told the inhabitants of Waita-wheta, "Ho, it is the chief Paoa. Lo, he hath grown very aged, and now has to support his tottering steps with a staff."

Paoa's party tarried for a time at the first inhabited house they came to; but, as this was the first time he had come to see his children since he had separated himself from their mother, Toa-whena and Toa-poto remained in the pa.

"Now let us go up to the pa that I may see my children," said Paoa next morning as he girded himself with his belt; and they that were with him agreed.

Then came those who had been sent to Paoa with a present of food, so that he might be strengthened for the ordeal of ceremony through which he would have to pass; and he and his people were refreshed. Then, too, came another who had been appointed to conduct the party through the village and lead them to the pa; so, Paoa's people having again got their loads upon their backs, the last stage of the journey was begun. Then there was the usual clambering upon the palisading, the waving of many garments, the shouting of many voices—"Welcome, welcome, welcome!"

As at last he approached the place where dwelt his sons the old man wept, and slowly he came towards them. When he had attained to the open space in the centre of the pa all the people gathered round wept loudly, so that it has been said the multitude of their cries resembled the howling of a pack of dogs. All through that day until the gathering darkness of night gave warning of its approach, did the people lament and wail in order to relieve their feelings, and then they gathered in a semi-circle and seated themselves upon the ground in order to listen to the speeches which it was proper upon such an occasion should be delivered. Then, in the

presence of all the people assembled, the sons of Paoa arose and addressed to their father warm speeches of welcome. After which the old man arose, and, although he was weak physically, he made powerful speeches to each of his sons and to all the people in their turn. Then were baskets of food brought forth and piled to a goodly height in the centre of the courtyard, and all the people feasted and were very happy until after nightfall.

Then was the time for the chiefs and the principal people in the pa to assemble in the house set apart for Paoa, in order that they might enjoy the pleasures of conversation and exchange the news; and again a very pleasant time was spent. But into the minds of Toa-whena and Toa-poto had already entered the thought, "It is good for us that our father hath come. He can be made extremely useful in blessing our plantations so that they may produce abundantly. Decidedly we can work him."

So after a time, Toa-whena being well pleased with his idea, expressed himself, "O, my father, great is our good fortune that you have come to us."

"Aye," responded Paoa; then, after a pause, he said thoughtfully, "Is there any particular good fortune that you refer to?"

"Oh, yes," answered Toa-whena, "I was thinking that you can bless our plantations of sweet potatoes so that they may thrive." At this Paoa laughed aloud.

"I don't see the joke," said Toa-whena.

"Why laughest though, O, my father?" asked Toa-poto.

"Nay, I did but laugh; there is nothing in it," replied Paoa.

"Nay, but you would not laugh without cause," urged Toa-whena; "wherefore, O, father, did'st thou laugh?"

"Well, if I must tell you," answered the old man, "I laughed at the remembrance of something Horo-whenua said to me before I left Opukeko."

"O, Horo-whenua," exclaimed Toa-poto, "he is one of our half-brothers, is he not? What had he to say?"

"It was only a direction he gave me before I left home," said Paoa.

"It was very good of him to give you directions," remarked Toa-whena; "as for us here at the Waikato, we care not what Horo-whenua says."

"Ah! look you now," said Paoa, "you had best beware what you say about your half-brother Horo-whenua, for he is young and strong, and very fierce."

"Pooh," cried Toa-poto, "who cares for Horo-whenua? His fierceness is no more trouble to us than that of a rat."

"My children," then observed Paoa, "when I proposed to come to Waita-wheta to see you, all my children at the

Piako agreed. Horo-whenua alone opposed my wishes; he objected to my coming—hardly would he let me come."

"Very well, then," assented Toa-whena, "now that you have come we will not let you return. We shall see what Horo-whenua will think of that."

"Nay, nay," urged Paoa, "you must not think of adopting any such course, for if you do be sure of this: Horo-whenua will come and take me away forcibly."

But Toa-whena, Toa-poto, and other chiefs laughed at that idea, and some said words to the effect, "Let not Horo-whenua venture to come to the Waikato to take you away, for if he does he will never go back."

When those who were sent with Paoa—who, of course, were sitting by—heard these things they knew what was in store for the aged chief; therefore, as soon as an opportunity presented itself, they slipped away from the pa and hurried back to the Piako. Soon they stood before Horo-whenua.

"What news bring you?" asked the young chief sternly when he beheld them.

"O, Horo-whenua," answered one, "your father Paoa is detained at Waita-wheta, and Toa-whena and Toa-poto have said that they will not suffer him to depart."

"Aye," said Horo-whenua, "did not I say it would be so? What else?"

Then was Horo-whenua informed of all that had occurred and of all that was said both by Paoa and his sons, the narrator concluding with the words of the aged chief when he said, "My son Horo-whenua is like a mighty fish which cannot be held in any fisher's net; there is no net strong enough to hold him." To which his sons had replied, "Nay, but our net is strong enough to hold great whales."

"Ho!" exclaimed Horo-whenua, "is that so? Then will they have what they wish. Before long I shall see these false sons of Paoa lying dead before me."

Then quickly Horo-whenua called the chiefs and leaders of the people, among whom were his brothers, to come before him, and when they were assembled he said, "Behold, before our father went hence I cautioned you, and said, 'Let him not go.' I knew that the people of the Waikato would detain him. I felt sure they would lay upon him a task; and so it hath proved. It is you, O, my brothers, that have brought this burden upon us. Now must we act like men. Let us gird up our loins for the battle; let us hasten to bring back our chief and our father."

To this the brothers of Horo-whenua could offer no word in reply, for they knew that what he said was true. All proceeded to arm themselves and to prepare for a journey into the Waikato, where the conflict would take place; but they could muster no more than one hundred and forty braves.

The war-party were not long in setting forth. In the evening they reached the summit of the range of Tiki-tiki-maurea, and from there they looked down upon the wide country of the Waikato. Then blue wreaths of smoke ascending to the skies revealed where were the pas and villages of the people; in the Village of Waita-wheta the fires were evidently burning brightly. There the two sons of Paoa could bring six hundred warriors into the field, but the tribe which Paoa and Tuku-tuku had established at Miri-miri-rau was of quite recent date comparatively.

"Let us descend from this mountain-range," said Horo-whenua, when for a time he had gazed over the fertile country lying at his feet; "to-night we will sleep at the head of the River Manga-wata."

So the force of one hundred and forty warriors under the command of Horo-whenua descended Tiki-tiki-maurea, and that even, at the base of the mountain from which the Manga-wata flows, Horo-whenua called, "Halt! Here will we make our rest for the night. To-morrow we will advance upon the pa of my brothers, and we will urge them to let our father go. If they refuse to allow him to return with us it will be enough; what can we do more? They far outnumber us in strength. But we shall have done our duty; at least we shall have tried to bring back our father."

The matter was discussed by the chiefs, and all agreed with Horo-whenua.

But not long had the warriors slept when the *tohunga*, Tipa, aroused them, calling out, "Lo, I have been troubled by visions which bode ill, and now I am filled with alarm. To-morrow there will be a battle, in which many will be slain. In the night I have started on my right side—that is a favourable omen; then, again, I have started on my left side—that is an unfavourable omen, an omen of warning. Four times did my left side shudder; then four times did my right side shudder; which shows that the victory in the battle will rest with us. Now, however, will I betake myself to sleep again, and if the spirit who is friendly to our foes causes my left side once more to shudder, then will we know that the omens are unpropitious, and it were best for us to retire, so that no battle take place on the morrow."

Then another *tohunga* announced that he too had started in his sleep, and in starting he had thrown out his arms from his side as if in act to strike down a foe. This, as all men know, was decidedly a good omen.

Then a third *tohunga* announced that he had dreamed a dream in which all the warriors of the party were busily engaged in devouring the provisions they had brought with them. This dream portended much evil.

Now, as has been seen, the resolve had been to approach the pa on the following day and try to pursuade the people of Waita-wheta to render up to them their father Paoa, but in consequence of these unpropitious omens and bad dreams this design was abandoned; they feared the thought of approaching the village too closely.

Then, again, when it drew near to morning Tipa, the *tohunga*, once more arose and declared to Horo-whenua, "The gods friendly to the enemy have given to me no bad sign in opposition to the good omens which I have received. I have waited for such signs in vain; lo, they have not come, the dread shudderings have not returned. Behold, in the sky are the signs of approaching dawn; awake, arise, ye sons of Paoa, and let our plans be arranged!" And when in response to the call of the *tohunga* the warriors had arisen he addressed them, saying, "Without doubt the venerable and sacred chief Paoa, father of this tribe, will go forth, according to the custom of our priests, in the early morn to bless the plantations of his sons, which lie outside the palisadings of their pa."

"Indeed, that is very likely!" exclaimed Horo-whenua; and all the chiefs agreed.

"Which, then, of all you chiefs will go and see?" demanded Tipa.

"That be my care!" cried Horo-whenua. I, Horo-whenua, will go and see, and if it happen that I find our father I will bring him here."

"'Tis well," answered Tipa, "and, having got to the plantations, delay not you in action."

So taking with him his two-handed wooden sword Horo-whenua departed.

Now, it so happened that Tipa had made an exceedingly shrewd guess at what would actually happen. Toa-whena and Toa-poto, having made up their minds to put their father to use, concluded that it would be inadvisable to waste any time about it, so, as they desired, early in the morning whilst it was yet dark Paoa went forth to bless their plantations. He had blessed the plantation of Toa-whena, and went further to where the plantation of Toa-poto was in order to bless it also. Striking his staff into the ground, he repeated the following incantation:—

There stands the consecrated staff;
It is the staff sacred to the god Turora, to Rereahi,
And to Turongo.
There is the holy staff
There, there it stands.
There stands the staff;
With the toe-tee* sacred to the god Haka
And to Haua.
There stands the holy staff;
There, there it stands."

* The leaves of a species of reed which were tied on the sacred staff.

"I must have gotten into years."

Horo-whenua had waited unseen until his father had finished his blessing; now he emerged from the darkness and stood before him.

Distinguishing the form of some one near to him, Paoa asked, "Who is there?"

"O, my father, it is I Horo-whenua," answered the young chief.

"Who hath borne you company?" inquired Paoa, who, recognising the voice of his son, spoke now in a whisper, lest the presence of Horo-whenua might be discovered by any listener.

Thereupon Horo-whenua rapidly ran over the names of the chiefs and leaders of his party, and when he had finished the heart of the old man was filled with pity for them, mingled with astonishment at their hardihood, for he knew that there were over six hundred armed warriors in the pa.

"Let us begone—let us haste away from here at once," said Horo-whenua.

Paoa gladly consenting, away father and son hurried with all the speed they could make.

The pa, however, was not far distant, and many of the people were stirring, early as it was. Some of these listened, interested, to the voice of the sacred old man as he went among the plantations blessing them. Suddenly the voice ceased. Those who had been listening waited expecting every moment to hear the blessings resumed, but still no further sound came.

"Surely," said one, "the aged Paoa, having insufficiently rested, has fallen asleep in the plantations!"

"Perchance," said another, "he hath stumbled and fallen so that he is hurt."

"It would be well for us to go and see," suggested another.

This proposition being assented to, forth they went to seek for Paoa. They sought through the plantations, but found no trace of the old man; then they went on to the river, fearful lest he might have fallen into the water, and there on the sand of the river-bank they discovered his foot-prints. But there were also the foot-prints of another beside those of Paoa. Who could that other be? The foot-marks led right away from the pa inland, and it became clear that some one had taken Paoa away. They had heard from Paoa a great deal about the boldness and the determination of Horo-whenua, and so by an easy process of reasoning they concluded that only Horo-whenua would dare to undertake such a feat. So back to the pa they rushed, calling loudly, "Horo-whenua, Horo-whenua has been here and carried away Paoa!"

When Toa-whena and Toa-poto heard this cry, quickly they aroused to action all their chiefs and followers and started in pursuit of the fugitives.

But Horo-whenua had a good start before the flight of his father was discovered, and the delays that necessarily took place after that event helped him considerably, so that by the exercise of almost superhuman efforts the exhausted Paoa was brought tottering and half-carried into camp.

Horo-whenua knew the enemy were immediately upon him —they were coming on close behind—so there was no time now for cries of welcome, for tears and wailing, after the usual custom of their fathers since aforetime; he had to range his few warriors in order of battle to meet the attack of the foe, and that at once.

In the meantime, pressing eagerly onward, came the six hundred warriors led by Toa-whena and Toa-poto. Presently they were able to distinguish in the glorious sunshine of the morning Horo-whenua leading and supporting his father towards the summit of the range of Tiki-tiki-maurea; then they beheld a number of Horo-whenua's people rush down the hill to Horo-whenua's assistance. They grasped the old man and quickly they had him conveyed to the top, where he disappeared from their gaze behind the braves of his tribe. Gallantly the warriors of Waita-wheta rushed up the range to the attack.

"O, my children, I am sunken deeply into years and few are my remaining days—therefore leave me and save yourselves. Truly, what now is left to me of life is not worth the sacrifice of any one. Delay not therefore, and fly." Such were the words of Paoa.

"Nay, my father, shameful would be life to us did we leave you now; we will stand by you to the last." So spoke Horo-whenua, the chief, his youngest son.

The pursuing force is close upon them, and Horo-whenua has to hurry away to the front to lead his small array now ranged in order of battle. There, a noble figure, he stood, uttering words of confidence and power whilst he brandished his weapon. After which almost immediately came the conflict and the fierce ordeal of battle. A flight of spears delivered by Horo-whenua's people on the foe as they came up the hill struck down a great number and chilled the ardour of the rest; but, confident in their greatly superior strength, they still came bravely on. Conspicuous as a chief in front of his line is Horo-whenua, a warrior who in himself is worth a hundred men. Toa-whena sees the gallant leader and by one act hopes to end the conflict. Rushing at the heroic youth, he strikes at him a furious blow with his weapon. It had been better for Toa-whena if there had been more judgment and less wildness in his attack. His blow is turned aside, and in another instant the sword of Horo-whenua crashes through his skull. Prostrate he falls, a corse. Toa-poto beholds the rush of his brother upon the leader of their foes and comprehends at once its

purpose. To make assurance doubly sure he runs forward to aid. Too late he comes. His brother's body, spouting gouts of blood, is rolling at his feet. But he in turn is face to face with the gallant and now triumphant young hero. He strikes a blow at him; it is a feeble, foolish effort, easily parried to the right. Then swish from the left comes that fatal sword; it strikes Toa-poto on the neck, and away goes his head rolling down the hill and in amongst the feet of his warriors.

The spectacle of the destruction of both their leaders paralyses the force from Waita-wheta. Hesitating and irresolute they pause. Waving his blood-stained sword high above his head, Horo-whenua calls upon his warriors to charge, and down upon the shattered foe come the one hundred and forty intrepid braves with resistless effect. The enemy break, they fly, down the hill they go, falling and tumbling over each other in hopeless confusion. The slaughter was awful. Of the six hundred warriors of Waita-wheta no fewer than four hundred were slain on that eventful and most memorable morning. The remainder fled before the triumphant sons of Paoa.

Paoa was carried back in triumph by his children to the Piako, where in course of time he ended his days in peace. His memory as a great chief and leader of the people is cherished to this day, and with the narrative of his story "Maori Lore" concludes.

By Authority: JOHN MACKAY, Government Printer, Wellington.

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